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RUSSIA'S MISSION, AMERICA'S DESTINY	3	*Richard Pipes*
ANGLO-IRISH	12	*James Morris*
SECOND BEDROOM (*story*)	19	*Millicent G. Dillon*
COLUMN	25	*R*
MEN & IDEAS		
AUTOBIOGRAPHY & PSYCHO-ANALYSIS	28	*Bruce Mazlish*
THEATRE		
FLASHING THE OLD JOB	38	*John Weightman*
POETRY		
REDUCTIO	18	*Lyman Andrews*
AND SPRING RETURNS TO THE PSYCHIATRIC WARD	37	*David H. W. Grubb*
A WORD WITH HISTORY	40	*Wladyslaw Broniewski*
TWO POEMS	41	*Philip Larkin*
SCOTSBOROUGH	84	*Warwick Collins*
NOTES & TOPICS		
REFLECTIONS AFTER KERENSKY	42	*Leonard Schapiro*
CHILDREN OF THE TELEVISION AGE	46	*T. R. Fyvel*
BOOKS & WRITERS		
THE DEATH & RESURRECTION OF THE FOLK TALE	53	*John Holloway*
BEAUTIFUL CONTRADICTIONS	62	*D. J. Enright*
EAST & WEST		
GERMAN DIARY	65	*John Mander*
POINTS OF THE COMPASS		
THE DECLINE & FALL OF LONDON TOWN	76	*Simon Jenkins*
AUTHORS & CRITICS		
THE GENETIC APPROACH TO WORLD HISTORY	85	*Max Beloff*
LETTERS	89	
AUTHORS	96	

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METHUEN

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Richard Pipes

Russia's Mission, America's Destiny

The Premises of U.S. and Soviet Foreign Policy

THE *DETENTE* in American-Russian relations since Stalin's death to which the world at large owes its relative peace, has tended to obscure basic differences not only in the long-term interests of the two powers, but also in their whole manner of looking at foreign affairs. Although it is fashionable to credit the *détente* to alleged "convergences" in the development of the two countries it is probably more realistic to attribute it to a stalemate in their diplomatic and military rivalry. A stalemate in such a conflict is bound to be temporary, and must not be allowed to deceive by concealing what remain very fundamental and deep-seated differences in the way the two rivals regard the world outside their respective borders. Historically viewed, these can be traced to two sources: the two countries' notion of the world and their place in it, as shaped by inherited religious and philosophic traditions; and their notion of the political process as formed by experience in domestic government.

The conception which Americans and Russians have of their respective place in the world has one feature in common. Each country, though in a different sense, is an offshoot of European civilisation, and yet each—again, on different grounds—rejects this civilisation. This negative feature establishes a certain superficial resemblance between Americans and Russians and, on the level of individual human contact, permits a rapport often lacking in the relations of either with Europeans proper. Less sophisticated champions of the convergence theory often point to this fact as evidence that the two nations must, in time, come together. But to the historian in this case the similarities are less impressive than the differences. Specifically, that which Americans and Russians reject in European civilisation is more significant than the insistence of each on having created a new and distinct civilisation.

The Xenophobic View

AS PETER CHAADAEV pointed out in his *Philosophical Letters* (1829–1831), Russia cut herself off from the rest of Europe when she chose to receive her Christianity from Constantinople rather than from Rome. From Byzantium, Russia absorbed a singularly conservative, anti-intellectual, and xenophobic ethos. The Byzantine Church insisted more emphatically than the Latin on orthodoxy, because it viewed Christianity as a perfect achievement, once and for all realised through Christ's martyrdom. Conservatism was imbedded in its whole conception of the church as the trustee of Christ's legacy, anti-intellectualism in the attendant fear that all independent thinking endangered the foundations of the church, and xenophobia in the conviction that those who did not belong to it—deviant Christians above all—would suffer damnation.

The Russian version of Orthodox Christianity exaggerated further these attitudes, because the Russian clergy (especially during the Moscow period) was both less educated and more isolated than the Greek and therefore inclined to have an even higher opinion of itself. The collapse of Byzantium did nothing to shake this faith. Like Jews after the destruction of Jerusalem, Russians interpreted the fall of Constantinople to

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mean that the Byzantines had been punished for their betrayal of the true faith (specifically, by their agreement in the 1530s to reunite with the Catholic Church at the councils of Florence and Ferrara). This belief made Russians more determined than ever to avoid contact with foreigners, and, in the splendid solitude in which they had been left as the last remaining state professing the Orthodox faith, to protect its purity.

This religiously conditioned view of the world outside one's walls heavily influenced the foreign dealings of the Moscow state. There is nothing surprising in this influence, considering that the monarchy and church in Moscow lived in a condition of mutual dependence that verged on the symbiotic. Like Imperial China or Tokugawa Japan, Moscow felt no need to enter into regular diplomatic relations with foreign powers, though it was not averse to receiving their envoys and occasionally even dispatching embassies to them. Foreign missions arriving in the 16th- and 17th-century Moscow were held under conditions of virtual house arrest and escorted out of Russia the instant their task was accomplished. The Moscow government's feeling about foreigners is well illustrated by the symbolic ceremony of washing hands which the Tsar performed after dismissing an embassy, using a discreetly covered pitcher and basin placed for this purpose by his throne.[1]

Moscow's SCORN for the external world, for the world of the non-Orthodox, is no less reflected in the vacuous reports submitted by its envoys on return from foreign travels. One searches in vain in these *stateinye spiski* for evidence of curiosity about foreign institutions and customs, so pronounced in the literature left behind by Western travellers to Russia of that time. Or, to be more precise, there are signs of curiosity but it has the nature of bewilderment and amusement, rather than of serious interest. Muscovite envoys visiting Renaissance Italy, Reformation Germany, or Elizabethan England saw nothing of interest to report, since nothing they experienced there had had any relevance to the cosmos as they envisaged it.

EVEN BEFORE the accession of Peter the Great, this rigid posture toward foreigners began to relax, because no matter how the church felt about contact with infidels and heretics, the monarchy could not very well defend it and the realm from Catholics, Lutherans, and Moslems unless it adopted the latest military techniques from its adversaries. With Peter the secularisation of the monarchy was completed and the traditional policy of isolation abandoned. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, Russia joined the European state system and by entering into alliances with its members became an active partner in balance of power diplomacy. The sheer immensity of the Russian Empire—as Russians under Peter liked to boast, their territory equalled the visible surface of the full moon—always caused a strain on European diplomacy, because such a giant was difficult to fit into the intricate structure built on the equilibrium principle. And so we have the French complaining in 1735, when the first Russian troops appeared on the Rhine to help Austria in the War of the Polish Succession, that "barbarians" have lodged in the heart of Europe, and Castlereagh eighty years later referring to the thoroughly Frenchified Alexander I as a "Kalmuck prince." But that was only when the Russians were on the other side. The same French and British warmly welcomed the Russian battalions when they were needed to restore the European balance in their own favour.

Imperial Russia gladly, almost eagerly, played the game. She tried hard to become a regular member of the great powers' club and to follow its rules, often to the detriment of her own national interests, as Slavophile publicists were wont to point out.

But in retrospect the adherence of imperial Russia to the European state system appears to have been more precarious than contemporaries realised. What had seemed an irreversible trend in Russian history, turned out to be but an episode. The conventional foreign policy which

THIS *is the third article in the series on "Can the Super-Powers Survive?" The first was Professor Z. Brzezinski's "The Soviet Past and Future" in the March* ENCOUNTER *and the second was Daniel Bell's "Unstable America" (June). Professor Pipes is Professor of Russian History at Harvard University and Director of the Russian Centre there. He is the author of "The Formation of the Soviet Union: Communism and Nationalism, 1917–1923," Harvard and Oxford University Presses (1965) and the editor of "Revolutionary Russia," Harvard and Oxford University Presses (1968) and "Russian Intelligentsia," Columbia University Press (1961).*

[1] V. O. Kliuchevsky, *Foreign Accounts of the Moscow State* (in Russian), (Petrograd, 1918), p. 61.

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the imperial government pursued was that of a Westernised court leaning on a Westernised gentry. It expressed the views of a new élite which had broken with the Muscovite traditions and expected great benefits for Russia from close involvement in the affairs of Europe. It was not the policy of what became known in the mid-19th century as the "democratic intelligentsia," who wished the government to devote all its attention and resources to the resolution of domestic ills. Even less was it a policy favoured by the ordinary citizenry—the peasants, artisans, industrial workers, merchants, shopkeepers, lower functionaries (public and private), and the clergy. These lower orders had been barely touched by Westernisation. Their culture remained rooted in that of old Moscow; that is, they continued to reject all of non-Orthodox civilisation, as represented by foreign countries and state systems and by Russia's own Westernised élite.

HAD RUSSIA ESCAPED revolution, the non-Westernised bulk of its population in all likelihood would have become Westernised and Russia would have joined the international state system for good, as happened with Japan. The October Revolution prevented this from occurring. By rejecting the political, economic, and social institutions of the old régime, the Bolsheviks, unconsciously and inadvertently, also cut Russia off from Western culture from which these had been drawn. Once the smoke of the Civil War was cleared, it became apparent that in October 1917 much more had been dethroned than the monarchy and private property: with them disappeared the Westernised élite which for two centuries had served as Russia's link with the West, and through it, with the world at large.

Under Stalin, the country's administration fell into the hands of elements, drawn largely from an amorphous petty bourgeoisie, which throughout the imperial period had been forced to sit on the sidelines, excluded from the seats of power—elements characterised by resentment, conservatism, anti-intellectualism, and xenophobia. The élite which has controlled Russia for the past fifty years may well be irreligious and even militantly atheist: but having come to power on what is in effect an anti-Western programme, it has no other culture to fall back on except that of Muscovy. These people instinctively think of themselves as a nation *sui generis*, unique and unrelated to any other, part of no state system or international community, the only guardians of true Orthodoxy, once Christian, now Communist. Like their Muscovite ancestors, they see nothing to be learned from foreigners save technology, especially when it has military application.

Reading the recent memoirs of Stalin's daughter, a historian receives a jolt from her account of a conversation with Suslov. She had requested a passport so that she could carry to India the ashes of her recently deceased husband, and ran into difficulties. "What is it that attracts you so much abroad?" Suslov, apparently genuinely puzzled, wanted to know. "Why, my family and I never go abroad, and don't even feel like going. It is not interesting!"[2] Shades of boyars and priests whose beards he had clipped and whose properties he had despoiled, exacting revenge on Peter the Great! He had thought life abroad so interesting that for a time he worked there as an ordinary labourer.

Strangers and Sinners

CONTEMPT for that which lies outside one's national boundaries is not unfamiliar in the United States, but it is not characteristic of those who make national policy, and certainly not of those who have responsibility for the making of American foreign policy. The external world on which Americans are most likely to turn their backs is that which the language of historiographic shorthand calls "feudal"—the world of privilege and authority resting on inherited wealth in land. It is a selective and a qualified rejection whose criteria are drawn from a major strain of European culture, namely the ethos of the mercantile and manufacturing classes first articulated (as Werner Sombart has shown) in the Italian city states of the late Middle Ages and subsequently adopted by the European bourgeoisie at large. The United States has assimilated this ethos mainly through the agency of English liberalism. In Europe it never gained exclusive domination, because there it had to contend

[2] S. Alliluyeva, *Only One Year* (1969). Suslov performs in the present administration the same function that Pobedonostsev had performed for Alexander III.

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with strong anti-liberal, anti-bourgeois traditions of the Church and aristocracy.[3] In the United States where, for all practical purposes, there was neither Church establishment nor a true aristocracy to dampen business exuberance, what had been the ethos of a class promptly turned into the ideology of a nation.

American isolationism does not rest on an exclusivist, Manichean outlook rooted in a community-oriented religion; instead, it is rooted in a religion extolling the individual conscience and free will. Individualistic and voluntarist, it assumes that nations, like persons, are capable of finding the true path. The American habit of injecting morality into diplomacy descends (genetically speaking) from the moralist obsession of the liberal middle class, especially the English. Behind it lies the passion which had moved Wilberforce to agitate against slavery, Cobden against foreign tariffs, and Gladstone against Turkish atrocities. It derives from the religious-philosophical conviction that there is a right and a wrong in every action and that man must constantly make a choice between the two. The refusal to grant diplomatic recognition to a wicked government is a logical extension of the principle of private conduct that one must not associate with depraved persons. If England itself has not followed this practice, it is only because the management of its foreign relations has been customarily entrusted to patricians who lack such moral qualms.

Neither in the old, conservative isolationism of America, nor in its new, radical strain does xenophobia play a prominent part. American isolationists like to think that nations, like individuals, must solve their own problems. Those that display self-reliance, courage in the face of adversity, a commitment to equality of opportunity for its citizenry, the American is instinctively prepared to like. The admiration which the so-called "New Left" professes for Cuba or North Viet Nam is based on many of the same values that lay behind the extravagant sympathy that the Old Right expressed for Finland. This outlook clearly implies involvement in affairs of the world at large, and a sense of belonging—if not, indiscriminately, to all humanity, then at least to that segment of it which shares the American ideal of self-perfectibility. It is an isolationism qualitatively different from that sense of exclusiveness pervading the Muscovite and Soviet ruling élites, which tends to confound nationality and historic mission: as different as Liberal Protestantism is from Greek Orthodoxy from which the two isolationisms, respectively, derive.

So much for the broad context within which foreign policy is conducted. Now, as to the choice of means, the following generalisation may be suggested: that Russian diplomatic methods have been shaped by the experience acquired in administering a vast multi-national empire, whereas the American ones are best explained by the country's predominantly commercial and manufacturing background.

The Russian state emerged on the fringe of an extensive but loosely constructed and chronically unstable Turco-Mongolian empire. In order to form a national state, Moscow not only had to impose its authority on rival Russian principalities, but also to repel, subdue, and integrate the Turco-Mongol and Finnic populations with which it was surrounded. As a result, in Russia the process of nation-building took place concurrently with that of empire-building. The two processes, so distinct in the history of Western states, cannot in the case of Russia be readily distinguished either chronologically or geographically. In the second half of the sixteenth century, after it had captured Kazan but long before it had completed the self-imposed mission of "gathering the Russian lands," Moscow already administered a sizeable colonial population of Tatars and peoples of the Finno-Ugrian race. To these, in the seventeenth century, were added the natives of Siberia and the Ukrainian Cossacks, in the eighteenth the nomads of Central Asia, the Crimeans, Ukrainians, Belorussians, Poles, Jews, and the Baltic nationalities, and in the nineteenth, the Finns, Caucasians and Moslems of Turkestan.

To say that the Moscow state avoided entering into regular diplomatic relations with foreign powers does not, therefore, mean that it had no foreign dealings. Even before the accession of Peter, the Russian government had at its dis-

[3] As Thomas Masaryk once observed in response to the charge that Americans are materialistic: "Yes, it is true that Americans chase after dollars: the only difference between them and us, Europeans, is that we chase after pennies. . . ." But that, of course, makes a great deal of difference.

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posal a great amount of foreign expertise, but this it had acquired from administering subject peoples, both Western and Oriental, not from dealing on equal terms with other sovereign states. The *Posol'skii Prikaz* ("Office of Ambassadors") knew much less, relatively speaking, how to handle foreigners than did the Bureaus or *prikazy* of Kazan, Siberia, and Little Russia, which were charged with administering immense territories inhabited by peoples of alien races and religions. In some measure, the same held true of the imperial period during which the Ministries of War and of the Interior had more extensive day by day contacts with non-Russians than did the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

The implications of this historical fact are not far to seek. A country whose governing apparatus has learned how to deal with foreign peoples from what are essentially colonial practices is not predisposed to think in terms of "a stable international community" or of "the balance of power." Its instincts are to exert the maximum force and to regard absorption as the only dependable way of settling conflicts with other states, especially those adjoining one's borders. There is little need here of theory, because the options available concern tactics rather than strategy or objectives.

To anyone acquainted with the rich literature on the international relations of the Western powers it must come as a surprise to learn that there is no definitive or even merely comprehensive history of Russian foreign policy. The literature on the theory of Russian foreign policy is so meagre that it may be said not to exist at all. That Russians have felt no need to compile the record of their external relations or to investigate its principles is in itself a significant fact, illustrative of their general attitude toward the outside world.

IN ANALYSING the conduct of Russian foreign policy another peculiarity of Russian history must be taken into account, namely that its society had always been highly élitist. For reasons which cannot be gone into here, throughout Russia's history its governments have administered the country by means of a service class which, in return for services rendered, it rewarded not only with money, offices, and land, but also with rights withheld from the rest of the population. Indeed, one of the reasons why Russian rulers have always been so reluctant to grant their citizenry what other European countries have long come to regard as elementary civic rights lies in the use they have made of such rights as privileges: in other words, as instruments of government. In the Moscow state and in Imperial Russia until the emancipation of the serfs in 1861, the service class (known as *dvorianstvo*, a kind of gentry) had a virtual monopoly on the country's main source of productive wealth, bonded labour. Furthermore, it enjoyed exemption from taxes and corporal punishment, as well as other important privileges enumerated in the celebrated Charter of the Nobility issued by Catherine the Great in 1785. The privileges of the Soviet service class (the Communist party apparatus and the managerial groups working for it) have not as yet been codified but they are no less real for that. Among them is access to scarce consumer goods, living quarters, and sources of objective information, and the right to travel abroad.

Because of the traditionally close relationship between government and its service class, Russia, past and present alike, fits better the Marxist model of a class society than does any other European country.[4] We have here a state in which those who rule enjoy economic powers and legal rights enabling them effectively to defend their privileged position against challenges from below and from outside. The harmony between economic base and political and ideological superstructure is, in the case of the Soviet régime, nearly perfect. In such a country "national interest" tends to fuse completely with the interest of the privileged service class. Foreign policy—as well as internal policy—aims not so much at the improvement of the condition of the nation, but at safeguarding and expanding the privileges of its service élite. It is a "statist" foreign policy, *par excellence*, vastly different from not only the liberal ideal envisioned by an Adam Smith or Turgot, but also from the more narrowly nationalist one of a Friedrich List.

A GOOD ILLUSTRATION of the close inter-dependence between Russia's internal colonial experience and its manner of dealing with foreign powers is the interesting use which its governments have frequently made of privilege as a device of foreign policy. It had been an old

[4] This fact, incidentally, helps explain the remarkable popularity enjoyed by Marx's ideas in Russia long before the country developed sizeable industry and a working class.

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practice in pre-revolutionary Russia to suppress or, if possible, prevent and neutralise nationalist opposition in conquered areas by extending the privileges enjoyed by the Russian élite to that of the conquered peoples. In the seventeenth century, for example, Moscow effectively emasculated resistance in what had been sovereign Tatar principalities by the simple device of enacting a law restricting the ownership of serfs to Christian landlords. The consequence was mass conversion of Moslem notables. Granted the privileges of the Russian *dvoriane*, they promptly and tracelessly dissolved among them.[5] A similar result was obtained in the eighteenth century along the southern border by admitting into the ranks of the Russian gentry the Cossack elders, the most vociferous champions of Ukrainian "liberties." Characteristically, Russians experienced some of their greatest administrative difficulties on territories of the defunct Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth, in no small measure because here the nobility had enjoyed even greater privileges than those the Russian conquerors had to offer. Unable to seduce the Catholic nobles to its side, the monarchy bade for support of the Catholic peasantry, according it land allotments and rights of self-governance considerably in excess of those enjoyed by the peasants of Russia proper.

Thus, in the course of their extended colonial experience, Russians have acquired much skill in manipulating social privilege and social conflict to their own advantage. This skill was put to use internationally by the Comintern between the wars and by the Soviet government in its zone of occupation in Eastern Europe after World War II. Neither Stalin nor his successors ever regarded the countries of Eastern Europe as sovereign states: to them, in the calculations made in their political subconscious, these were all along as yet undigested parts of the Russian domain, exactly as Kazan, Siberia, or the Ukraine had once been for Tsarist governments. In an effort to subdue and integrate them, recourse was had to the old and tried method of creating privileged but dependent élites. By entrusting power and granting privileges to a completely new class, whose status is conditional on the survival of Communism, *i.e.*, on Soviet backing, Soviet Russia has managed to contain (up to a point, to be sure) the powerful nationalist sentiments in these countries. It may well be that the old and tried methods will no longer work, applied to countries with live traditions of statehood. But the point is that Russian governments know no other. Had all these historical factors been kept in mind during World War II, there would have been less disappointment in the West with Russia's failure "to live up to the Yalta agreement," whose very language was alien to its historical experience.

Aversion to balance-of-power politics is another one of those qualities which Americans and Russians share. This negative factor made it possible for the two powers, so different in their political backgrounds, to reach in the mid-1950s agreement on two-power cooperation: an arrangement for which the Russians have coined the euphemism "peaceful co-existence," but which in reality represents an old-fashioned and straightforward agreement on spheres of influence. In a manner of speaking this arrangement, too, rests on an equilibrium of power. But this fact is not acknowledged by the leaders of either country, who prefer to believe that it derives from a special understanding which they enjoy by virtue of their capacity instantaneously to destroy one another.

The Penchant for Stability

HERE ONCE AGAIN, however, the similar proves to be dissimilar. In the Russian case, antipathy to balance-of-power politics derives from an inherent distaste for the whole concept of a stable state system. In the case of the United States, it represents yet another instance of an anti-feudal and moralistic way of thinking. Classical balance-of-power politics, as practised by European diplomats from the mid-17th century onwards, entailed secret diplomacy, palace intrigues, bribery in the guise of subsidies, trading of territories and their inhabitants, alliance with countries whose form of government one did not approve. In short, it meant *Realpolitik*, politics shorn of morals, something the American conscience has always found repugnant in the extreme.[6]

[5] Among the better known descendants of this assimilated Tatar nobility are Karamzin, Turgenev, and Rachmaninov.

[6] And still does: Senator Fulbright, having learned recently that the United States had paid the Philippines, South Korea, and Thailand to send troops to Viet Nam, called the practice "the ultimate in corruption." (*Evening Star*, Washington, D.C., 19 November 1969). He ignores that this "ultimate" had long been reached and exceeded by Britain, which for centuries had subsidised allies to enable them to participate in its wars.

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But if one abstracts from American pronouncements on foreign policy and turns to American practices, one discovers quickly enough that the United States is as deeply committed to balance-of-power politics abroad as it is to "checks and balances," its constitutional equivalent, at home.[7] It is probably true to say that no country has ever exceeded the United States in its loyalty to that principle which on the conscious level it finds itself unable to accept. The principle of "interventionism," so frequently invoked that some historians regard it as the quintessence of American foreign policy, is, after all, little more than a particular application of the balance-of-power principle. It merely calls for engagement after the equilibrium has been upset rather than before. It is corrective rather than preventive action, but its purpose is exactly the same. (Outside the Western hemisphere, of course, which is a very special case.) In Viet Nam, the decision to intervene with American troops seems to have posited that once an equilibrium had been reached on the field of battle under which neither side could aspire to victory, a negotiated settlement would automatically follow. Apparently, when this policy was devised it was not contemplated that the other side might not subscribe to the balance-of-power philosophy and refuse to play the game. Perhaps the most striking illustration of America's faith in the efficacy of the balance-of-power principle is the decision to allow the Soviet Union to attain parity in nuclear weapons. The hope behind this gamble seems to be that once a nuclear equilibrium between the two powers has been obtained, a dynamic and therefore potentially explosive situation will defuse and turn static. It would be difficult to find in the whole history of international relations another instance of a country, in effect, deliberately reducing its advantage over a rival for the sake of attaining an equilibrium—doing, as it were, the job of balancing on his behalf. Even the British insisted on preserving a clear-cut superiority over the Germans in the naval race at the turn of the century for which they attempted to lay down the ground rules.

CLEARLY, WE ARE DEALING HERE with a deeply ingrained conviction. At the lowest psychological substratum, it seems to derive from the mechanistic outlook which forms so prominent an ingredient of American culture. It is an outlook which conceives reality in terms of physical bodies acting on each other in accord with definable laws and in terms of measurable quantities of force. The remarkable American propensity to indulge in abstractions, to translate objects made of flesh and blood into faceless "movements" and palpable pains into esoteric "problems" capable of being "solved"; the American love for the vocabulary of mechanics ("framework of thought," "social dynamics," "structure of society," and so on)—this is one of the several qualities that Americans under 30 share with their elders. How could such a people resist the "balance-of-power" philosophy, no matter how repugnant some of its implications may be to the other side of its culture, the middle-class, moralistic liberalism? For the whole conception of the balance of power is, of course, a by-product of the science of mechanics, and was originally conceived as an effort to regulate relations between states on the same rules which Galileo, Kepler, and Newton had discovered to determine relations between physical bodies.

The Mechanics of Chaos

THE BALANCE-OF-POWER PHILOSOPHY, however, is attractive to a country with a predominantly business ethos not only or even primarily because it is scientific and therefore calculable, but also because it seems to provide the key to the creation of conditions in which trade and manufacture can best flourish. Obviously, business desires stability. It wants an environment in which political activity—by its very nature volatile and unpredictable—has been reduced to a minimum, that is one in which political entities are brought to a condition resembling bodies at rest. The American constitution is constructed on this principle, and Americans, like most people, tend to view the constitution of the world in the light of their own. Usually the transposition is unconscious; but sometimes, as, for example, in the case of Professor Frank Tannenbaum's astonishing suggestion that the relations between all sovereign states be modelled on the system regulating relations between the federal states of the United States of America, it is explicit.[8] The commercial ethos and mechanistic philosophy complement one another admirably.

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[7] Hans Morgenthau makes this point in *Defence of the National Interest* (1951), pp. 5-7.

[8] Frank Tannenbaum, *American Tradition in Foreign Policy* (1955).

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One could cite numerous examples to illustrate this generalisation, but a single one must suffice: the criterion which the United States is most prone to invoke when confronted with the question whether to extend or deny support to another foreign power.

The official version of U.S. foreign policy holds that the United States, being the leader of what is known as the "Free World," befriends and supports those governments which give proof of their dedication to the principles of liberty.[9]

Even if it is palpably evident that there is a substantial and qualitative difference in the degree of freedom available to citizens of the two blocs, it is obvious that the United States does not and cannot choose its allies on so vague a criterion as liberty. If it did, it could not maintain friendly relations with the governments of Spain, South Korea, and South Viet Nam.

At the same time, the mirror image of the official explanation which holds that fear for its wealth and foreign investments drives the United States to defend the *status quo* throughout the world and therefore to support conservative causes and régimes, is no more persuasive. Time and again, the United States has extended support to movements and governments of radical and nationalist complexions, among them Communist Yugoslavia and nationalist Indonesia. In the Middle East, after being repeatedly frustrated in its efforts to come to terms with the Arab states, most of them conservative in their outlook, it has settled on Israel, by any standard the most progressive country in the area.

The reason for this seeming inconsistency is that the United States is guided in its alliances not so much by criteria of political and social ideology or by short-term economic calculations as by broader consideration of stability. There is a tendency in the United States to assume that governments which keep their people free and prosperous are stabler than those which do not; and, all things being equal, the United States would prefer to ally itself with democratic and consumer-oriented governments. But when it is forced to choose between one government which is democratic and unstable, and another which is undemocratic but stable, the United States, as a rule, will settle for the latter. The unspoken assumption of its policy is that countries which have attained internal stability—no matter whether by conservative or radical means—are less likely in their external relations to behave in an unpredictable manner. They are, consequently, better to do business with: for, like the planets, their movements can be calculated and charted in advance, which is not the case with meteors.

It is on these grounds that the United States can cooperate simultaneously with Franco and with Tito, one an ex-ally of Hitler, the other of Stalin. It is for this reason, too, that it prefers to have dealings with the Soviet Union, a country potentially more of a threat to its security but to all appearances stable, than with China which seems in permanent turmoil. In the late 1940s the United States supported the Indonesian nationalists—revolutionaries with a suspect ideology—against the conservative, free-enterprise Dutch, because, having concluded that "de-colonialisation" had become unavoidable, it preferred speeding it along to risking protracted civil war in South-east Asia. And finally, Israel (where the United States has insignificant investments) is more attractive, at least in some measure, because of its internal stability than the sometimes feudal, sometimes fascist, but always volatile Arab states (where it has investments in the billions).

THERE IS ONE MORE DIFFERENCE in the historical background of the two countries which calls for comment. The economic experience of the United States is primarily commercial, that of the Soviet Union agrarian. (Even today, nearly one-half of the present population of the U.S.S.R. lives on the land, and most of the remainder consists either of peasants who had moved to the cities or of peasants' children.) Now in commercial activity both sides expect to profit: a trade in which one side gains all and the other only loses is a contradiction in terms. A dispute between traders concerns the division of profits, each party being aware that its gain is conditional on the other party earning something as well. Commerce is therefore by its very

[9] The term "Free World" has recently fallen into disrepute, especially among the young who profess to see no difference sufficiently wide between the two blocs to justify calling the one "Free" and the other unfree or "Totalitarian." One can perhaps rescue this useful term by defining the "Free World" to mean that part of the world where one can say, openly and without fear of punishment, that it does not exist.

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nature conducive to compromise. Nations raised on it instinctively seek a common ground for agreement, that exact point at which the other side might be prepared to make a deal.

This is not the case with nations preoccupied with the exploitation of resources. The production of goods—whether raw or manufactured—does not, of itself, teach the art of compromise. Disputes over land or any other resources are such that what one side gains the other loses, and it is entirely possible for one to gain all. Industry, on which some sociologists and economists count to create a common style of life throughout the world, from this point of view resembles agriculture more than trade. A country can readily make a transition from raising foodstuffs to manufacturing without changing its habits and mentality. Such a change occurs only when goods are traded. It is not the production of goods, in other words, but their exchange that infuses the habits of civilised life, that teaches individuals and nations alike to respect the rights of others on the ground that their well-being is the precondition of one's own prosperity. Such commercial experience Russia badly lacks; nor will it acquire it under the present system. No matter how much Russia "industrialises," until it begins to trade in earnest within and without, it will not learn to understand the value of compromise and the need for seeking a common ground of agreement.

THERE IS little comfort in these reflections for anyone who believes that somehow, by a magic marriage of good will and enlightened self-interest, the foreign policies of the United States and Russia will come to coincide. The notion of what is "good" and what is "self-interest" is not the same for those who make policy in the two countries. The condition of international equilibrium existing since the mid-1950s, which so far has provided a precarious peace, does not result from the acceptance by the Communist leadership of the principle of an international community of interest. As seen from there, the cosmos consists not of majestic planets revolving according to the laws of nature, each in its allotted orbit, in the midst of which man has been placed to prove his worth. The vision there—when it is not completely drowned in cynicism— is one of chaos in which wondrous and terrible things happen, and God, in the guise of History, renders implacable Final Judgment.

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James Morris

Anglo-Irish

Letter from Dublin

ON A FOOTBALL SATURDAY NIGHT O'Connell Street in Dublin must be the most rollicking main street in Europe: glaring with snack-bar lights and fan-club favours, loud with drunks and opportunist evangelists, with its buskers playing their flutes upon its bridge, its wild-eyed bravos in from the bog, its beggar-urchins falling upon the astonished tourists with whines and repartee as they emerge from the lobby of the Gresham Hotel. It is a scene of terrific fustian activity, and its energies, its enthusiasms, its noises and its faces are undiluted Irish.

Not long ago this was the grandest thoroughfare in the most elegant of the English imperial cities. Then Sackville Street, given grace by the foresight of the Dublin Wide Streets Commission, was given dignity by the presence of the Anglo-Irish, a ruling caste from across the sea. Nelson stood serene on his column outside the GPO. Young gentlemen in hacking jackets sauntered over the bridge from Trinity College. A different *class* of customer, as the upstage head porters used to say—*"if you get my meaning sorr"*—was to be seen upon the terrace of the Gresham. A symmetry had been laid upon Ireland, and an alien Empire imposed its standards of conduct, its conceptions of order and its style upon the little capital.

In the story of the British Empire Ireland plays a part of tragic prominence, as the oldest of the British possessions overseas, and the first to break away: and it was in the pursuit of an imperial quest that I set out from the Gresham myself one recent day, patting the urchins kindly on their grubby heads, to divert their attention. I wanted to discover what had happened to the Anglo-Irish. Did that imperial caste survive? Were its values buoyant still, behind the republican façade? Was there still a Sackville Street, beneath the changed names and the demolished statues? Or had the Anglo-Irish been absorbed at last into the mêlée of the football crowd, their manners smudged and their chiselled features blurred? (For they were in their heyday, so Engels reported in the 1850s, tall, strong, handsome chaps, "with enormous moustaches under colossal Roman noses.")

I PRESENTED MYSELF FIRST at St. Patrick's in Dublin, Dean Swift's Cathedral, which was the ancient shrine of this élite. Of all the Empire's Anglican Cathedrals, each in a sense deprived of its meaning, this seems to me the most telling. They were no transient expatriates, who worshipped here in the old days. The rulers of the Protestant Ascendancy represented an imperial presence seven centuries old. They were the most loathed of all the Empire-builders, and at the same time the most rooted, and all the ironies of their relationship with Ireland linger among the trophies and memorials of this cathedral, where the Knights of St. Patrick once sat emblazoned in the stalls of their Order, and Guinnesses bowed only to Viceroys.

The survivors were not numerous at Matins, but they looked staunch enough. "KNEEL TO PRAY," enjoined the hassocks severely in embroidered capitals, and only the American tourists found the exertion beyond them, the local old ladies going down with scarcely a creak. The hymns went lustily (though I was sorry we did not sing No. 313 in the Church of Ireland hymnal—*Lift Thy Banner, Church of Erin/To thine Ancient Faith We Cling*—which would have expressed a fighting spirit,

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I thought, in a country of 104,000 Anglicans to 3,200,000 Catholics). The sermon was about universal degeneracy. A fierce lady beside me, observing me faltering with my prayer-book, thrust her own into my hand with a decisive injunction about the number of the psalm. Across the aisle a very military worshipper, attended by his floral-printed wife, stood for the Creed at a classical regimental attention, thumbs down the seams of his brown check trousers, in a posture that would have satisfied any martinet colonel of the Leinsters in the glory days of long ago. There were some elderly men who looked like stewards of jockey clubs, or retired Collectors of Patna; there were two families of such utter Englishness that in any other outpost of Empire I would have assumed them to have been representatives of Shell; there was a sprinkling of those weedy liturgically-buttoned young men always to be found in naves of the Anglican persuasion. It was a congregation of very pronounced character—conservative, perhaps a little arrogant, but faded.

Only a generation ago these were the rulers of Ireland. More still, to an extraordinary degree they were the progenitors of the British Empire as a whole. If the rank-and-file of Victoria's army was largely Irish Catholic, its leadership was habitually Anglo-Irish Protestant. Wellington, the Napiers, Roberts, Wolseley, Kitchener —all these British generals came from Ireland, and without them the Victorian Empire would never have been conquered. At the same time it was paradoxically Anglo-Irishmen, though of many different social backgrounds, who gave form to the spirit of nationalism within the Empire, and thus decreed its fall: among the Anglo-Irish nationalists of Ireland were Wolfe Tone, Parnell, Casement, Pearse, even Douglas Hyde, the Gaelic-speaking first president of Eire. There were times—parts of the 18th century, for example, and those years of "terrible beauty" in the first quarter of this century—when the gifts of the Ascendancy made Ireland one of the most exciting countries in Europe: for the clash of loyalties in Ireland brought out the spirit in the Anglo-Irish, and made them in their merits as in their faults more vivid than most.

"Ascendancy" was a weak word for their standing in their prime. Descended partly from Normans, partly from English and Scots "planted" in Ireland by successive schemes of colonisation, they formed a governing class of absolute supremacy. Most of the land was in their hands, the indigenous Irish aristocracy having generally disappeared, and the few industries that flourished were mostly Protestant-owned. Though often impoverished themselves, the Anglo-Irish inherited the habits and instincts of privilege. By the mid-Victorian era, when their separate origins had been fused into a common culture, they were a people like no other—neither quite English nor properly Irish, full of fizz, courageous, humorous, sometimes brutal. A ghastly sequence of historical events had either hardened them in insensitivity, or given them an unexpected tenderness: for they had witnessed, from the vantage-point of their isolation in the land, all the miseries of the Great Famine and the Land Wars, the conflicts of patriotism and coercion, the alternate stiffening and weakening of British resolve in Ireland. They knew imperialism from both sides, and had grown up with its dilemmas.

I THOUGHT OF THEM ALL, so frequently larger than life, as the sermon passed from student violence to get-rich-quick. I thought of the shameless absentee landlords, and the cruel black-and-tans, and those tiresome vocational Anglo-Irishmen who can still, even now, be so unavoidable in pubs. I thought of the Galway Blazers, so called because its members, during a celebratory hunt carousal, burnt down Dooley's Hotel at Birr. I remembered Lord Charles Beresford's imagery for the effect of buckshot fire upon an Arab's bald head at the battle of Abu Klea—"riddled," the young officer imaginatively thought, "like the rose of a water-pot." I considered the unyielding detestation that this people had inspired among the exiled Irish of the world—still to be experienced in Sydney or in Boston, or heavy on the air of Grosse Isle outside Montreal, where the refugees from the Great Famine crawled ashore from their ships half-dead with hunger and disease, encouraged by jigging fiddlers.

But I remembered too little Lord Roberts, "our Bobs" whom the soldiers loved; and the tremendous Lawrence brothers, who ruled the Punjab with God-like conviction; and C. J. Napier of Sind, who so cherished his subject peoples of the Ionian Islands that he named his daughter Cephalonia; and dear old General Butler, husband of Lady Butler, the military painter, who was haunted all his life by memories of Irish evictions, and who unfortunately for his success as Commander-in-Chief in

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South Africa, agreed with the Boers; and Mr. Richard Holmes of the Gibraltar Gas Company, a prominent Irish member of the Calpe Hunt who not only preferred to tailor his own pinks, but also engraved his own hunt buttons, made his own boots and saddlery, and was killed happily hunting in 1888, aged 76.

For the Anglo-Irish usually went to extremes, if not of ferocity or sympathy, then simply of fun. Perhaps it was in response to some inner conflict: for though they formed an occupying caste in their homeland, foreign to its working people and commonly hated by them, still they often loved the island with a tortured intensity. That twisted pride haunts St. Patrick, and when the service was over I stayed behind in its cool dimness to contemplate the monuments. The congregation stumped out, to exchange brisk pleasantries in the porch. Inside its predecessors rested—the proconsuls and the administrators, the Ever Esteemed Judges and the Eternally Beloved Mothers, Swift himself finally at peace in the nave, generations of Royal Irish with their sculpted wolfhounds sleeping at their feet. There they lay dispossessed—Respected no longer By All Members of The Community, and hardly, alas, Universally Mourned.

The voluntary ended and a silence ensued, broken only by those shuffling, clicking and gasping noises peculiar to organ-lofts when their work is done. I took a last look at the frieze of the Sive Dagon Pagoda in Boormah (captured 1852), paid my last respects to Lord Mayo, Viceroy of India (assassinated 1872), saluted the filmy standard of the Connaught Rangers (disbanded 1922), and went out into the bitter Dublin sunshine.

THEY HAD BEEN for the most part country people—landowners of varying grandeur, agents to great estates, country clergy, soldiers: so into the country I went next day, and was struck first by the melancholy of their decline. Their long demesne walls still march forbiddingly beside the country roads, but they are all too often crumbled, crudely patched, or replaced in reconstituted stone by expatriate Germans. Their churches smell of must and neglect. Their country houses—seldom very luxurious, being notorious for draughts and rats—are frequently derelict. Around their relics the island's busy new life regardlessly proceeds, no longer needing the gentry up at the great house, or even much resenting their memory.

I went to Birr, where the third Lord Rosse coped bravely with 19th-century unemployment by having a moat dug around his demesne, and where he built in the middle of his park the biggest telescope in the world—the Giant Telescope of Birr. The moat is still there, the sixth Lord Rosse occupies the castle, the lovely gardens are open to the public: but in a green declivity there monumentally reclines, blackened with age, the huge iron tube of the Giant Telescope, supported on brick piers—an object almost eerily of another Irish age, when a rich Anglo-Irish amateur, from a trough in his King's County demesne, could still be the first to isolate the stars of the Owl Nebula.

I went to Kilkenny, where the great castle-seat of the Ormondes stands at the opposite end of the place from Irishtown. The Club House Hotel preserves its memories of hunt ball and gentlemanly high jinks, with cartoons of eminent members of the Establishment, and brown photographs of celebrated meets: but the Ascendancy has long vanished from its dining-rooms, where only the Catholic families tumultuously eat their high teas, and a lavish priest at the corner table says grace over his own dinner.

I went to Mallow, once the raciest of Anglo-Irish spas, where the young bloods of the 18th century gambled and horse-played their inheritances away with enviable abandon: but only the little spa house bears wistful testimony to the Rakes, in mock-modest half-timber like a French queen's dairy, with a line of washing hanging behind. I walked sadly through the ruined gardens of Coole, up the great avenue of yews and ilexes, where Shaw and Yeats had loitered in the great days of the Irish renaissance to scratch their initials on the celebrated copper beech: but all is overgrown and unkempt now, young trees sprouting everywhere among the rose-beds, and the house itself was demolished in 1941. I went to Tyrone House on the Galway coast, for several centuries the seat of the St. George family; but it is only an immense four-square ruin against the Connemara hills, and the surviving St. Georges are ordinary Irish farmers now, over Kilcogan way, their forbears having gone native. ("It could be a fine house still," I remarked to a passer-by —"what a place for a ball!" "O wouldn't you say it was too late," the Irishman picturesquely replied, "for that kind of fandango?")

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AND I MADE A PILGRIMAGE to Ross House, the old home of the Martin family, whose tall façade one can see over the trees from the road between Galway and Oughterard. I had read, in Mr. Maurice Collis' *Somerville and Ross*, an unforgettable letter from Violet Martin describing the return of her family to this house in 1888, after a long exile in Dublin. Mrs. Martin was met in the hall by an elderly tenant, Mr. Paddy Griffith, and together they danced a jig at the foot of the stairs, the dignified Anglo-Irish lady and the merry Catholic dependent, encouraged by a watching housemaid with cries of "*Dance, Paddy!*" Mrs. Martin was wearing, I don't know why, a pink dressing gown and a black lilac-trimmed hat, and carried a spade under her arm: and together the two of them skipped and changed about the hall, bowing and curtseying to each other.

Ross is overpoweringly Anglo-Irish. I found it deserted, when I got there on a wet and windy afternoon—a foreigner had bought it, I was told, but seldom came near the house—"God knows what will become of it, more's the shame." The drive was rutted and overgrown, and the wind blew in gusts across the little lake, flattening the reeds and raising small grey-green waves. It is not a large house, but it has force. A row of servants' quarters flanks it, like slave quarters in other imperial parts, and around it a bare and roughish park extends. The house stands like an oblong box on end, and possesses an amateurish grandeur—carriage sweep, ornamental urns, stone benches beside the portal: as I walked up the wide steps to the front door, huddled against the wind, with trees creaking and the windows rattling, it seemed to me almost stagily evocative.

I peered through the dirty windows into the hall. All was dingy inside, half-furnished, the bare staircase rising to the left of the hall, a door at the side to the kitchen quarters. It looked as though nobody had been interested in the house for a couple of generations: but as I squinted through the glass, cupping my hands about my eyes against the reflection of the park behind, I distinctly made out a flash of pink and lilac, a kick of leather leggings, a suggestion of white linen half-way up the stairs: and I thought I heard a sweet Irish voice on the wind—"*Dance, Paddy, dance!*"

YET MORE SUBSTANTIAL GHOSTS survive. Numbers of Anglo-Irish patricians still call Ireland home, and here and there one may find the lost culture of the Ascendancy still vigorously alive. I visited one house in County Cork which remains a perfect paragon of the style. It is a low square house, with a salmon stream running through its park, built around an open courtyard through whose archway tractors chug and trailers rumble. The estate is a picture of prosperous activity, almost Burgundian in that soft warm air of the south, its orchards and gardens bent over by diligent employees, its hedges and lawns immaculate, every vista preserved, every door-knob polished. Its agent lunched with us and talked about the neighbours, suggesting to me, as Ireland so often does, a page in a Russian novel. But its true glory is its library: not one of your standard country-house libraries, stocked with unopened classics and forgotten theologians, but a superbly equipped and replenished collection of books—books beautifully shelved and categorised, books just opened from the booksellers' wrappings, books properly used, cherished and understood—a private library of the highest European class, reflecting, I suspect, a degree of civilised resource that no purely indigenous Irish household has yet been able to achieve.

Of course few of the Anglo-Irish were ever so cultured, and a far more common survival today is the home of the aged imperialist, home from the forgotten frontiers to his father's house. Ireland in imperial times was a haven for the half-pay officer, the unentailed younger son, who could not afford or attain to the spacious life in England. Many an Irish house is still full of the Benares brasswork, ivory elephants, monkey-skin shields that mark the imperialist retirement, growing a little tarnished or mildewed now as the last imperial generation grows old; and the second-hand bookshops of Ireland are wonderfully fertile in imperial memoirs and guides to sporting opportunities in the tropics. There is a suggestion of parody to the demeanour of this doubly expatriate society, and I sometimes caught echoes of East Africa or British Columbia, as I listened for the tribal calls in Ireland. "Ready for dins?" I heard one lady ask her repulsive spaniel, as we waited together for the lift in Galway: and "You'd never know he was a shooting dog," she predictably added, when the little beast rose upon its hind legs to slobber upon the porter.

I HAD BEEN TOLD years before of a village called Castletownshend in County Cork, in which the mystique of the Anglo-Irish was

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said to survive encapsulated. It was, they told me, a text-book example of the genre, where I could sense better than anywhere else the quality of enclave which characterised the lives of the caste. The Anglo-Irish lived, wherever they were, separately. Many were excellent landlords, many were genuinely attached to the Irish peasantry, but only a few families, like the St. Georges of Tyrone House, lived on terms of genuine equality or intimacy with their Catholic neighbours. In Norman times the Pale, the expanse of verdant country around Dublin, was reserved for them. Later they ensconced themselves in those country estates besides whose lodges a mailbox is often obsequiously positioned, like the private railway halts of magnates in England.

To Castletownshend I made my way, and found it to be one of the prettiest villages in Ireland. A single main street leads down to its haven, with a residential castle and a Protestant church at one end, and what used to be called "gentlemen's houses" scattered throughout. It was the home of Edith Somerville, Violet Martin's colleague in the partnership Somerville and Ross, and it has long been dominated by two closely connected Anglo-Irish families, the Townshends and the Somervilles.

The Anglo-Irish did not often congregate in villages, but Castletownshend is a remarkable exception. It is a solid bloc of Anglo-Irish values and memories. On one wall of the church a vast three-column tablet, several thousand words long, traces the descent of the Townshends, and is punctuated with evocative phrases of the Ascendancy, like "Eton and Christ Church," "of colonial extraction," or "the third Lord Lyveden's younger brother." On other walls the Somervilles predominate, and we are reminded of Castletownshend men fighting in wars from the Napoleonic to the Hitlerian, governing territories of hideous remoteness, sitting on Admiralty Courts or being Bishops. Edith Somerville used to play the organ in this church, and in a house down the road Admiral Boyle Somerville, R.N., was murdered by gunmen in 1936.

Townshends and Somervilles, I very soon discovered, still dominate the village. Pews are still reserved, a notice in the church porch told me, for Mr. Salter-Townshend and Brigadier Somerville (not to speak of Brigadier Becher, Captain Chavasse, Air Vice-Marshal Betts, Colonel Whitmarsh and Miss Penrose-Fitzgerald). Mrs. Salter-Townshend remains chatelaine of the castle, at one end of the village, Brigadier Somerville is master of Drishane, at the other. Between the two sundry ancillary Somervilles flourish, lesser Townshend homesteads thrive, and by present reckoning, I was told, the two old houses have inter-married 15 times. In the second World War, neutral though the Republic stood, their men went off as always to His Majesty's forces, taking with them an astonishingly large proportion of the Catholic Irish population: and the families remain, it appears, uninhibited by history. It is true that the castle now accepts holiday guests in summer, and that the younger Townshends and Somervilles mostly go away to work, returning to the village only for holidays: but they apparently call it home still, and most of it remains family property. The Salter-Townshends live in their waterside castle surrounded by the trophies, paintings, books and family trees of their imperial heritage: and when they meet in the street they greet each other traditionally—"*Morning, Cousin Robert!*"—and swop the family news with as much gusto as ever they did in the old days, when Boyle Somerville's destroyers were often to be seen lying in the bay at the end of the garden, and Edith pulled out all the stops for Hymn 313.

But the Townshend heir, Robert Salter-Townshend, struck me as a new man. Still in his thirties, he spent the statutory family years in the Royal Navy, and was educated at that Parnassus of the Anglo-Irish, Trinity College Dublin. His forbears have lived at Castletownshend since 1649, when they came over with Cromwell. Yet he is unmistakably, and proudly, a contemporary Irishman. He talks with an agreeably racy brogue. He dresses casually. He is retrospectively sympathetic to the Easter Rising and all that. If I met him in London I would not think of him as English at all, nor even Anglo-Irish: yet he is the successor to all those splendours of the Ascendancy, all those slabs in the church and portraits on the drawing-room wall, all the colonels, judges, admirals, prelates and Ministers of the Crown who gave an imperial dignity to Castletownshend over so many generations.

The Anglo-Irish as a clan always were recognisably Irish, as well as ineradicably Anglo. Whether they were descended from Elizabethan magnates like the Ormondes of Kilkenny, or superannuated Victorian majors, a mutation

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subtly affected their style, making them at once harder and less inhibited than ordinary Englishmen. Now among many of the younger Anglo-Irish the process has gone a stage further. The Irish is predominant: the Anglo takes second place. In the end this will probably be the destiny of the whole caste—to subside into their environment like those exiled aristocrats to be found in some islands of the British Caribbean, who have long since lost their lofty bearing, and are poor whites like any others.

When I returned to Dublin I put this thought to an Anglo-Irish friend of mine, who certainly showed no signs of subsiding himself, but was nevertheless, I would guess, a good deal more Irish than his father had been. How soon, I wondered, would the whole Anglo-Irish caste go native?

Not just yet, he seemed to think. "What do you suppose the President of Ireland would do," he asked, "if one of your Anglo-Irish peers, his hands red with the blood of history, were presented to him in Arus an Uachtarain? D'you think he'd throw him out? He'd be grateful to his Lordship for condescending to call." There is still, it seems, even in this brave new republic, social cachet to a touch of the old style. The new Irish bourgeoisie looks to me more like a West German middle class than anything else, puffing at its cigars between the courses of excessively fattening meals: but a respect for hierarchy apparently survives (and it was after all an Irishman who described *Ulysses* as "the inevitable result of extending university education to the wrong sort of people.")

Economically the Ascendancy is still powerful. In Ireland as in South Africa, it is only in recent years that the British monopoly of big business has been cracked, and there are still banks, companies and industries generally recognised as Anglo-Irish. Dublin still has its traditionally Anglo-Irish newspaper, college, even hospital: it is curious how many institutions in the capital still carry the prefix Royal, from the Hibernian Academy to the Zoological Society. One cannot look up all these things in a directory; the nuances are delicate; but the Anglo-Irish presence remains part of the grain of Irish life, and worldly Dubliners well know which committee is likely to be Protestant dominated, which business has Anglo-Irish directors, and which *littérateur*, however rich his dialect or flaming his patriotism, is descended from Archdeacons.

But it is a transient and ambiguous role. The Anglo-Irish are powerless politically in Ireland, and seem reconciled to the fact. They wisely stayed neutral in the Troubles, and they generally acknowledge the fair treatment they have since had from the Republic. This must make their loyalties hard to resolve.

"Do you *think* of yourself as Irish?" I asked one youngish Anglo-Irish landowner, and he looked a little annoyed at the question.

"Don't you think I have a right to," he torted, "when my family has been here for 400 years?"

But I wasn't at all sure, for I knew that he travelled on a British passport, had a son at Eton, and spends a large part of his time in London: and I feel certain that his children will feel obliged to opt one way or the other, Irish or English, monarchist or republican, Commonwealth or what the Foreign Office used to call Non-Foreign Country.

For Ireland has found an identity again. Ten years ago Dublin struck me as a sadly stagnant city, still harping back to the lost excitements of rebellion, and painfully self-conscious about its independence. Now the republic has proved itself, and has become in many ways a model for the small nations of the world—perhaps for the big ones too. Dublin, though it no longer shakes the world with art or politics, has recovered its native vivacity, and the Saturday night football crowd, surging so boisterously past the site of Nelson's column, properly represents the national momentum. Before it the Anglo-Irish, Engels' handsome hawk-nosed fellows, can only retreat—growing less identifiable each year, as their purpose disappears and their historical meaning grows dim. Like many another imperial settler colony, the Ascendancy is declining into legend.

On my last day in Dublin I was taken to its bravest surviving bastion in the capital, the Kildare Street Club—Woodward's glorious Venetian palace overlooking Trinity College, from whose great sash windows generations of Anglo-Irish looked fastidiously down upon the civic goings-on. I found it much as I had hoped. It was rather dark and fairly empty, and hung with sporting pictures, and with the crests of

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all the Knights of St. Patrick, whose less heraldic perquisites included honorary membership of the club. The people I met seemed well in character too: an explosively entertaining novelist, a comfortable peer of the Irish creation, a character straight from Ben Travers who had recently inherited £25,000 and instantly spent it. ("People often come up and say look old boy, how much was it really, they tell me it was quarter of a million." "*Far* more than that, I say.")

"I guess this must be the National Museum," an American paterfamilias is alleged to have said, wandering with his family into this club one morning: and it is a kind of museum—an Ark of that disinherited society, full of its shades and artifacts, its humour and its prejudices. Its pleasures seemed to me less social than anthropological, like the rituals of Ashanti. The Anglo-Irish, though, are a hard-headed lot, always ready to cut their losses, seldom pridebound. The Duke of Wellington, that archetypal Anglo-Irishman, was told by a Spanish grandee during the Peninsular War that if he wanted a particular military favour done he must go down on his knees and ask for it. "So down," the Duke dispassionately reported, "I plumped." The members of the Kildare Street Club seem to view their condition with similar realism. Some years ago they sold half their premises to an insurance company, and they did not hesitate to include the very room through whose window W. G. Grace once drove a cricket ball from the Trinity College pitch.

When I heard this I knew my task was done, so I packed my bags and took to the ferry: for nowhere else in the old imperial territories would they discard so powerful a fetish with such reckless and profitable abandon.

Reductio

Carted from his study
in a heap of untidy clothing
the yarn of his mind unravels

along the way
spill books and bits of fact
clippings and scissors

doctors in white gowns
shake geometric syllables
from their jaws

a chemical confusion
flowers in the cold
cavity of his skull

noisily
his mouth snatches
at hunks of air

exiled from definition
and bright ferocity
he dies unravelled

(unnoticed
something drops
into the enamel basin

with a tiny splash and sob)

Lyman Andrews

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Millicent G. Dillon

Second Bedroom

SHE WAS DREAMING about a hillside of orchids growing with their bare roots entwined about stunted trees, when he woke her stumbling out of bed. Immediately she guessed that he'd slipped on a *Life*. She kept her eyes closed to give him time to recover the dignity that was so important to him.

"Why don't you throw those goddam *Lifes* out?"

Well, anger was a form of dignity. She opened her eyes and looked at him. Not surprisingly, he was not looking at her.

In the morning light she saw how the skin at the back of his neck fell in folds—and he such a stiff-necked man. Middle-age readied many cruelties, but it was nonsense to think of them as vengeances, they were accidents only, as it was only an accident of the morning light that the back of his neck reminded her of a fish she had once seen in an aquarium window. Still, he is a little like a cold fish, she thought, seeing no harm in admitting it to herself. Yes, he is like a cold fish despite those endless years of psychoanalysis which, he keeps insisting, are finally and gloriously liberating him.

She didn't know what he'd been like before psycho-analysis, she'd only known him the past two years, but he couldn't have been less liberated than he was now. The trouble with men like him was that they believed, desperately, in change. Why didn't he accept the fact that he was born the way he was, that he wasn't going to change? She would love him anyway, unchanged, unliberated, even a cold fish.

"These goddam magazines will drive me out of here. They're already a foot high around the bed."

"There are things I'm going to cut out," she said.

"And when will that be?"

"Soon. You know how busy I am."

He went into the bathroom and slammed the door.

She wouldn't admit it to him, but the *Lifes* were getting out of hand. More than four years ago, even before Harry left, they'd begun piling up, events piling up and discoveries and people, too much for one issue, let alone a lifetime. She was only saving them until she had cut out the most important pictures. But she hadn't found time to clip them yet, so all those *Lifes* piled up in her bedroom and filled her with a sense of her own obsoleteness.

She believed in pictures, not in words. In last week's issue there was a full page photograph of a woman standing alone, watching a fire. The caption said she was the wife of a fireman trapped inside the blaze. But if there was no caption at all, you would still have known it was a woman facing love's death, would have known it was something true and irrevocable from the tautness of her face and her body, held high on an in-drawn breath. Words weren't needed.

AS SHE LAY with her right hand, palm down, on the natural swelling of her belly (she was glad she had a rounded belly; flat-bellied women were all right for model-

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ling clothes, but no artist would ever want to paint a flat-bellied nude), he came out of the bathroom and dressed methodically. Then he went into the living room and she heard him dialling. He talked for a minute, she could not quite hear what he was saying, and then he got up and shut the door between the living room and the hall to the bedroom.

Moved by a passion for secrecy, he was impelled to shut doors in her house. And what would she have discovered if she had listened? That he was unfaithful? He had already told her that, letting her know that she was only one of two, or three, in his life. He was a deadly cautious man. She shrugged and by-passed jealousy.

Lazily she stretched and got out of bed and went into the bathroom. She turned on the shower and took the plastic bag off the Vanda orchid, which was almost ready to bloom. Standing in the shower with the hot water running over her skin and making a luxurious dense wetness about her, she heard him shouting that the coffee was done. Resigned to haste, she turned off the water and dried herself carelessly with a damp towel.

In the long glass she admired her body. One was given a beautiful body and one was grateful. One day, beauty would ripen beyond maturity to decay. But the time for believing that, for regretting, if one would regret, would be then, not now. It was not possible to really believe what was not now, when all there was was ripeness yet.

She put on her long terry cloth robe, printed in vivid reds and deep pinks and cut in an empire line, and went out to the kitchen. He was drinking his coffee at the formica-topped table.

SITTING OPPOSITE him, she saw they were going to have a conversation. It was too bad that he didn't like to read the paper in the morning. She poured herself a cup of coffee and prepared to look him full in the face. That would be the signal to begin. But first, she pushed the electric coffee pot away from her. She didn't want to catch her reflection in the rounded metal; she was not one to relish distortion.

"Your day planned as usual?" he said.

"About," she said. "This afternoon at the art club they need me for a three hour life class."

"And this morning your chores?"

"Yes."

"How many little white rats are there now?"

"They're not rats, they're mice. Twenty-eight. Is that right? Yes, I think there are twenty-eight."

"No recent unanticipated births?"

"No, I'm very good at checking their sex now. The last mistake was well over a month ago. No, the males and females are completely separated."

"Tell me, how long does it take to feed them? Would you say an hour a day?"

"Nothing like that. Maybe a few minutes."

"But then there's cleaning the cages."

"Well, yes, that takes a while longer."

"And then an hour with the orchid plants."

"You always exaggerate."

"You're the one who finds it difficult to be exact."

"That's true," she said.

"I thought you were going to get rid of the mice," he said.

"I will, when I can find someone to take them."

"You wouldn't flush them down the toilet."

"No, I wouldn't."

"You could take them to a pet shop. They might even buy them from you."

"I tried. They have too many this time of the year."

"What does it have to do with the season?"

"I don't know. That's what the pet shop man told me."

"I would think you could give them to some kids in the neighbourhood, the way they were given to you."

"Children are cruel," she said.

"You talk of cruelty."

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"Are you trying to hurt me?"

"Is it possible?" he said.

"Why do you talk that way?"

"You want me to say what I feel, don't you? You wouldn't like it if I hid behind a facade?"

"No, of course not," she said, wondering if this conversation was only a prelude to a long lecture on the importance of facing one's inner self. She couldn't understand this fuss about insides and outsides, when it all came to one and the same, eventually.

Then she thought she heard him say, "So that's why I won't be here next Tuesday."

"I'm sorry," she said, "I didn't hear what you said."

"Tuesday I'm having dinner with Cathy."

"That will be nice for you," she said. He must have forgotten that Tuesday was their regular day. But surely, he would remind himself in time.

"Is Cathy enjoying her apartment?" she asked.

"Loves it. Being away from her mother has done marvellous things for her. She's actually blooming."

That's an odd word for him to use, she thought. But words often, if not always, said the wrong thing. Not like pictures.

He was talking again, not noticing that she hadn't been listening. "I said I thought it was my responsibility as a parent to talk to her realistically about conception, now that she's living alone. All she did was laugh and say to me, 'Daddy, you're a little bit late. Didn't you get a bill from Dr. Pratt last month? You will, and that's what it's all about.' It seems she's had a lover for two months."

"Oh," she said and she poured another cup of coffee, only this time she put cream in it. Again she avoided the gleaming convex surface of the coffee pot.

"Do you think she'll marry him?" she said.

"I doubt that they're thinking in terms of marriage. She might marry him if he asked her, but he's already told her he's not ready for any real commitment, he's too neurotic."

"I see," she said.

"It's wonderful to see her enjoying her freedom; she's absolutely delightful. When I was there last week, another boy telephoned her. She'd been out with him the night before and he'd been trying to get her to go to bed with him, and he was still trying. It was amazing how she handled him, pleasing him, yet refusing him. It was with such gaiety, not smugness but gaiety. Then her lover called and she told him about the other boy, and the lover wanted to know why she went out with the other boy at all. He said it was a kind of cheating not to tell him that she was already committed. But she said she didn't have to go to bed with a man just because she went out with him, did she?"

"I don't understand why she told her lover all of this," she said. It was clear to her that it was a form of teasing. But either one loved and gave, or one didn't love and didn't. Why all the games to play at love?

"She feels obligated, emotionally, to tell him." How he dragged that word out—e-m-o-o-tion-ally, lingering over it, as though he hated to surrender it.

HE TRIES SO HARD, she thought. But either one feels or one doesn't, it isn't a matter of trying. She wouldn't say that to him. He would be offended, and there was no need to offend him. For there was still something that they gave each other, something that he gave her that she was grateful for, not just excitement (being a man, he was exciting), but a feeling of—familiarity? was that it? From two years of meetings and caresses, of deepening repetition, not sameness, but from same to more than same, a net was built: that was habit. Habit was not just staleness, it had its good side, too. And if some things he did were hard to take, there were compensations. She never tired of hearing him talk about his work, about the contracts he negotiated and the trips to Washington he had to make, secret trips, important trips. He was at the centre of things, and that gave him a very male kind of power.

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And she liked the power her own body had over him, although, she reminded herself, it's not really my power, my doing; I'm not responsible. Pouring another cup of coffee, she caught her reflection in the convex pot, and there was a grin on her face, wider by far than a smile, but she must have smiled a little to beget that grin. Still, she would not reproach herself for smiling. She did not smile out of pride, but from pleasure in a gift that had been granted to her, that was out on loan, as it were.

Suddenly his eyes, that seemed to stop the light in pale blue discs, deepened and let light and warmth in. At the same time, he smiled, as if he had been hoarding a secret. Only when he got up and went over to the record player and put a record on, did his secret begin to disclose itself.

Six months ago he had discovered rock music and insisted that finally, finally, he had found a real, a total release. Watching him as he began to dance on the green rug, she searched his face for the signs of the release he said he found; and she could find none. He claimed that he lost himself, immersed himself in the beat until it was the beat that carried him. But now, as he danced, his legs kept coming down heavily on his heels. It is always he, she thought, who deposits his body in a place and moves it then to the next place. No matter how fast he moves, he is deliberate, he is controlling. Now he began to speed up with the beat, and his arms flailed as if he were boxing with shadows. He calls it release, she thought, but it's more like agony. His lips were bared and showed the cutting edges of his teeth, and his eyes were closed. He leaned his head backwards, but it did not fall backward, rather he held it and would not let it fall of its own weight; and the folds of skin on the back of his neck multiplied.

As he moved faster and faster, he seemed ready for some crisis. But it was she, not he, who experienced the climax of disappointment every time. She guessed it was some subtle sensing in him of something having released itself in her—he could not know it was pity—that finally released him. He would breathe on a long-sounded breath, a long drawnout A-a-ah. And the record would end and he would take the needle off the record and turn off the power and lead her into the bedroom.

He thought he had finally freed himself for what he called a mutually satisfactory sexual experience. She never corrected him, never confronted him with the fact that it was not mutual. There was no law, natural or otherwise, that everything must be on the basis of an even contribution, a clearly defined fifty-fifty. She gave more and knew she gave more than he, out of an abundance of ease and pleasure. She could not resent it, if it was not mutual. If anything, she would have to feel guilty for being lucky. But that kind of guilt was only more of that intellectual nonsense. What is, she thought, is. And that too is pleasure, accepting what is.

HE TURNED the record off and took her by the arm. "Let's go to bed," he said, but she held back, missing something that should be part of a valued repetition.

"You'll be late to work," she said.

"You're sweet to think of me. But I don't have an appointment till eleven today."

Still she held back.

"Are you suddenly against sex in the daytime?" he said.

"It's not that." She motioned vaguely to the second bedroom.

"Your charges," he said.

"They need feeding," she said. As if it made refusal more justifiable, she added, "Two died yesterday."

"Females?"

"Two males."

"The weaker of the species," he said.

"It was just chance," she said. "I wonder if it's good for the males to be kept separate from the females? But I have to keep them separate; otherwise, I'd be overrun."

"Let us not keep this male and this female separate," he said. "We can guard against procreation."

She thought he sounded angry, so she

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resolved to bear her own uneasiness and appease him.

AFTERWARDS, as he started getting out of bed, she said, "Don't slip."

He sat on the edge of the bed, facing away from her, his neck wrinkling again.

"Do you know where the word 'orchid' comes from?" he asked.

"No," she said.

"It comes from the Greek *orchis*, meaning testicle."

"I didn't know you knew Greek," she said.

"I don't. Dr. Samuels and I were discussing you and your orchids one day, and he mentioned it to me."

"Do you talk to him about me?"

"When it's relevant to the issue at hand."

"Oh," she said.

He turned and faced her. "How many hours a week would you say you spend on your orchids and your rats?"

"Mice," she said. "Not many."

"How many? Changing the cages and watering the orchids and moving them around and putting plastic bags on them and taking them off again."

"It's hard to say," she said.

"Twenty hours a week?"

"Nothing like that."

"Ten?"

"I don't count."

"Then you'd say it's not organised, it's entirely at random."

"Not exactly. I have a way of doing things, but I don't know if you can say I organise things."

"Tell me about the orchids," he said.

She hardly knew how to begin. "They're different from other plants," she said. "It's their root system— they don't need soil—so I plant them in fir bark or osmunda." She felt suddenly exposed, trying to say what she wanted to say, but the words not working, tripping and stumbling over each other and tangling her tongue. Yet she went on, speaking very fast.

"In Hawaii they can grow their roots out in the open air, because the conditions are just right. But here, in the house, I have to let each plant dry out before I water it again, and each one must be watered when it's ready, never two at the same time. And they have to have lots of air, but they can't have draughts, so that's why I'm careful about opening windows. And the right amount of moisture. Did I say that? And the sun, they need just the right amount of sun. That's why I'm always moving those in there," she waved her hand towards the second bedroom, "since that's a corner room and when the sun gets too strong I have to move them every couple of hours."

"What about the one in the living room?"

"The Cattleya? What about it?"

"Why did you turn the lamp on it?"

"You mean last night? It was cold last night and the lamp heats it up a little. But I'm afraid that one's not doing well."

"But its leaves are so lush and green."

"But there are no blooms," she said.

"And that's the important thing?"

"Oh, yes," she said.

"You've never asked me about the orchids before," she added. "I thought you weren't interested."

"But you see I am. I'm interested in anything that helps anyone to develop as a human person."

She shut her eyes and let herself slip into a daydream about an orchid cocktail in a brandy snifter, when there were blooms to spare, of course.

Then she heard him say, "So I don't think it's a good idea to schedule my coming here so exactly, every Tuesday and Thursday. I've been thinking it might be better if we saw each other spontaneously."

SHE OPENED her eyes and he was dressing. "I don't understand," she said.

"A mutually satisfactory relationship cannot remain static, it must keep changing. The individuals must grow and the relationship as a whole. It doesn't come by itself, it is a matter of striving for it."

"What are you trying to say?"

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"Instead of meeting according to plan, you could call me on the spur of the moment, or I might call you."

"Are you trying to break off with me?"

"Nothing so final as that. But after all, we are adults and we must understand that relationships do come to the point of diminishing returns."

"I do wish that for once you would say something simply."

He put his coat on and adjusted his tie. His eyes blinked, as if he were in a bright light.

"You're right," he said. "The most important thing is to be honest with each other. You live in a world that has no reality for me: your *Life* magazines and your orchids and your rats."

"What does that world have to do with you? It doesn't interefere with the good times we have."

"Don't you see what I'm saying?" he said. "I don't want to hurt you, but it's for your own good. You've got to grow, you've got to find some direction in life, you've got to come to terms with reality. You've always had a beautiful body so you've never had to do anything except exist. But soon the time is coming when it won't be that way any more—already the signs are on you—and where will you be then?"

"But I've just been explaining to you about the orchids. There are things outside of myself that interest me."

"All you're doing with them is creating a stifling, still world, that is only an extension of yourself. There's something almost obscene in it, the moisture and the lushness. For what purpose? And the rats—"

"They're mice, not rats."

"All right, mice. One day a neighbour moves away and can't take her mice with her, and there you are, accepting them with no choice on your part. You just take them because they're there. And now you spend hours a day with those things that are just there."

"I told you, it's only a few hours a week."

"Still and stifling, no movement at all. Like your work, your modelling. And how much longer can that last now that you're getting older?"

"You think I'm stifling you?" she said.

"If you want to put it that way, all right. Even the dancing: you watch, you don't participate. You sit there like a lump. I'm being cruel, but cruelty is sometimes the greatest kindness. You're living in some senseless past, you've got to get with it."

She felt an impulse to shriek at him, "You cold fish, you and your fifty-three year old body trying to recapture a youth you never had." But the impulse to shriek at him was still-born. Before it came to life, she realised it was only helpless anger. And she sighed.

"Well," he said, "what do you have to say?"

"Is there anything to say?"

"Even now you're sitting there like a lump of clay. Goddamit." He rushed out and she heard the front door slam.

THERE WILL BE another, she said to herself, in time there will be another. And she decided she would have to throw out those magazines, there were too many of them.

Then she heard the mice squeaking. Naked, she got out of bed and went into the second bedroom. At her entrance, the squeaking prolonged itself to one long squeal, that quieted only when she had measured out their food.

The sun coming through the corner window fell upon her arm. Its warmth surprised her. She would have to move the Odontoglossum so their leaves would not be burned.

I was right about hating words, she thought. How could I have forgotten the reason—what I've known before. They flourish when there is nothing else, seed and multiply in sterility. They are the blossoms and the fruits of endings.

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Column

LAST YEAR, in his presidential address to the British Association, Sir Peter Medawar assured us that "the deterioration of the environment produced by technology is a technological problem for which technology has found, is finding, and will continue to find solutions." This was not said in any mood of Utopian optimism, and indeed a large part of Sir Peter's eloquent and moving address was devoted to analysing the difficulties and problems which technology faces in its efforts to make the world a better place to live in; not least among them, a general sense, compounded of anxiety, disillusion and despondency, that in fact such efforts may only have succeeded in making it a worse one. Nevertheless, the conclusion of the lecture was an assertion of faith and hope in the beneficent potentialities of science, and a contemptuous dismissal of those who reject them; "To deride the hope of progress is the ultimate fatuity, the last word in poverty of spirit and meanness of mind."

A layman, oppressed by the realities of the contemporary world, might perhaps be forgiven for thinking that, in making such a declaration of faith, Sir Peter was relying more upon intuitive than inductive methods; it is a distinction which he himself is fond of, though claiming that each has the right to be considered "scientific." Yet we could also draw comfort from such an assurance from so high an authority, and conclude, despite all appearances, that just as science has the power to promote immense progress in the work, wealth and happiness of mankind, so it has the knowledge to cure any evils which may be incidental to its triumphs. The dangers implicit in such problems as overpopulation, pollution of the environment, and nuclear energy are perhaps after all only nightmares with which we like to frighten ourselves; under cool, scientific appraisal they will vanish like bad dreams at dawn and we can all sleep soundly in our beds in sober confidence that whatever science and technology have done they can also undo.

I am not sure that, a year later, Sir Peter's words have quite so comforting a ring. In the last twelve months, there has been no noticeable diminution in the rate at which technology is ravishing and looting the planet. Population has not ceased to multiply so fast as to bring the prospect of universal famine appreciably nearer. We have not reduced the dosage of poisons which we inject daily into earth and air, river and ocean. Rather, we have continued in the same way as we did before, only rather faster, and despite a fashionable preoccupation with problems of ecology and environment, are no nearer to solving any of them. No doubt Sir Peter may be right, and in the long run technology is capable of solving them all; but, as Maynard Keynes once said, in the long run we are all dead, and at the moment it rather looks as if, for millions of people, the long run will also prove the short one.

Even more significant, perhaps, is that scientists themselves are increasingly beginning to reveal doubts and apprehensions about the purposes and consequences of their own activities. One could not find a flatter contradiction of Sir Peter's hope and faith than the almost apocalyptic vision of doom foreshadowed by Dr. Paul Ehrlich, Professor of Biology at Stanford University, in a recent television discussion and printed in *The Listener* of 13 August under the sombre title, "Warnings." Dr. Ehrlich repeated many of the appalling facts of our present situation with which we are becoming so distressingly familiar that we are in danger of taking them for granted, as if they were natural catastrophes we were helpless to contend with; as, for instance, that *every* year the world has to provide for 70 million more people, that is, "every three years you've got a new United States to take care of."

The great disaster which Dr. Ehrlich foresees as the result of the population explosion is, of course, only one among many aspects of the general environmental catastrophe with which mankind is threatened; but unlike Sir Peter, Dr. Ehrlich has no belief that science or technology can do anything to avert any of them.

> "A great many people who don't understand about science and technology think that at the last moment science and technology will come along and pull a rabbit out of the hat and we'll all be saved by making food from nothing, I've been told, or by eating dehydrated foods like astronauts. The simple facts of the case are that science and technology have been falling further and further behind in taking care of our increasing population over the last two decades, and that there is *no*, I repeat *no*, conceivable technological solution to the problems we face."

THE NIGHTMARES have returned. Is Sir Peter one of those who "don't understand about science and technology"? Does Dr. Ehrlich exaggerate, and has he surrendered to "the ultimate fatuity, the last word in poverty of spirit and meanness of mind"? It is hardly for a layman to decide

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such questions; but he can hardly fail to be impressed by the fact that, just as Sir Peter is not alone in his optimism, so Dr. Ehrlich is not alone in his pessimism. Reflections on the consequences, or potential consequences, of their own work has indeed provoked in some scientists a kind of moral crisis, in which they have found it impossible to reconcile the presuppositions of scientific enquiry with their obligations to their fellow men. For them, science has become a kind of Frankenstein's monster whom they have helped to create and can no longer control; rather it is he who has come to control them.

Such fears found remarkable expression recently at an international gathering of young scientists which, under the slogan of THREATS AND PROMISES OF SCIENCE, took place this summer at the Imperial College of Science and Technology. I have to say at once that in their proceedings the threats were very much more in evidence than the promises, which were indeed almost non-existent; and I use the neutral world "gathering" deliberately, because the participants would resent the use of such terms as "conference," "study-group," "symposium," "congress," usually applied to scientific meetings whose primary purpose is the exchange of ideas and information. "Threats and Promises of Science" was intended rather to lead to action, under the desperate conviction that the practical consequences of technological progress had by now become so appalling that it was necessary for scientists themselves to call a halt to them.

I cannot say that from this point of view "Threats and Promises of Science" was a great success. I do not say this in any critical spirit, because success of this particular kind was perhaps hardly to be expected. Yet failure itself had its own interest. If one could identify any single reason for it, it was that the participants were not only scientists but very young ones, and to their doubts, fears and anxieties about the direction which science is taking were added all those which arise out of the fact of being young today.

Among these, of course, is the rooted distaste of the young, or at least of those of them who seek some better way of living than the way we live now, for anything which in any way smacks of "organisation"; for "organisation" is as it were the hallmark of the technological society whose results they reject and the "organisation man" its typical product. It is an attitude which I myself find sympathetic; yet listening to somewhat incoherent debates on "What Then Must We Do?" I could not help reflecting that it is an attitude which makes it impossible for any collection of individuals to concert a sustained and effective programme of action.

IT IS NATURAL, in such circumstances, that some should demand a programme which each individual can carry out for himself. Like medieval friars, of a Franciscan rather than a Dominican order, they would wish that every scientist should prescribe for himself a Rule which forbids any form of collaboration in the processes which, in their view, are progressively degrading human life. This also I find sympathetic; yet I cannot help feeling that, though it might cleanse the scientific conscience of guilt, it would not provide any very effective deterrent to the large and powerful corporations which are the primary agents of destruction.

This kind of proposal I take to be simply a symptom of the genuine spiritual distress inspired in some young scientists by the work in which they are engaged. How deep this can be was shown by a discussion, which engendered a certain amount of heat and passion, of another proposal that nothing less is required than a total moratorium on all forms of scientific research. That a body of scientists could seriously discuss such a proposal is in itself significant; it could be defended, I imagine, on the ground that the body of scientific and technological knowledge already available is in fact sufficient to solve mankind's most immediate and urgent problems, and that what is required is not further additions to it but a change in the purposes to which it is applied. Yet the idea of a scientific moratorium is to some inevitably associated with the obscurantism, the superstitious fears, the suppression of free enquiry which it has been one of the glories of science to overcome. On such a view the spirit of unfettered investigation, setting itself no goal except to expand the frontiers of knowledge, is one of the few things of which we can say that it is absolutely good and cannot be held responsible for any evil consequences to which it may lead. I am not sure that there is any human activity of which this can be truly said; yet certainly it is the belief which until now has inspired science's greatest achievements. It is, I think, a sign of the *Umwertung aller Werte*, the transvaluation of all values, which we are suffering today, that today's scientists themselves should be calling this belief into question.

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I HAVE BEEN READING with interest G. H. Hardy's little pamphlet on *Bertrand Russell and Trinity*, first privately printed in 1942 and now reproduced for general publication (Cambridge University Press, 16s.). It is an account of how Bertrand Russell came to be expelled from his lectureship at Trinity College, Cam-

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bridge, in 1916, an event which, as Hardy says, "was one of the minor sensations" of the First World War; like everything else which Hardy wrote, including his beautiful *A Mathematician's Apology*, it is a model of elegance and lucidity, though here he is writing about matters which in their day provoked violent passions.

Hardy's main purpose was to correct certain misconceptions which were discreditable to Trinity, and his pamphlet was an effort to restore the College's tarnished reputation, even though Hardy himself disapproved strongly of Russell's expulsion. It is largely based on College Council minutes, minutes of College meetings, and the Report Book, which are normally only accessible to Fellows and from which Hardy was given permission to quote; his extracts breathe the authentic flavour, both sweet and sour at the same time, of the curious system by which Cambridge (and Oxford) colleges are governed, and connoisseurs of this recondite subject will at once recognise their subtle bouquet. At moments they remind one of William Buckley's remark that he would rather be governed by the first 200 persons listed in the New York telephone book than by the faculty of Harvard, but in this case they also serve to show that Russell was not quite so shabbily treated as is sometimes supposed, and that Trinity as a whole behaved rather better.

In the first place, Russell was not, as was generally believed, deprived of a Fellowship, though he had been a Fellow from 1895 to 1901. He was dismissed from a lectureship, which is perhaps not quite so serious a matter. Secondly, he was not dismissed by the College as a whole but by the College Council; there was a large minority of the College which opposed the Council's action and significantly enough it had the support of all the Fellows who at the time were absent from the College on active service. Thirdly, it was believed that Russell was dismissed because he had been sent to prison for his pacifist activities; in fact, he was not sent to prison until 1918, though in 1916 he had been fined £100, and it was for this that he was dismissed. Lastly, it was not generally realised that at the first opportunity after the war, when its absent members had returned, the College reversed the Council's decision and reinstated Russell. He did not take up his lectureship, not out of any animosity to the College, but because he was again in trouble, though this time it was marital and not political.

Hardy wrote his pamphlet during the Second World War, and I realise now that he must have been working on it when I last met him in the summer of 1941. I had come to know him, and hold him in great love and admiration, when as an undergraduate I lived on the same staircase with him at New College, where he was then Savillean Professor of Mathematics; his move from Cambridge to Oxford was not unaffected by the repercussions of the Russell affair. My friendship with him (if so unequal a relationship between an undergraduate and a great mathematician can be called friendship) was not based on common intellectual interests, but was due to his passion for games of all possible kinds, and I used to play tennis and bowls with him, or any other sport he happened to fancy.

In 1941, when I was a soldier and stationed in Cambridge, we renewed our friendship and he invited me to dine with him in Trinity. I can date the occasion exactly because that evening Churchill was to address the nation on the radio, and promptly at 8.50 p.m. the Master, George Trevelyan, rose to his feet and said solemnly: "Gentlemen, I think it is time for the Prime Minister." Obediently and slightly sheeplike the rest of the company rose from the table and prepared to follow him to an adjoining room in which a radio had been installed. Only Hardy remained seated. The Master looked at him. Hardy shook his head; "No, Master," he pronounced firmly, "I will *not* listen to that mountebank!"

I was embarrassed. Did courtesy demand that I should follow the Master or remain with my host? And was not a proper respect due from a soldier to the Prime Minister? But I quickly reflected that it would be absurd to listen to Churchill when I could talk to Hardy, so I resumed my place beside him. Even in wartime, it was still possible to drink port at Trinity and we happily continued to do so, while Churchill's rhetoric reverberated through the land. In reading Hardy's pamphlet I cannot help wondering whether in Hardy's aversion to Churchill, which I shared, there was not an echo of the bitter feelings which were inspired by Russell's dismissal and the larger issues of war and peace which were its background. Yet Hardy was never a bitter man, as his pamphlet shows; perhaps it was simply that he was an entirely different order of being from Churchill, just as mathematics is something different from war.

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Autobiography & Psycho-analysis

Between Truth and Self-Deception — By BRUCE MAZLISH

THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT that autobiography, as we know it, came into being in the early 19th century. The *O.E.D.* claims 1809, and Robert Southey, as the origin of the term in English itself. This may be so, but a closer look at Southey's employment of the term suggests it is an accidental, and, as used by him, rather meaningless neologism:

> The life of Francisco Vierira, the painter [Southey wrote in *The Quarterly Review*] . . . composed by himself. Much has been written concerning the lives of the painters; and it is singular that this very amusing and unique specimen of autobiography should have been entirely overlooked.

Yet, Southey probably spoke better than he knew, for the combination of traits that stood in back of the word "auto-biography," in its modern sense, had already come into being during the decade or so preceding 1809, a decade which we can call loosely the early "Romantic period."

It is, indeed, in romanticism that the concern with the self takes on new attributes, different from the preceding soul-searching of the religious. Thus, if I had to give a compacted definition of "modern" autobiography, I would say that it is a literary genre produced by romanticism, which offers us a picture from a specific present viewpoint of a coherent shaping of an individual past, reached by means of introspection and memory of a special sort, wherein the self is seen as a developing entity, changing by definable stages, and where knowledge of the self links with knowledge of the external world, and both together provide us with a deep and true grasp of reality.

Let me expand briefly on this definition. Romanticism is often thought to have been concerned with the exotic and the illusionary; and so it often was. Much more central to it, however, was what I shall call "romantic empiricism": the effort to come to grips with reality in a more intense and truthful way than by means of philosophic and scientific abstractions. Certainly, this was the case with knowledge of the self, where the various associational psychologies were built upon and surpassed by Wordsworth's "on the pulse" sort of knowledge. Thus, in his Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, Wordsworth talks of his poetry as an "experiment," wherein he selects "the real language of men," which can best be examined in "low and rustic life" because there "our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity." These feelings, however, are not experienced in isolation, separated from all other feelings, but rather "are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings." Hence, we perceive reality in terms of individual memory, and it is the only way that we can *truly* perceive it. As John N. Morris remarks of Wordsworth's *The Prelude*:

> The very high claim that the act of retrospection and composition is in itself the source of a knowledge higher than the particular truths of the experiences recorded marks Wordsworth's autobiography off from all previous English examples of the form. (*Versions of the Self*, 1966, p. 16).

For Wordsworth, such "higher" knowledge of the self gives knowledge of the external world as well. Thus, as he says, the Poet "considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting qualities of nature. . . ."

Wordsworth's stress on self as the key to reality is also sounded by the man who, as Arthur Lovejoy puts it, first, in 1798, launched the word "romantic" on its modern career: Friedrich Schlegel. "All so-called *Romane*," Schlegel informs us, should be valued "in proportion to the amount of direct personal observation and of the representation of life which they contain." Alas, even of the novels of Richardson

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and Fielding, good as they are, Schlegel must exclaim: "how sparingly and in driblets do these books mete out to us the little portion of reality (*das wenige Reelle*) which they contain! And how much better a *Roman* than the best of these is almost any book of travels or collection of letters or autobiography, to one who reads them in a romantic spirit!"[1] Thus, it is autobiography "in a romantic spirit" that puts us in greatest touch with reality, and, as we have seen with Wordsworth, the method or means by which this is accomplished is memory or retrospection of feelings and thoughts. At this point, then, we have at least two of the elements of my "compacted definition" of autobiography.

WE CAN TURN NOW to Goethe for another element, the view of the self as a *developing* entity in a *developing* world. Thus, in a famous passage he writes that the chief task of biography (we substitute here autobiography) is

> to depict a man in the circumstances of his times ... how he shaped out of it an outlook on the world and on mankind ... how he in turn reflects it ... so that one may well say that each man, were he born a mere ten years earlier or later, would have become a quite different person, as far as his own inner *development* and his effect on the outer world are concerned.

A *Bildungsroman*, the novel of development, is what Goethe and his contemporaries have in mind, and they have merely extended to the self the notions of development concerning mankind and society elaborated by thinkers as varied in their orientation as Condorcet (with his ten stages of mental progress), Saint-Simon (with his law of three stages, shortly to be expanded upon by Comte), and Hegel (with his Reason, unfolding through various national spirits, dialectically on increasingly higher levels, shortly to be "materialised" by Marx).

WHERE, HOWEVER, do the particular stages of development envisioned for the self come from? Here, we are on less secure ground. The notion of childhood, as Philippe Ariès tells us, is only affirmed and confirmed in the 19th century, and for most of the century it is more a battleground of conflicting views than a settled terrain of time. Wordsworth's child comes "trailing clouds of glory" from God; Rousseau's child is Emile, and Rousseau himself (who, as he admits, is "still a child"); and Dickens' child is Oliver Twist and the circus people of *Hard Times*. If by child we mean the first six or seven years of life, then even Rousseau accords it only about three pages (1712–1718) in his *Confessions*! If by child we mean the age until, say, 16 or so, then Rousseau preserves for it all of Book I, or somewhat over thirty pages out of a total of six hundred. As he says at the beginning of Book II (1728–1731), "Although no more than a child ..."; yet he ends the long sentence by talking of himself in the same breath as a "youth."

Clearly, this question of the child as a stage in individual development is of enormous importance and complexity. For our purpose here, we can only note its existence as a "problem area" and pass on to another stage of self-development making its appearance at this time: adolescence, first prefigured perhaps in the idea of a "*Sturm und Drang*" period. Yet adolescence, too, is a most unclearly defined stage during the whole of the 19th century, only coming fully into its own in the early 20th century. As vaguely perceived a hundred years earlier, however, it is coloured by dark clouds of melancholy and by a sense of life's meaninglessness and emptiness. The individual is often seen as out of tune with his age, or out of step with its development. Thus, the notion of "alienation" can frequently be attached to this stage of adolescence. Paradoxically, too, the introspection which pervades this stage is viewed as, in part, the cause of this alienation, and, in part, the only way back to a healthy connection with life and society. It is a point to which we shall have to return in a moment.

Once past the "*Sturm und Drang*" period, life is generally perceived as a single stage of developing maturity—and professional achievement—marked as it may be, of course, for some, with continuing melancholy and occasional breakdown, but homogeneous as a stage until old age and death. Such is the view of the self, changing by definable stages, that I believe to be most characteristic of the early 19th century. It is, thus, the view of the self that also becomes a stylised way of organising, as well as of perceiving, the self when one comes to writing autobiography. Correct or not in its details, an exposition such as I have just given nevertheless points truly to the conviction of the times that the self at least developed, and developed by stages. To this, we must now add that such a development could be perceived by taking up a definite point in time—say, middle age, or the moment of professional success—and looking back in retrospect over one's life. Thereby, one could see that it had a definite shape and a particular meaning. A different vantage point, and, as Chateaubriand demonstrated in the three different occasions on which he rewrote his Memoirs, it would have a different meaning.

[1] Arthur O. Lovejoy, *Essays in the History of Ideas* (1960), pp. 183, 224.

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By now, I hope, we have come full circle back to my compacted definition of autobiography:

> The coherent shaping of an individual past from a specific present viewpoint, achieved by means of introspection and memory of a special sort, wherein the self is seen as a developing entity, changing by definable stages, and where knowledge of the self links with knowledge of the external world, and both together provide us with a grasp of reality.

If we elect to follow John Morris in his *Versions of the Self*, we can add to this that the chosen method of perceiving the meaning of the self is by the individual having passed through the vale of suffering, gloom, and pain that is generally embodied in the "*Sturm und Drang*" period—the "introspection" that I alluded to above. Thus (as Morris reminds us), William James spoke for the experiences of the previous two or three generations when he asserted that only the "sick soul," the "divided self who has in his own person become the prey of a pathological melancholy, can know the world for what it is." In Morris' thesis,

> the experiences recorded in 19th-century autobiography are... secular counterparts of the religious melancholy and conversions set down in the autobiographies of earlier heroes of religion ... "self"... is the modern word for "soul."

As is well known, the discipline that claims today to speak most knowingly of the "self," and especially of the "sick" and "divided" self, in the process displacing the notion of soul altogether, is the "science" of psycho-analysis. It would seem useful, then, to examine what effects the psycho-analytic conception of the self has had on the literary genre which presumably offers one of the most revealing and "real" portraits of the self: autobiography.

The Lower Depths

Autobiography before Freud, no matter how introspective, was still concerned only with the conscious mind. Memory, in this view, consisted of "the representatives of all our past feelings", but these "representatives" could be recollected merely by moving tranquilly across the surface of our thoughts. Freud changed all of this by showing that consciousness was only the top of the iceberg of our mental processes, and that underneath lay the vast mass of our unconsciousness. Penetration to this mass was not easy. As Freud, in his *Autobiography*, phrased the matter:

> How had it come about that the patients had forgotten so many of the facts of their external and internal lives but could nevertheless recollect them if a particular technique was applied? Observation supplied an exhaustive answer to these questions. Everything that had been forgotten had in some way or other been painful; it had been either alarming or disagreeable or shameful by the standards of the subject's personality. The thought arose spontaneously: that was precisely why it had been forgotten, *i.e.*, why it had not remained conscious. In order to make it conscious again in spite of this, it was necessary to overcome something that fought against one in the patient; it was necessary to make an expenditure of effort on one's own part in order to compel and subdue it. The amount of effort required of the physician varied in different cases; it increased in direct proportion to the difficulty of what had to be remembered. The expenditure of force on the part of the physician was evidently the measure of a resistance on the part of the patient. It was only necessary to translate into words what I myself had observed, and I was in possession of the theory of repression.

Repression and resistance, these are the forces that block the way to our unconsciousness, and hinder our remembrance of the deepest parts of our self-experience. Under hypnosis we might effect a partial recollection—but without conscious control. The real train of explosive powder by which we might remove some of the repression and resistance covering our past turned out to be "free association." This method, especially as applied to the analysis of dreams, opens up a tunnel to our unconscious from which we are then able to dredge up our deepest memories. Psycho-analysis, like Hamlet, offers us "more things in heaven and earth ... than are dreamt of in our philosophy." And—how fitting this is—it does so precisely through the very dreams themselves!

What memories, then, do our dreams most strikingly reveal to us? As Freud explains,

> In my search ... I was carried further and further back into the patient's life and ended by reaching the first years of his childhood ... the impressions of that remote period of life, though they were for the most part buried in amnesia, left ineradicable traces upon the individual's growth.... But since these experiences of childhood were always concerned with sexual excitations and the reaction against them, I found myself faced by the fact of infantile sexuality.

Memories as repressed, free association as the means of reaching them, and infantile sexuality as the source of the initial memories that so powerfully affect our future growth—these are the now familiar ideas of Freudian psychology. How do they affect autobiography? If we go back to my original definition, we can see that three elements of it have been refined or re-

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defined by psycho-analysis: the "means of introspection and memory"; the self "as a developing entity, changing by definable stages"; and, at least implicitly, our knowledge of the self and of the external world, and thus our "grasp of reality."

INTROSPECTION AND MEMORY have obviously been afforded new methods by which to accomplish their task of achieving greater knowledge of the self. Whether at the hands of a professional analyst, or by self-analysis, or merely by a loose awareness of psycho-analytic theory—and this last is undoubtedly the prevailing method—the autobiographer today finds himself forced to confront memories with which his predecessors were, fortunately or unfortunately, unblessed. Even if he chooses not to incorporate such awareness in his book, the autobiographer today must reckon with a reader who may demand such incorporation and, where it is missing, supply parts of it himself. Thus, even what is left out takes on a new significance.

PERHAPS THE MOST OBVIOUS, though neglected, influence of psycho-analysis on autobiography concerns the concept of the self developing by definable stages. With Freud, the stage of infantile sexuality becomes central to any account of self-development. Indeed, in the orthodox Freudian scheme, there is a tendency to see the rest of life as an inexorable working out of the impulses and "complexes"—especially the Oedipus complex—necessarily experienced in infancy, *i.e.*, until about the age of five or six. The latency period that follows is merely that: a pause. Puberty and adolescence are simply new battlegrounds on which the old war is fought out; and one has the impression—although this is to distort Freud to some extent—that the outcome has already been decided earlier. Manhood and its achievements seem only to exemplify the particular neurotic, if not psychotic, means of working out, or acting out, our earlier complexes. Partial freedom from the determinism of our "memories," so to speak, can only be gained, if at all, through the therapeutic "re-education" provided by psycho-analysis.

The effect on autobiography of such a scheme, if carried out, is to have a huge first chapter on infancy and its accompanying sexual impulses, a small chapter on the trivia of the latency period, a larger chapter on adolescence, and so on through professional successes or failures. To this "ideal type" of autobiography, writers seem to have only partially responded, either out of the difficulty of obtaining their earliest memories, or from discretion, or out of disbelief. Nevertheless, the influence of Freudian thought on our conception of stages of development has been profound. Thus, the mere three pages devoted to his infancy by Rousseau in the *Confessions* no longer convince us as true and deep introspection. More typical today, for example, would be Arthur Koestler's dedication of the first 80 or so pages of his book *Arrow in the Blue* (1952), to a psycho-analytically oriented description of the first sixteen years of his life, including many observations on his infancy.

It would be a mistake, however, to believe that psycho-analysis itself has remained fixated on Freud's earliest formulation of the stages of individual development. He himself, as is known, began to shift the emphasis from the Id impulses to the Ego defences and adaptations in his book of 1923, *The Ego and The Id*. And this task was taken up and furthered by his daughter Anna Freud (*The Ego and The Mechanisms of Defence, 1936*), and numerous others, especially Heinz Hartmann (*Ego Psychology and the Problem of Adaptation, 1937–9*). With this shift, consciousness in a sense comes back into its own. It is not the raging impulses of the Id that alone shape us for ever after, but the interplay with the Id of the Ego as it tries to master the impulses and relate them to reality. While infancy remains a dominant stage in development, psycho-analysts have come subtly to view it in a new light, and, moreover, to balance its effect by an awareness that what goes on in infancy is not merely held in abeyance or replayed in latency and puberty periods but subject to a true *development* and thus change. Of course, they do not reject the past of infancy; rather, they build upon it. And the architecture of identification in adolescence, while grounded on the identification of infancy, has a shape different from the foundations themselves.

ERIK H. ERIKSON has been prominent in this re-evaluation, and in a further revision, of the theory of stages in the development of the individual; what has come to be called the life cycle. To the stress on both the Id and the Ego, he has added an emphasis on the Super-ego. What is more, he has combined all three processes—the biological drives, the conscious mental activities, and the "conscience" of culture (*i.e.*, the Ego ideal and the Super-ego)—in a fascinating and subtle correspondence, which holds for all stages of development. To top off his approach, he has given more or less equal weight to the various stages of the life cycle: in his typology, there are "eight ages of man"—oral sensory, muscular-anal, locomotor-genital, latency, puberty and adolescence, young adulthood, adulthood, and maturity—and each has development possibilities of its own. All of this

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was and is potential in Freud. Erikson has had the artistic imagination and genius to bring it out, fully formed, into the open.

I cannot help feeling that there will be a "cultural lag" in this matter, and that for a while longer autobiographies may be written, and undoubtedly will be read, in terms of Freud's earlier formulations. Thus, Id and infancy will be unduly and uncritically stressed. Gradually, however, the extrapolations and refinements of Freud's own theories, by such of his followers as Anna Freud, Heinz Hartmann, and Erik Erikson will become better known. Then, Ego and Super-ego, and states other than infancy, will share equally in our heightened attentions. I believe this is already occurring. Thus, the more recent formulations are still theories of "depth psychology," but they have risen to new heights. It is especially in the concern with the interaction of Id and Ego with Super-ego, and the effort pragmatically and effectively to get at the nature and process of the latter, as exemplified in the work of Erikson, that we approach Goethe's call for a depiction of "a man in the circumstances of his time... how he shaped out of it an outlook on the world and on mankind... how he in turn reflects it." In this effort to depict such a man, autobiographies, to convince us, ought ideally to deal with the self as a developing entity, developing through an Erikson-like life-cycle and in correspondence with a changing world.

NOW, PSYCHO-ANALYSIS ALSO sheds additional light on the question of what is true and real about both the self and the world. Roy Pascal, for example, in his *Design and Truth in Autobiography* devotes an entire chapter to "The Elusiveness of Truth." Here he quite rightly insists that truth of fact and truth of feeling are both necessary. The former, presumably, can be publicly verified, although simple omission of fact is more difficult to detect and frequently more significant than commission of error or lie. Truth of feeling is a more private matter, and generally we are persuaded as to the truth of the autobiographer's emotions by the total, artistic conviction that he is able to establish, rather than by any one assertion. With psycho-analysis, this problem takes on a newer colouring in terms of what we may call "actual" and "psychic" reality.

Thus, in his early dealings with his patients, Freud was shocked to hear them describe scenes of infantile seduction by their parents. He was even more shocked when he discovered that these scenes were actually untrue. "When I had pulled myself together," he tells us in his *Autobiography*,

> I was able to draw the right conclusions from my discovery: namely, that the neurotic symptoms were not related directly to actual events but to phantasies embodying wishes, and that... psychical reality was of more importance than material reality.

It is in this light, then, that we must approach such autobiographical accounts as, say, Charles Darwin's, when he tells us in his third paragraph:

> My mother died in July 1817, when I was a little over eight years old, and it is odd that I can remember hardly anything about her except her deathbed, her black velvet gown, and her curiously constructed work-table.

Indeed it is odd, and we can only believe that Darwin himself believes his statement as a matter of psychic rather than actual reality. So, too, with the statement in his next paragraph, that "the passion for collecting... was very strong in me, and was clearly innate, as none of my sisters or brother ever had this taste." In actual fact, as he elsewhere recalled, his brother collected plants, probably as ardently as did Darwin. Once again, we are aware of psychic reality taking precedence over actual reality. Thus, with the advent of psycho-analysis we are more keenly aware of, and more equipped to cope with, what must always be at the heart of autobiography: the interplay of the truth of fact and feeling, of the actual and psychic reality.

Neurosis and Normality

IF WE TAKE autobiography as I have defined it above, and as modified by Freudian theory, are there any psycho-analytic autobiographies extant to which we can point? Before we touch on two examples, one by Sigmund Freud and one by Ernest Jones, a preliminary note. Psycho-analysis normally presents its findings in terms of a "case history." Typically, such case histories start from the neurosis which has brought the patient to the therapist. Thus, in "Frau Emmy von N", the first case written up by Freud in *Studies on Hysteria* (with Breuer), he begins, "On May 1, 1889, I took on the case of a lady of about forty years of age, whose symptoms and personality interested me so greatly that I... determined to do all I could for her recovery"; in the famous "Little Hans" case, he says, "In the following pages I propose to describe the course of illness and recovery of a very youthful patient"; and in the equally famous "Rat Man" case, he begins, "A youngish man of university education introduced himself

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to me with the statement that he had suffered from obsessions ever since his childhod, but with particular intensity for the last four years." Thus, the *neurosis* offers the "specific present viewpoint" which I mentioned earlier in my definition of autobiography, and it is from the *analysis* of the neurosis that the whole previous life of the patient is then unfolded.

Now, in "normal" autobiography, such an unfolding generally takes place in a linear, narrative, and highly chronological fashion; and of course, its starting-point is not in a neurosis (or at least not an overt one). Case studies, too, do read in part as if they were pure narratives; or as Freud put it, as if they were Kiplingesque "Just So" stories. There is, however, an essential and large-scale difference between autobiographies and case histories; the latter have at their core a non-linear analysis, by means of dreams and free association, of a character, seen through its present neurosis. Further, the material is presented in a time scheme, which, while embracing some elements of actual chronology, is mainly concerned with psychic time and with occurrences therein. Also, in place of the linear, we have an emphasis on the "systematic going around in circles," as Erikson puts it, that is involved in clarifying the process whereby the Id, the Ego, and the Super-ego of an individual have been interacting.

In the light of this preliminary note, we ought perhaps not to be surprised that our two examples—Freud and Jones—when they come to write autobiographies instead of case histories, write standard, linear, narrative, chronological accounts. Let me consider each example briefly.

Freud's *An Autobiographical Study* (*"Selbstdarstellung"* in the original) was first published in 1925, when he was 69, with a Postscript added in 1935. It was written, on request, for a series called *Die Medizin der Gegenwart in Selbstdarstellungen* ("Contemporary Medicine in Self-Portrayals"), and thus from the beginning had a professional aim. Yet, it is interesting to note that Freud converts this "occasion" viewpoint into the real, central viewpoint of his life by what he himself says. He begins by remarking that he has already "published papers upon the same lines," *i.e.*, autobiographical, as the present one. Specifically, he instances his *On the History of the Psycho-analytic Movement* (1914) and *Five Lectures on Psycho-analysis* (1909–10). One cannot help concluding from this that Freud saw his life as primarily the "life" of the psycho-analytic theories and movement that he had created; and to a large extent, vice versa. If we were to use a modern catch-phrase, we might say that Freud's "identity" was achieved with psycho-analysis. It was Clark University in America which first accorded him public recognition by its invitation in 1909 to deliver the *Five Lectures*, and Freud acknowledged what was involved by his opening statement that "No doubt I owe this honour only to the fact that my name is linked with the topic of psycho-analysis; and it is of psycho-analysis, therefore, that I intend to speak to you." As we have seen from the *Autobiography*, however, to speak of psycho-analysis, for Freud, is to speak of himself. He admits there that the 1909, 1914, and 1925 papers all "have dealt more with personal considerations than is usual or than would otherwise have been necessary." And in the 1925 effort at autobiography, he adds only that "I must endeavour to construct a narrative in which subjective and objective attitudes, biographical and historical interests are combined in a new proportion." His next paragraph begins, "I was born on May 6th 1856, at Freiberg in Moravia, a small town in what is now Czechoslovakia."

But surely many standard autobiographies aim at a narrative in which subjective and objective attitudes are combined (Freud's "new proportions," of course, refers only to his two earlier expositions). As for Freud's treatment of the "subjective" attitudes, we are disappointed in our hope for a deeper psycho-analytic treatment of these in the *Autobiography*. Let me cite two instances. Freud's only reference to his wife, Martha, is in a paragraph where he explains how she caused him to miss becoming the acknowledged discoverer of local anaesthesia by cocaine. In his words, "I may here... explain how it was the fault of my *fiancée* that I was not already famous at that early age [1886]"; then, after explaining the incident, he concludes, "but I bore my *fiancée* no grudge for her interruption of my work." Can we seriously believe that Freud would let off any of his own patients with so "light-hearted" a statement? A glance at Jones' longish chapter on "The Cocaine Episode," Chapter VI in his *Life and Work of Sigmund Freud*, reveals a rather different story. Beyond this, of course, one must note that in the light of Freud's own emphasis on sexuality and the choice of a wife, the turmoil through which he passed in securing the woman of his choice might well come under the heading of "subjective attitudes" in a true depth-psychology autobiography. But it is all missing in the *Autobiography*.

Turning to the psycho-analytic movement itself, we notice Freud's statement in the *Five Lectures*, "If it is a merit to have brought psycho-analysis into being, that merit is not mine. I had no share in its earliest beginnings."

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Instead, Freud assigns the credit to Dr. Josef Breuer. By the time of the *History*, we have a different story. "In 1909, in the lecture-room of an American university," Freud now remarks, "I had my first opportunity of speaking in public about psycho-analysis. The occasion was a momentous one for my work, and moved by this thought, I then declared that it was not I who had brought psycho-analysis into existence: The credit for this was due to someone else, to Josef Breuer.... Since I gave those lectures, however, some well-disposed friends have suggested to me a doubt whether my gratitude was not expressed too extravagantly on that occasion." Now sharing this doubt, Freud spends the rest of the paragraph retracting most of the credit he had previously assigned to Breuer. By the time of the *Autobiography*, Freud was emphasising the fact that his psycho-analytic theories and methods were vastly different from Breuer's, and explaining how "For more than ten years after my separation from Breuer I had no followers. I was completely isolated." Freud alone, in short, from the perspective of 1925, had become the unique and lonely creator of psycho-analysis.

What sort of analytic explanation does Freud offer for his changing attitudes towards his share in the creation of psycho-analysis, a question that involves intense feelings towards the matter of priority and the desire for fame, as well as towards his former friend Breuer (and later towards Adler and Jung)? The answer is, almost none. Freud demonstrates a vague awareness that a changed viewpoint—his being unknown in 1909, a challenged leader of the psycho-analytic movement in 1914, and an unchallenged father of psycho-analysis in 1925—has influenced his account, but he does not go below the surface of this vague awareness. In effect, Freud's *Autobiography* could as well have been written by a non-analyst!

YET, INTERESTINGLY ENOUGH, Freud has in fact left us what is basically a psycho-analytic account of his life. It is embodied in his *Interpretation of Dreams* (1900). There, with incredible boldness, he exposed not only his revolutionary theories to the scorn of the official medical world, but also the content of his own self in its most "subjective" attitudes; for an extraordinary number of the dreams that he analysed there were his *own* dreams. As he finally admitted in 1908 (in the Preface to the Second Edition),

> This book has a further subjective significance for me personally—a significance which I only grasped after I had completed it. It was, I found, a portion of my own self-analysis, my reaction to my father's death—that is to say, to the most important event, the most poignant loss, of a man's life. Having discovered that this was so, I felt unable to obliterate the traces of the experience.

Thus, in the *Interpretation of Dreams*, Freud bared and analysed the deepest springs of his psyche: his experience of the Oedipus complex, his feelings about the sibling rivals who anticipated the Breuers and Jungs of his later years, his aggressive impulses, his worldly ambitions, and so forth.

Should these revelations, properly speaking, have also appeared in his *Autobiography*? And, if not in the particular piece he wrote to satisfy an official professional request, in some master work summing up his life? Or is the psycho-analytic "case" material intrinsically unsuitable to the autobiographical genre? These are questions that we shall need to consider after one more quick example of a psycho-analyst's autobiography: Ernest Jones' *Free Associations* (1959).

Unfree Associations

JONES BEGAN TO WRITE his autobiography in 1944, and completed a manuscript draft of eleven chapters, covering his life up to 1918 (one wonders if the juxtaposition of the ending of two world wars is purely accidental?). As his daughter informs us in an Epilogue, Jones suspended his writing because of the difficulties in dealing frankly with the "disagreements and rifts which accompanied the growth of psycho-analysis and the shortcomings of some well-known figures. To present these from his own angle might seem unduly subjective." His solution to this difficulty was to write the monumental biography of Freud, wherein his own involvement with psycho-analysis—as his daughter puts it, "The story of Ernest Jones is essentially that of psycho-analysis"—was submerged and mingled with the story of its founder. Only in 1957, with the *Life* of Freud completed, did he turn to a revision of his own autobiography, cut short, however, by death the next year.

Now, the one thing Jones' autobiography is not is an exercise in "free association"! It is, instead, a most careful and precise linear, narrative, and chronological account of Jones' life, with a maximum of attention given to the public events of his career and a minimum to his personal, inner life. This is so, even though Jones claims otherwise in his first two paragraphs, in the first chapter, "Origins":

> I was born, the first child and only son of my parents, on the first of January 1879, in the parish of Llwchwr, in a village called Rhosfelyn; the

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> Great Western Railway had in 1852 rechristened it Gower Road, a name my father later got changed to the hybrid Gowerton. It is situate in the centre of Gwyr (Gower), the ancient kingdom between Swansea Bay and Caermarthen Bay, and is about six miles away from both Swansea and Llanelly, though the direct road between these towns does not pass through it.
>
> It is the common experience of psycho-analysts that a patient intimates in the first hour of the treatment, and often in the very first sentence, the most important secrets of his life, although this is done in such a veiled way that it may take months or years of arduous work before it is possible to read the inner meaning of them. Were I in the position of such a patient, the opening sentences of this book could be put to a similar use.

Jones then adds, "I know that the essential story of my life lies hidden in these sentences, though they need a minute examination to decipher it or even discern its elements. Let me see; it may prove worth while to follow this train of thought; to do so should at all events illustrate the psycho-analytical attitude of mind."

Alas, in this only instance in his autobiography where Jones really claims to follow his "train of thought," we get neither free association nor, I believe, real insight into the psychoanalytic attitude of mind. Instead, we get a highly contrived, logical, and conscious-oriented account of his familial and geographical origins and their presumed effect on the rest of his life. Of course, Jones is too good an analyst not to have achieved some insight into himself, bits and pieces of which he offers to us, his readers. But as we read through his account, we get the growing feeling that most of what he says is a screen, in fact, a *defence*, against our penetrating into his unconscious life. Thus, the chapter and the book are filled with trivia, such as his statement about his own father, Thomas Jones, who "early became converted to Baptism . . . by the great preacher of the same name as himself, Thomas Jones, the father of three famous sons, one of whom was Principal of the University College of South Wales, in my student days there." This is dust thrown in our eyes. What does it matter that the man who converted Ernest Jones' father had three famous sons? Yet, much of Jones' memoirs is filled with allusions to and paragraphs about people whose only claim to entry seems to be that they became "famous" in terms of the British Establishment (especially medical, of course). What we appear to have is closer to name-dropping than to self-revelation; though, as a result, perhaps the latter comes through unconsciously.

What we do not have is any insight into Jones' deepest feelings achieved by free association. For example, he tells us that "my mother had wished to give me the name of Myrddin, but my prosaic father cavilled at this and chose instead to name me after Queen Victoria's second son, Alfred Ernest. . . . It was a decision not easy to forgive, and when I grew up I at least discarded the first of these unwelcome royal appellations." Why was the name "unwelcome" and "not easy to forgive"? Did Jones resent the "second son" aspersion (in his first sentence he has informed us that he was "the first child and only son")? We are not told.

One more example. Jones reveals, perhaps inadvertently, a definite pattern in his love life. The first episode reminds us a bit of Freud's cocaine episode. In 1902, Jones met a girl friend of his sisters who, he tells us, "confided in me so sympathetically about her unhappiness at being engaged to the wrong man—it was her fourth such attempt—that I was moved to remove her distress by gallantly offering to take his place . . . it was a mistake which I had much cause to rue before long." The "rue" involved was that the engagement cost Jones his initial brilliant start in medicine. This came about because, a year or so after his impulsive engagement, Jones' fiancée underwent an operation for appendicitis. "Although it meant a six hours' journey," he tells us, "I naturally wanted to be with her." As a result, Jones, who was resident at a hospital whose rules prohibited him from spending a night away from it, but thinking he had a dispensation from the rule, went off to be with her. His absence discovered, and judged to be without the correct permission, Jones was dismissed from his post, and blackballed from similar posts. "Success" had turned to "Failure" (the titles of two of his chapters), and thus, by apparent accident, Jones was turned towards psycho-analysis, a field outside the medical Establishment of his time.

Interestingly, it is not until 20 pages later that Jones tells us more about this engagement—as he puts it, to "Maude Hill (one of the well-known Birmingham Hill family). Years older than myself. . . ." It broke up. Beyond that, he tells us nothing about his feelings in the matter of this love affair, which caused him to lose his prized "success." Marriage did finally come for Jones, in 1916, to a young Welsh musician: "The third time we met, I proposed to her." Her death led to Jones' re-marriage in 1919. As his daughter of this marriage tells us in the Epilogue, Jones and her mother "were engaged in three days and married within three weeks."

Now, no one has the right to pry into Jones' personal life and to demand from him an explanation for the precipitateness with which he became engaged to various women. One can only say, however, that without such an ex-

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planation, and similar ones, we cannot talk seriously of "free associations" nor of a psycho-analytic autobiography. Let me add that I am emphatically not suggesting that Jones' autobiography is without value, although in the little I said of him, to prove a particular point, it might have seemed that way. Nor am I saying that Jones was not a brilliant psycho-analyst and a man of large character. Quite the contrary, he was an eminently qualified analyst, a major (if not the major) strength in the international psycho-analytic movement, and a peerless biographer of Freud. I am simply saying that Jones' autobiography, along with Freud's, suggests that psycho-analytic autobiography at the best of hands may not be possible at all. Or if it is, it is so only as a case history.

The Re-examined Self

IT IS TIME TO TURN to some general conclusions. I shall present four. My first conclusion is that autobiography, even after Freud, is what it has always been: primarily a consciously shaped *literary production*. As such, it cannot simply offer free associations, or analyses of dreams, or any other part of a standard case history, in lieu of a highly stylised and structured account of an individual's development of self, as perceived from a specific present viewpoint other than neurosis. True, it is possible that the writing of an autobiography might conceivably be a substitute for actual therapy. Roy Pascal hints at this when considering the possibility of writing his own autobiography: "One could be content if one could feel one's self to be consistent, to have developed naturally and organically, to have remained 'true to itself,' and if within this framework, one could order certain intense experiences whose significance defied analysis[!] but which were particularly one's own." Nevertheless, therapy and analysis do not thereby become autobiography.

The second conclusion is that psycho-analysis, rather than a potential enrichment of autobiographical writing, may be a hampering influence. It may, indeed, become a defence against true self-revelation. Rousseau earlier had used his *Confessions* as a device whereby he might expatiate his sins, and as one of his recent psychological biographers, William Blanchard, has pointed out, had also discovered that

> a full confession, in which he threw himself tearfully at the feet of his father and declared his helpless dependency, reduced this fearful figure to remorse and brought forth the demonstration of love he so ardently desired . . . there is no mistaking this same tendency in his writing.[2]

Thus, Rousseau's increased psychological insight went hand in hand with a use of that insight which then operated to block real acknowledgment of his self. Utterly different in nature, but similar in being defensive, is the frequent use, for example, by Freud and Jones of their own psycho-analytic insight to prevent too intimate or indiscreet an exposure of themselves in their autobiographies. Where a more naïve person might blurt out the deeper truths about himself, analysts such as Freud and Jones know, *consciously*, what to repress as an expression of their *unconscious*. Paradoxically, then, the autobiography that professes to offer the most free association may, in fact, offer the least.

A third conclusion, however, balances this judgment by calling attention to psycho-analysis' positive contributions to autobiography. Once we accept that autobiography is a carefully structured literary production, we can see that psycho-analysis offers the genre a new, secular vocabulary to replace the old religious words describing the soul's experiences, as well as a new definition of the "sick" and "divided" soul. Psycho-analysis also proffers a newly stylised series of developmental stages of the self; and for these stages it also offers both new weights, for example, an additional importance to infancy, and new significances, for example, a stress on infantile sexuality as formative of later character. The subject of autobiography, in short, becomes increasingly "psycho-analytic man." However, as I have said, the autobiography itself does not become psycho-analytic, either in form or substance.

The fourth, and last, conclusion is that the most meaningful impact of psycho-analysis on autobiography is probably in terms of the reader, not the writer. The theories of psycho-analysis, even if only "in the air," teach us to read autobiographies in a new way. They instruct us to make new demands. To one who is even partially informed about its theory and technique, psycho-analysis creates a compulsion to approach autobiography in a "psycho-analytic" way. Hence, we are alert, at least potentially, to the deeper meanings—Erikson's "The Meaning of Meaning It"—both of what is said, and what is not said. We insist on taking depth soundings from the unconscious as well as surface readings from the conscious. As I have suggested, the writer of an autobiography may not be able to present these to us effectively and consciously; yet we, as readers, can and must create them for ourselves out of the experiences

[2] William H. Blanchard, *Rousseau and the Spirit of Revolt* (1967), p. 247.

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that he presents to us. In sum, the increased demands are more on us, the readers, than on the writer.

IN THIS INCREASED DEMAND on ourselves, a deeper knowledge of our own psyches, as well as that of the autobiographer's, becomes imperative. As Erik Erikson has so brilliantly pointed out in his article, "On the Nature of Psycho-Historical Evidence: In Search of Gandhi," a new typology for the understanding of autobiography must be worked out, and central to it must be not only the autobiographer's own problem of "transference," but our problem of "counter-transference" as well. As Erikson suggests:

> Transference is a universal tendency active wherever human beings enter a relationship to others in such a way that the other also "stands for" persons as perceived in the pre-adult past. He thus serves the re-enactment of infantile and juvenile wishes and fears, hopes and apprehensions. . . . This plays a singularly important role in the clinical encounter and not only in the dependent patient's behaviour towards the clinician. It is also part of what the clinician must observe in himself; He, too, can transfer on different patients a variety of unconscious strivings which come from *his* infantile past. This we call *counter-transference.*[3]

Now, autobiographers are not patients, and we, the readers, are not clinicians. Yet, one of the main reasons for a person writing an autobiography is to discover, in the writing of it, what he *has* been; and thus what he *is*. What his life *has meant* and thus what it *means* in the present moment. So, too, the reader of the autobiography. He discovers, or should discover, in the "clinical" *cum* "literary" encounter with the autobiographer's self some insight both into *that* self and into his *own* self. It is the gift of psycho-analysis that it aids the reader in acquiring this insight on its deepest level, by, for example, an understanding of transference and counter-transference, projection and displacement, and so forth. Thus, autobiography, psycho-analytically viewed, is binocular; it offers us equal knowledge of the development and meaning of ourselves as well as of our "other self," the writer of the autobiography. The encounter, then, is not only clinical and literary; it is creative in a newly special sense.

[3] Erik H. Erikson, "On the Nature of Psycho-Historical Evidence: In Search of Gandhi," *Daedalus* (Summer 1968), p. 698.

And Spring Returns to the Psychiatric Hospital

And Spring returns to the psychiatric
hospital
slowly as the making of a web or
a dark, impossible
butterfly:

rose-buds shift
somewhere in shafts of secreting green
aware of ceremony:

memory moves its heavy magnets
across fields of
receding snow:

a birth on one of the women's wards
halts us in our tracks
and a search is on
for the man with
life in him.

David H. W. Grubb

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THEATRE

Flashing the Old Job

By John Weightman

A RACY, upper-middle-class lady of my acquaintance was once describing to me the sorry plight of a friend who had become an exhibitionist. "There he was," she said, "flashing the old job all over the countryside." This mysterious and poetic expression struck me forcibly at the time, because I had never heard it before, and it popped suddenly out of my memory again at the first night of *Oh! Calcutta!* when, like the rest of the audience, I found myself facing a row of old jobs, interspersed with more familiar triangles. Were these old jobs being flashed at us? Were Mr. Kenneth Tynan and his collaborators flashing *par membres interposés* and, when the cry "Author!" went up at the end, would they come forward hand in hand proudly displaying their several virilities? (Mr. John Lennon, I understand, has already filmed his for the benefit of world audiences.) Would we be expected to flash back in a surge of audience participation? The experience, new for me (in adult life at least), was rather puzzling. Not since I was in Standard III at the Council School forty-odd years ago had I had the opportunity of being a "thinking *voyeur*," and I didn't quite know what to think.

My first thought, now that I have had time to react, is that *Oh! Calcutta!* was undoubtedly an historic occasion. Total nudity on the stage is something quite novel; it is much more real than nudity in the cinema, and it breaks a taboo which is several hundred years old, if not older. We have been visibly moving in this direction for a generation or two and Mr. Tynan, having finally engineered the matter, has made his immortal contribution to the theatre. It causes one to reflect that human nature must be very peculiar if the mere display of *that which is*, and is moreover universally, can cause such a stir. But then taboos, too, are universal, as if human nature always had to forbid something in order to give itself a framework and a feeling of negative certainty. Francis Huxley points out in *Affable Savages* that the naked South American Indians were shocked to see that he did not wear a penial sheath while bathing; when you look at a photograph of an Indian wearing one of these sheaths, which is for all the world like a little flag, you might think he was flashing the old job with a vengeance, but in fact he is being modest, and his sheath is no more phallic than a top hat (if we can be sure that a top hat was not a transferred symbol of Victorian repression, a displaced erection). What one wonders now is where the taboo will reassert itself in Western civilisation, if it has really been removed from sex. Will one be perfectly in order in showing one's nakedness and yet obscene, for instance, if one develops a rational argument? I sometimes think, in talking or listening to young people, that two or three ideas, strung logically together, are now almost as offensive as indecent exposure would have been some years ago. I have seen young people go red in the face and appear deeply shocked if asked to explain how they reconcile attitude *A* with statement *B*.

HOWEVER, I IMAGINE THAT the assertion of nakedness starts from a rational premise. We are all naked underneath our unnatural clothes, and therefore nudity is truer, more genuine, more healthy than the state of being dressed. Clothes are a visible manifestation of *mauvaise foi*, so off with them! Now that the thing has been done, I can see no objection to it in itself. I noticed even that some of the actors and actresses were more impressive in the nude than when they were dressed, as if their talent lay more in the shape and grace of their bodies than in what they were able to do. If, from now on, dancers and pop singers were to perform in the nude, this would be a perfectly acceptable convention since what they are selling is often youth and beauty rather than art, and in so far as they are being artistic, totally naked physical beauty can only enhance the effect.

But this must apply only to a fairly narrow range of performers and performances. A lot of talented people are no doubt cursed with bodies

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inferior to their artistic ability and are thankful to have clothes to help them to create a temporary illusion. Or, perhaps, clothes serve to cancel out the body, thus allowing the mental presence to be more keenly perceived. I am quite interested in Mr. Tynan and Mr. Lennon, for instance, as personalities, but I haven't the faintest desire to contemplate them in the nude, and I don't see why they should want to display their nakedness, except to their nearest and dearest. Is there not a distinction to be made between public and private nakedness? Public nakedness, let us say, has a universal quality and requires a natural gift, like any other profession; private nakedness often needs to be illumined by love or lust, and is only positively significant between the two people concerned. Mr. Tynan has struck his blow for truth and freedom, and in one sense at least has carried the day. But although we are all equal in our underlying nudity, here again the universe manifests its terrible unfairness, because some people are more equal than others, even among the performers of *Oh! Calcutta!* There was one of them who, in my opinion, would have done better to keep his light hidden under a bushel.

My second thought is that the blow struck for freedom and truth is still, in spite of all, rather muffled and inconsistent.

The punning title, *Oh quel cul que t'as!*, was apparently invented by an elderly French Surrealist painter, and the backdrop on the stage as well as the front cover of the programme show an almost nude *belle époque* beauty, presenting the perfect circle of her buttocks, *i.e.*, *une belle croupe*, as the expression was. But why this flavour of Edwardian naughtiness? It refers back essentially to a period when women were marketable objects, and is out of keeping with the modern views on sexuality which have determined the bisexual nakedness of the performance. It also embodies an old-fashioned idea of female beauty, which went with bustles and the can-can. Perhaps the antiquarian note is meant as a joke, like a mahogany *bidet*-stand being used as a drinks table in a modern room, or perhaps it reflects the personal tastes of the elderly Frenchman with the admirably Surrealist name of Claude Trouille. In either case, it is surely rather off-key.

Then, nakedness itself is used both genuinely and conventionally. When the company dance in a lyrical or rhapsodic way, their bodies are operating artistically, and their nakedness is just a sign—although an important one—that they are being true to the natural data. In other words, in all dancing sex is not actual but transposed and therefore the nakedness can be genuine. But in a sketch about copulation, what is the use of two naked bodies simulating the action, if they do not actually perform it? The fact that they are stark naked merely underlines the absence of the essential point, as if they were sexless angels in an old-fashioned Biblical illustration. Clearly, it would be difficult for them to copulate realistically within the framework of a show like this, which is theatre, not ritual. But to go through the motions with complete realism of nudity and almost complete non-realism of action, is to do something which is not a theatrical statement nor, in the circumstances, a valid joke; it merely throws doubt on the heterosexual possibilities of the gentleman concerned.

The problem I am referring to is an aesthetic, rather than a moral, one. The realism of acting is not identical with the realism of mime, and if you mix up poor acting with even worse mime, you are really not doing very much at all. In these scenes, the actors and actresses just looked like adolescent school-children having a naughty romp, and one was surprised at the paradox of so chic a show-business audience being expected to enjoy so crass a display. To do them justice, they didn't sound very enthusiastic in the first half; when drinks during the interval had helped them to respond more easily, their applause became louder and, at the end, they sounded reasonably convinced. But I wasn't. *Oh! Calcutta!* may represent a liberation as far as nudity is concerned, but it doesn't do anything to demonstrate how sex can be acted frankly, if at all, on the stage.

Still less does it show how sex can be talked about, and this, for me, was the greatest surprise. I had expected a revue full of wit and sophistication but, for the most part, it was a collection of old dirty jokes, of the kind that I have always associated with embarrassment about sex, or temporary deprivation. I admit I have no ready definition of the difference between wit and fun about sex and the sort of dirty story that schoolboyish men seem to relate to each other the world over, but I am sure there must be a difference. The last time I heard such talk at any length was during the War, when cosmopolitan types would while away the night watches in the B.B.C. Foreign Service by capping one filthy tale with another; there was a Dane, I remember, with an astonishing command of English obscenity, who was inexhaustible about the goings-on in Shanghai. Again my objection is not one of prudery; it is rather difficult to be prudish if one has been observing the world and oneself for the last fifty years. Besides, it is obvious that obscenity serves a valid purpose from time to time.

The question is: why should one go to the theatre to hear the sort of thing which is ordinary folk-material in schools and pubs?

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True, it is being trumpeted from the stage, and so there is again a ceremonial breaking of the taboo. Father Ubu said *merdre* in 1896, Eliza Doolittle said *bloody* in 1914, and now the actors can utter any four-letter word. But the mere use of these terms is not of the same order as displaying nudity; nakedness is a pure fact, which is what it is; obscenity is a linguistic phenomenon, that is, an intellectual and emotional manipulation of facts. It is not in itself a datum. It implies an attitude to sex, and the attitude suggested by practically all the sketches in *Oh! Calcutta!* is the coarse, sniggering uneasiness of people who have not assimilated it to any philosophy of life. Perhaps sex is ultimately unassimilable, like the other animal functions, but a lot of artists have got a great deal further with it than the deplorable authors of *Oh! Calcutta!*, who grind away on the level of fifth-rate music-hall, in such a manner as to dishonour sex rather than rehabilitate it.

The programme doesn't specify who wrote what, as if the authors wished to hide behind their collective names, but I have seen it suggested that Joe Orton was responsible for the sketch about sexual complexities in a middle-class family. If so, I am amazed; where is that beautiful sense of genteel innuendo which makes *Entertaining Mr. Sloan* so profoundly entertaining? If Joe Orton did write it, he must have done it on an off-day, or as a linguistic exercise in obscenity to prove that obscenity is not enough. I know that Renoir said that he painted with his penis, but the expression needs to be interpreted. Writers can flash the old job directly, if they wish to be in the fashion; but to write with it effectively requires a rather complicated process of mediation.

A Word With History

Old Mother History, Queen of Them All,
how you enjoy raising a stink!
Orion peeps through the bars in the wall
and here we sit, you and me, in clink.

You're giving me the same old patter-song
with the same half-derisive leer.
So side by side we go clanking along,
you since Time was, I since last year.

Immortal madam, why and whence
the passion for paradox you display?
Do you really think that it makes sense
to poison the world's blood in this way?

For in the whole wide world I see
nothing but war, conflict, and crisis.
Hardly the time, would you agree,
for us to be doing time like this?

Why should a revolutionary poet
rot to death in this Soviet hole?
Dear History, it strikes a jarring note.
Surely one of us is playing the fool?

Shame on you, madam, Queen of Them All;
let me out of Zamarstynov then.
(And on the other side of the wall
we'll soon be sent down again.)

Wladyslaw Broniewski *(1897-1962)*

Translated by Jerzy Peterkiewicz and Jon Stallworthy

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Philip Larkin

Two Poems

Dublinesque

Down stucco sidestreets,
Where light is pewter
And afternoon mist
Brings lights on in shops
Above race-guides and rosaries,
A funeral passes.

The hearse is ahead,
But after there follows
A troop of streetwalkers
In wide flowered hats,
Leg-of-mutton sleeves,
And ankle-length dresses.

There is an air of great friendliness,
As if they were honouring
One they were fond of;
Some caper a few steps,
Skirts held skilfully
(Someone claps time),

And of great sadness also.
As they wend away
A voice is heard singing
Of Kitty, or Katy,
As if the name meant once
All love, all beauty.

The Cardplayers

Jan van Hogspeuw staggers to the door
And pisses at the dark. Outside, the rain
Courses in cart-ruts down the deep mud lane.
Inside, Dirk Dogstoerd pours himself some
more,
And holds a cinder to his clay with tongs,
Belching out smoke. Old Prijck snores with the
gale,
His skull face firelit; someone behind drinks ale,
And opens mussels, and croaks scraps of songs
Towards the ham-hung rafters about love.
Dirk deals the cards. Wet century-wide trees
Clash in surrounding starlessness above
This lamplit cave, where Jan turns back and
farts,
Gobs at the grate, and hits the queen of hearts.

Rain, wind and fire! The secret, bestial peace!

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NOTES & TOPICS

Reflections after Kerensky

On the Passing of a Myth — By LEONARD SCHAPIRO

THE DEATH of Aleksander Fedorovich Kerensky—fifty-three years after the short Russian drama in which he was the principal actor—has prompted the usual spate of trite verdicts. He was the weak liberal who let in the Bolshevik wolves because he thought they were sheep; he should have made peace; he should have summoned the Constituent Assembly; he should have kept the Bolsheviks behind bars—and so on, and so forth. There is probably an element of truth in some respects in all of these conventional judgments. I am not going to reopen this particular debate. But I have been generally much concerned in my work with those actors in history who have been set down as failures; and I have only too often been brought up against the ephemeral character of the verdict of near-contemporaries on the success and failure of the actors in events of which they were witnesses. In the first place, they judge with the benefit of hindsight, and relatively recent hindsight at that. Even more misleading, they judge on the basis of what they believe or hope is the way that the history of the generation is going. But the actor at the time does not, cannot indeed, foresee all the consequences of his actions; and his near-contemporary judges him in the light of his own particular view of the direction of events, which he in turn cannot know.

Trotsky's verdict on Kerensky in his history of the Russian Revolution is a good case in point. It is full of vituperation against Kerensky (who approved his release on bail), but not of course for any part he may have played in helping on the victory of the Bolsheviks. What Trotsky cannot forgive is that Kerensky failed to understand the "real upsurge of the revolution," failed to join and welcome it, but remained on its fringes. Trotsky's *History* was written in 1930, in exile, after his own defeat and humiliation by Stalin. For Trotsky, hounded into exile, execration and eventual slaughter by this revolution, it still remained a vision of a glorious future whatever base clouds it might permit to ride with ugly rack on its celestial face. Equally well might Stalin have said (as no doubt he thought) that Trotsky had only haunted the fringes of the real revolution, and had failed to grasp that its real essence was the party *apparat*, the hired henchmen of the General Secretary and the myrmidons of the OGPU. Which of them was right?

If the true meaning of the revolution is that which Lenin bestowed on it, then of course Trotsky is right in saying that Kerensky never got beyond haunting its fringes—and, some might say, all the more credit to him for that. For Kerensky was by tradition and temperament a *Narodnik*. Revolution for him was a great liberation, the gateway to freedom, a romantic vision of the people, ignorant, but sanctified by its instincts and its innocence, rising to wipe out the bloodstains, the humiliations, the oppression, the injustice and the obscurantism of an

ALEXANDER KERENSKY, *the almost legendary Prime Minister of revolutionary Russia in 1917 (he was then aged 35), died in New York in June of this year, aged 88. A few years ago I was present at an American university lecture at which the professor of history announced that for the next seminar the discussion of the Russian Revolution would be taken over by none other than—Kerensky. There were embarrassed and incredulous titters among the students. The professor was a little annoyed: didn't they realise he was being serious? A student cried out, "And how about getting, for the week after, Napoleon on the subject of Waterloo?..." Kerensky became almost an unbelievable myth in his long lifetime. Was he, in reality, nothing but "a failure"? History, as Auden says, "May say Alas but cannot help or pardon." In this obituary memoir, Professor Leonard Schapiro—who discussed such matters frankly with the exiled Russian revolutionary—makes a new assessment.—M.J.L.*

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evil dynasty. Lenin had, of course, learnt a great deal from the *Narodniki*: but the main lesson which he had learnt was that their romantic view of life would never be capable of preserving a revolution, if once it happened —to say nothing of making one. His genius lay precisely in his cynicism, his contempt for most ideals, his total lack of sentiment and his raising of technique to the level of a political faith. Above all, he knew how to exploit for his own ends the anarchy which the Provisional Government was unwilling (or unable) to control, let alone put down. Lenin knew how to deal with it all right when he got to power: anarchy and disorder inexorably produce their King Stork, as centuries of human history testify. Lenin learned how to make a revolution by first removing from this revolution its ideals and its nobility, and turning it into a revolution of the *apparat*. Was it *this* revolution that Trotsky blamed Kerensky for not embracing? But the truth is that Trotsky never embraced it either. Each believed in a myth of his own creation—Kerensky in a revolution that never was, and Trotsky in a Lenin that never was.

SOMEDAY, PERHAPS, when Russia's Bolshevik Revolution has settled down into whatever the future may hold for that unhappy country, historians (if there are still any left) may be able to judge Kerensky more fairly than his contemporaries have done. But speaking as a near-contemporary, who knew and respected Kerensky—and perhaps, like the many millions in 1917, fell under his spell—I believe we should do better to look at his part in 1917 from his point of view and in the light of his own predicament, and without the benefit of hindsight. Heaven knows, he wrote and spoke enough about his actions, and, be it said, not always consistently. The inconsistency should cause no surprise. Has any comparable defeated leading actor in such momentous events ever had to suffer the agony of fifty-three years' appraisal and reappraisal of his own responsibility? I have no wish to add to the hundreds of thousands of angry words which have been poured out on the subject of Kerensky's responsibility for Lenin's victory—except to point out the obvious fact that there were very few people around whom Lenin could not outwit, in Russia or outside. But let me look at some of the "might-have-beens" as they seem to me they ought to be looked at, from Kerensky's position in 1917.

"He should have pulled Russia out of the war by making a separate peace with the Germans, instead of honouring the promise made by the Russian Imperial Government...." Honour apart, what hope did the new-born revolution, Russia's new freedom, appear to have in 1917 if the leaders of democracy, Britain and France, were subjugated?[1] And what hope did Kerensky have of surviving the hatred of the enraged army, or of those portions of it still loyal to the Provisional Government? (Kerensky, it is true, when in exile gave two diametrically opposite answers to this imponderable question.)

"He should have rendered harmless Lenin and a few dozen leading Bolsheviks, and his troubles would have been over...." For those of us who, unlike Trotsky, do not believe in the onward march of historical forces, so much as in the skilful exploitation of a situation by a few individuals, this is the most telling indictment of all. No one (except the late Mr. Isaac Deutscher)—not even Trotsky, let alone Soviet historians—suggests that the Bolsheviks would have won without Lenin. It may be good Marxism to think so, but it is very poor Marxism-Leninism to say so. The Provisional Government had good evidence that Lenin was in receipt of German funds on a very large scale—quite true evidence, as we now know so many years later from studying the Berlin archives of the *Auswaertiges Amt*. Why did it halt its proceedings against Lenin and the Bolsheviks half-way? Why did it have to wait until the abortive insurrection of July to take half-hearted measures against them—too little and too late? One could ask a dozen more such questions, and yet I wonder if they are fair or relevant if we are to see events from the actors' contemporary point of view. Could a socialist Prime Minister, at the dawn of a new era of brotherhood and freedom, use the police methods of the hated, fallen régime? There was also, incidentally, the plain fact that the Mensheviks and Socialist Revolutionaries who composed the Executive Committee of the Petrograd Soviet were resolutely opposed to persecution of Bolsheviks—the break in their attitude (as Tseretelli has shown in his recently published memoirs) only came after the July events. And without the Petrograd Soviet the Provisional Government was powerless, and had been powerless since the beginning of its precarious existence.

I remember discussing this whole question with the late Boris Nicolaevsky. His view was

[1] This criticism of the might-have-been kind is, incidentally, a very public-spirited one in the mouths of French or British historians. The Allied victory over the Germans was a question of touch-and-go. And one may well wonder which way the issue of war might have gone if the Germans could have moved their divisions from the Eastern to the Western front in the spring or summer of 1917—instead of at the end of the year—since the effective entry of the United States into the war after May, 1918 only just tipped the scales.

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that the whole debate was academic and irrelevant: the chaos and disorder out of which Lenin snatched his easy victory in November were already inherent in the circumstances of the fall of the monarchy. I am increasingly convinced that this is right; and that Kerensky (who, incidently, never sought highest office, but had it thrust upon him) inherited a situation in July which was at worst hopeless; and at best could only have been saved by a military dictatorship.

THERE WERE THREE main reasons for this. One was the fact that the group of Liberals, mainly Kadets, who formed themselves into a Provisional Government in March, 1917, had from the very first made the maintenance of order, and hence of liberty, a virtual impossibility. Their deal with the Petrograd Soviet included the promise that the mutinous and anarchical Petrograd garrison troops would be neither disarmed nor sent to the front. There is no evidence that any of the ministers of the First Provisional Government had any qualms or doubts about this item of the agreement. But the result of this insane arrangement, at a time when the Soviet was still finding its feet and looking for a lead, was to leave the Government at the mercy of an armed mob, for whom anarchy was their natural outlet.

The second reason was the total lack of legitimacy which characterised the First Provisional Government, and therefore its successors, including that headed by Kerensky. It owed its existence to nothing but its own self-appointing act. It had no mandate from the elected Duma (which had melted away when trouble began); it had no continuity with the deposed monarchy (in spite of the valiant, but hopeless, efforts of Miliukov to ensure it). The trouble about governments which lack legitimacy is that they are liable to be overthrown by some other faction which has as much or as little right to rule. *"Who appointed you?,"* a soldier shouted at Miliukov, when he announced the composition of the new government to the crowd outside the Tauride Palace. *"The Revolution!"* came the reply. And so, in the end, the Revolution gave, and the Revolution took away—blessed be the name of the Revolution!

Of course, the sensible thing to have done, as we know with our hindsight, would have been to knock a Constituent Assembly together as soon as possible, even if its composition would have had to have been somewhat rough and ready. No doubt Kerensky can be blamed for not doing this. But at any rate he was not the original author of the inordinate and fatal delay. The elections were only held after the victory of the Bolsheviks, in time to provide Lenin with his opportunity to humiliate what he privately described as the "Liberal pleasantry." It was Prince Lvov, the first Prime Minister, who had set on foot the grand scheme of Commissions and Inquiries and Preparatory Investigations out of which, in the fullness of time, the most perfect electoral system ever known was to emerge. The sacred will of the liberated people was not to be hustled.

And thirdly, the ever-growing disorder. Of course, the first duty of every government is to govern: no Prime Minister can escape censure for failure in this respect, indeed that is what he is there for. But Kerensky could with justice have claimed that the sinews of his government had been drawn for him by his liberal predecessor, Prince Lvov. For it was Lvov who had dismantled the entire administrative and police framework of the country without ever succeeding in putting anything of substance in its place. All, of course, from the noblest of *Narodnik* motives: the liberated people must no longer be held in constraint by the trappings of the hated tyranny, but must work out its own means of revolutionary self-discipline. Alas, the *Cheka* was to be the obvious sequel to this line of reasoning.

THERE ARE three great lessons of our time. Kerensky never learned them while in office, and he did not have very much time to learn them. What is more surprising is that fifty-three years after the Russian Revolution (or the Bolshevik *putsch*) these lessons still remain less than obvious to so many persons in authority, who have all the experience of a troubled half century to draw on.

The first lesson of our time is that revolution is an end in itself: its aims are subordinate to the act of insurrection. What matters is not what revolutionaries give as their reasons, very often in order to mislead both themselves and their followers: the only thing that counts is the revolutionary tactics. As Giolitti sadly reflected (too late, in his old age), Mussolini had taught him that there was no need to look at the programme of a revolution, but only at its tactics. This phrase ought, perhaps, to be inscribed in bold letters on the walls of the studies of every Vice-Chancellor in the country, and, more especially, of every President of every university in the United States. But I doubt if Kerensky could have seen this simple fact in 1917. If he had seen it, he would have realised that probably a military dictatorship, that of General Kornilov in particular, would have been much more likely to save the revolutionary aims which he believed in than the victory of Lenin which followed so swiftly on Kornilov's downfall. Kerensky once admitted this to me in conversation—adding quite sincerely, I am sure,

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that it would have been impossible for him to see it in this light in 1917. Kornilov—Industrialists—the old Army order—how could a *true* revolutionary side with all that débris of the past against other revolutionaries, however violent? (Is this so very different an aberration, *mutatis mutandis*, from the selective indignation of the Labour Left today? Or from that of members of the New York intelligentsia?)

The second lesson of our time is that in a crisis preservation of order comes first, if liberty is to survive. For liberty can be created out of order, provided it is legitimate and legal order: liberty without order, which is anarchy, can only produce tyranny, when all grow so weary of disorder that any form of Leviathan seems the lesser evil. And then it is too late, and for a very long time to come. I am not going to enter here into Kerensky's handling of the Kornilov affair; but I am certain that if he had learnt this lesson, which so many of us have not learnt to this day, he would have handled Kornilov very differently.

The third lesson of our time is: never ally yourself with a mob if you are on the side of charity, decency, and order. This is true however much sentiment may attract to the cause which the mob is ostensibly defending. No doubt there are many noble-spirited people today who feel sympathy with the mindless sloganeers who lead anti-*apartheid* mobs to demonstration and disorder—not because they admire either sloganeers or disorder, but because (like most civilised people) they dislike *apartheid*. But the trouble is that supporting, however indirectly, any mob and the sloganeers who lead mobs, can have nothing but the collapse of order and thereafter the victory of tyranny as its result. So Kerensky, in September, indirectly supported Lenin because he hated Kornilov and what he thought was "counter-revolution." He had never learnt this third lesson; but have we? Some of us, for example, might do well to reflect that support of *demo*-politics (and some perfectly responsible and otherwise sensible people supported the anti-Springboks campaign recently) will be of little help to the cause ostensibly championed by the mob and the sloganeers—whether black, brown, or pink. The victors in the end will always be the ashen-faced commissars with their imminent coronaries.

All this is not intended as a justification of Kerensky: only as a reminder that conduct must be seen in the context of the time of the actor, in the perspective of his mental limitations, and without the benefit of hindsight. Reflections on the shortcomings of our own discernment to this day on these basic elements of political life should make us less ready as historians to "rush to judgment."

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COLLINS

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Children of the Television Age

By T. R. Fyvel

THE ARGUMENT about the possible ill effects of television is not new. Ten years ago, when working on a book on juvenile delinquency, I did a round of youth clubs in London and the North which catered specially for boys with police records and often faced the problem of being smashed up by uncontrollable youthful gangs—the name in the headlines then was "Teddy boys." I had no chance for systematic research. Yet as a middle-aged, middle-class intellectual, I found that for some reason I could talk readily with these youngsters, and I relied on impressionism and hunch in gauging the causes of their often hair-triggered anti-social defiance. One point seemed plain. Many of these disturbed youngsters had no image of a society that made sense and into which they also believed they could fit. Looking at the dark and usually emptyish television rooms of the youth clubs, and the way a group of boys would walk out at the first twitch of boredom without even bothering to switch off the set, made me feel that television had no particular ill effects on them but also provided no bridge back into society. Contrarily—this was before the Pop revolution but one could sense what lay ahead—the incessant sound of Rock and the crowded atmosphere of the youth club record rooms made me feel that here for once was an activity these boys thought "legitimate." I therefore wrote that the love for Pop music was the chink in the Teddy boy's armour through which he could be drawn back into society. But evidently not television.

Little research on this point was at that time available. Now a Leicester University research team sponsored by the Home Office and headed by Mr. James Halloran has published the report[1] of its lengthy investigation into the question whether the portrayal of crime and brutality on television had much to do with the current growth of delinquency. The popular notion is that it has; but not surprisingly Mr. Halloran's report comes to the opposite conclusion that television and the other mass media can never be the sole cause in producing delinquency, their role being at best marginal. Statistically the report amply proves its point, yet Mr. Halloran would perhaps have done better to say "never the sole *direct* cause," because by now three aspects of the impact of television on our society and violence seem plain:

(*1*) Compared to such accepted basic causes as poverty, bad or broken homes, and youthful psychological disturbance, what young watchers see on television can be only a very subsidiary *direct* cause of juvenile delinquency and crime.

(*2*) Contrarily, it has been shown repeatedly that easy publicity on television has helped the spread of what might be called today's "fashions" in adolescent violence, whether by students or other minority protesters, skinheads or Saturday football vandals; but one must remember that such fashions are transient.

(*3*) As a far more important indirect cause of malaise and *accidie* and possibly violence in modern society we must consider the political and the inherent limitations of television as an information medium, about which Robin Day (who should know) wrote recently with such unease.[2]

On the first of these points, Mr. Halloran and his colleagues carried out their research into possible links between television and delinquency in the approved sociological manner, that is, by detailed questionnaires, applied to some three hundred young people between 10 and 20 in the Leicester area who were on probation, compared with a socially similar control group of adolescent non-offenders and a second control group of somewhat higher social class and intelligence. The researchers were cautious in the predictably technical language:

> No survey or correlational study which merely seeks to establish whether delinquents and non-delinquents differ in their media behaviour is in a position to offer proof or disproof about the suggested causal relationship between media content and deviant and lawbreaking behaviour.

There were to be sure some differences. The probationers tended to identify themselves more than the other control group youngsters with the characters of violent Spy and Wild-Western TV stories; they were more actually hostile towards cultural and educational TV material;

[1] *Television and Violence.* By J. D. HALLORAN, R. L. BROWN and D. C. CHANEY. Leicester University Press, 30s.

[2] "Troubled Reflections of a TV Journalist," ENCOUNTER, May 1970.

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they were less able to discuss what they had seen with parents or friends; more than other youngsters, perhaps, they found in television watching an emotional outlet from tension. But as the authors rightly say, these findings showed what the delinquents were like, rather than what television did to them, namely, youngsters who for one reason of instability or another found greater excitement "both in committing delinquent acts and in living vicariously within the fantasy world of television...." In directly strengthening a predisposition to delinquency, the media played only "a minor and contributory role."

This sounds sense. From my own youth club impressions, I would have said that if a group of boys had planned a piece of shop-breaking but was still hesitant about possible consequences, the excitement of watching violent action in the dark television room of a club could trigger off a "let's up and do it" move: but the plan would have had to be there before. Yet all such research into direct causation of crime that is measurable touches only a small part of the question of links between law-breaking and the mass media which, Mr. Halloran says, is far more subtle than people commonly imagine. One can, for instance, only guess at the relative influence on an American youngster of seeing on an average 4,000 killings a year on television as against his knowledge that every householder in his street has a gun in a drawer for protection. Such speculation leads to a different level of looking at our society.

My second point, that publicity on television gives an impetus to the fashions of violence (mostly limited violence) of protesting students, anti-Viet Nam or anti-*Apartheid* demonstrators, Anarchists, Maoists, or football fans—this is a much simpler and well-attested fact. As Robin Day reports, the increase in crowd excitement caused by the mere sight of television cameras has been admitted by cameramen and rioters alike. Still, this encouragement of fashionable disorder by deliberate publicity for disorder predates television. In Britain, I think, this fashionable process was started in 1955 (by modern reckoning a pre-historic date) when the showing of the film *Rock Around the Clock* featuring Bill Haley and his Comets was accompanied by riots of destruction mostly led by Teddy boys. Some of these admitted in interviews that the unexpected front-page publicity given to their first orgy at the Trocadero Cinema near the Elephant in South London was like a signal for them to do the same elsewhere.

Television has, of course, enhanced this process enormously. In the early 1960s, any Mod or Rocker who did not know at which seaside

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town the fight was being staged had only to look at the early Saturday television pictures before getting on to their motor-bikes. By its publicity for student protests and occupations, television has surely strongly encouraged both militancy and imitation, since any group of fifty militant students could have the wonderfully flattering feeling that by some aggressive behaviour they, a small handful, could the same night have national coverage!

Robin Day stated his agreement with the dictum of Theodore H. White that "television spreads excitement and any producer, knowingly or not, recognises that the law of his survival demands that he speed the spread." I was given a neat illustration of this in 1967 when my BBC office in Bush House looked on one side at the London School of Economics, on the other at King's College in the Strand. At the LSE, where wild and euphoric young men and girls crammed the doorways with banners proclaiming their *"Adams Must Go!"* strike, British and foreign television cameramen seemed at one time to be on duty throughout, waiting for the least glimpse of a scuffle or a police helmet in order to show it to the world. (They reminded me of those dogs in a German market square in Heine's *Deutschlandreise* who beg the visitor to kick them, since this would at least be a "happening" to relieve their tedium.) Did this instant publicity for his opponents make things harder for Dr. Walter Adams, then as now the LSE's director? Well, of course, a cameraman cheerfully told me; but still, television didn't start the row, did it? Meanwhile, at King's College opposite, student life remained obstinately undramatic, even on one occasion when I met a disappointed television team emerging from a lecture by an unpopular Conservative. "No riot?" I asked. "Complete waste, not a squeak," said a cameraman, and he seemed really put out by this lack of student cooperation.

To be sure, the violence televised to millions of homes can be more considerable, as in the Grosvenor Square fighting between police and demonstrators after the two large anti-Viet Nam War marches. And in the United States this violence is incomparably more serious. As Robin Day has argued, the American Negro radicalisation was massively accelerated because Blacks in one city could see what those in another dared to do. Similarly, the far-out militant demonstrators at the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago could, as they saw the television cameras, shout "the World is watching" at the police, knowing that commentators in countries where (within recent memory) countless political prisoners had been shot and imprisoned (Germany, Italy, Spain, Russia, China and the rest of the Soviet bloc, etc.) would be especially moved by the spectacle of batons savagely wielded and bruises recklessly inflicted outside the Chicago Hilton by Mayor Daley's police. No doubt the martyred but euphoric militants also felt that, through television, they had struck a mortal blow at their target, the Democratic Party.

Yet had they? Here I confess I remain obstinately doubtful about the precise long-term effects of such dramatic television. It may be instructive to recall by what narrowest of margins Hubert Humphrey, written off by all the media after the televised Chicago battles, failed in the end to reach the White House. Just as one can argue both ways whether violent Westerns excite children or help them to "abreact," so with the effect of violent television news pictures on adults. If viewers are repelled by brutality, there is also evidence that in some cases they are secretly fascinated. Such attraction may well have been one among the many reasons why more American viewers supported than opposed Mayor Daley's police.

PROBABLY WE DO NOT YET KNOW nearly enough about the emotional effects of such television to generalise about their results. Even the revulsion of young Americans against the Viet Nam war is not conclusive. Of course the daily pictures of carnage in this first war to be covered by television have had some effect—but just how much? After all, it looked from the start an ugly enough war, whose moral and political objectives against a patriotic foe were hard to explain to the nation, and moreover a war which year after year the Americans failed dismally to win. To take a parallel faraway and unpopular war waged by a big power against a small nation, the Boer war produced in Britain quite a crop of pro-Boers and pacifists. Suppose now that by 1905 the British had still been fighting on the Veldt with no victory in sight after seven years, it is pretty certain that with no radio, television, or even mass newspaper reading, popular revulsion would have forced the Government to cry halt.

Again, television may encourage fashions of militant protest only to deceive their organisers by its fickleness. After the last great anti-Viet Nam march in London, when the multitudes of the faithful were being addressed in Hyde Park by the well-known, so often televised Protest Personalities, these must secretly have been wringing their hands, for no viewers were seeing or hearing them. The faithless television teams were gone; all were in Grosvenor Square, their cameras trained on the heaving and fighting between a few hundred Anarchists and Maoists and the police in front of the U.S. Em-

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bassy. This was the Scene. Here was action, a ballet of violence even offering the strangely pathetic and much-discussed shots of a police horse kicking out helplessly on its back—ideal television! The winds of change had blown. What producer cared about mere speeches about the depersonalised issues of Viet Nam?

IF IT IS OF THE ESSENCE of fashions to fade, even fashions of violent protest, then such fading may actually be hastened by over-saturation on television, whose structure makes it a fickle medium, always chasing the new. Now that they are no longer featured on the screen, are not such protest names as M. Bloom, T. Ali, R. Dutschke and even D. Cohn-Bendit already very hard to remember? If television by publicised example helped to spread British student protests and occupations, did it not also help to make them quickly a bore, like the regular over-reaction by the university authorities—and who wants to be bored for so long? In a far more serious issue, if American television in 1967 helped to spread the rioting, looting, and burning in one Negro Ghetto after another, did it not also convince the Negro leaders concerned the more quickly of the futility of self-inflicted wounds?

No, however much it may infuriate the authorities temporarily at the receiving end, I don't think the undoubted stimulus to fashions of violence is the key problem produced by the advent of television. Two other aspects of the medium are more important, both obvious, both disturbing.

THE FIRST, as stressed by Robin Day, is the apparently built-in bias of the current television system in the West which works against free societies that permit their defects to be shown on television contrasted with authoritarian régimes which do not. As so often pointed out, this bias has its elementary technical explanation. An enquiring journalist with a few notes can write about even a strictly censored country after leaving it. Through critical reportage, articles, and books we really know a good deal about Soviet realities. But not through television. Here lies its basic distinction from print. To film effectively abroad, a television team needs visas for four or more bodies, it needs elaborate transport and interview facilities laid on, in fact it depends on the cooperation of the country's authorities. By the absurdly easy expedient of simply refusing such cooperation, a hostile authoritarian régime can make certain that no television report critical of its injustices and violence will be shown abroad. This comfortable result is indeed achieved by all Communist countries, with the single exception by

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accident of the dramatic television pictures of Soviet tanks rolling menacingly through the streets of Czechoslovakia, the one lifting of the curtain: and the Russians soon settled that!

As Mr. Day asks, how much have those Western viewers, who get a daily fare of American violence abroad in Viet Nam or at home against Blacks and students, seen on television of injustice, oppression and brutality in such other parts of the world as Russia, China, Czechoslovakia today, Spain or Rhodesia? One could go even further: such omission has an active impact in shaping political opinions. As pictures from elsewhere than these countries are put on the insatiable little screen, the impression of viewers must in the long term be that where there are no pictures there is no news, nothing happens, no violence. After all, even a film of innocuous pictures accompanied by biting commentary, such as I have seen several times done about South Africa, is unlikely to be made by any foreign television service about Soviet Russia since it would simply mean that the vast Soviet scene would be barred to its cameras while open to those of its competitors. Who wants to risk this?

By this one-sidedness, Western television services have over recent years let themselves be gradually but increasingly pushed into a massive distortion of their "world picture." We see the impersonal ghastliness of American bombs falling on Viet Nam but not the Viet Cong executing village headmen as a warning. All right, there's "a difference," but it is the treatment of big powers that matters; and here Western viewers can hear the good Yankee, Dr. Spock, attacking American Viet Nam policy on behalf of the American silent majority, but the voice of, say, Andrei Sinyavsky must alas remain truly silent—just think of the electrifying effect if we could see this heroic critic televised in Mr. Brezhnev's corrective labour camps. Or again, we get fullest coverage—as we should—of the four Kent University students shot, but not a hint on television about the reputed half a million people killed in Chinese power struggles over recent years—to Western television, unable to photograph them, they were and remain non-people.

It is sometimes asked if such regular self-exposure of violence and injustice within our Western society, directed against our raw nerves and echoed cheerfully by Communist authorities who know perfectly well why they forbid its parallel, will not cumulatively sap Western will to resist Soviet bloc pressure. This question would lead far afield. This impact of television is hard to isolate from other, currently greater pressures in the West. All the same, if today's young intellectuals of the New Left refuse obstinately to offer more than token protests about brutality under Communism, I believe one reason for this double-think is that as Children of the Television Age they have never, apart from the accident of Prague in 1968, actually *seen* this brutality. To the visually educated, not to see is not to believe.

One could support this with an illustration from nearer home. Few recent events have so wrung our emotions as the harassing television accounts of mass starvation in Biafra, with those terrifying pictures of large-eyed, spindly Ibo children transmitted into our homes. It was the television commentators above all who stirred the world conscience to demand immediate international action to bring relief to the Ibos, since Nigeria unaided could not and did not do so. Yet when General Gowon ordered all foreign television out for what he deemed one-sided coverage, the whole thing was stopped dead. No more television pictures, no more agitation by the world conscience, or so it seemed! We have since seen nothing on television except a few innocuous shots from the former Biafra area and it is instructive to realise that this is about as much as Western viewers see of the Communist third of the world. However, if such political one-sidedness is for technical reasons greater in television than in print, Western television services have just got to go on living with it and will no doubt do so.

IN THE LONG RUN, the call for intervention in unchecked television may become more urgent because of the second inherent limitation of television cited by Mr. Day, namely, the constant temptation in a pictorial medium towards unseriousness and the conflict between balanced news and what makes for sensational and violent and hence memorable television, like that picture of the horse helpless on its back in Grosvenor Square which I can indeed to this moment recall. No one working in the medium probably wants consciously to lower standards, but as Mr. Day said from the receiving end in this conflict, the *professional* television pressures work constantly towards portraying action and not thought, personalities and not issues, what is visually happening and not the boring explanations why, angry confrontation rather than detached discussion, concentration on young and picturesque dissenters rather than their less handsome elders and on the shock of violence, whether salutary or not, because this hits viewers hardest!

The result has to be a not very rational portrait of our society. To give a random example

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which stuck in my mind, when Mr. Crossman published his new Pensions Plan, the BBC afternoon TV news described it as "the greatest landmark in social insurance since Beveridge," but in the main evening bulletin its admittedly dull statistics were already relegated to second place, the lead story being several minutes of marvellous photography of the Rev. Ian Paisley in close-up, uttering violent words. When Pope Paul paid his visit to Geneva, the city of Calvin, *The Times* thought this a major event in current religious life, deserving two front-page columns, with a few lines at the end noting that the Swiss authorities had stopped Mr. Paisley from leaving the airport. But both British TV channels gave scarcely more time to the Pope than to the Rev. Ian Paisley in the airport lounge, shown once more in hypnotic close-up, uttering violent words.

Now one can easily see the reasons and indeed argue for the choice. The young men who make it are after all working in a film medium which cries out for vivid pictures appealing to fashionable demand; and Mr. Paisley is like an angry character actor, a little obvious, perhaps, say out of a Godard film or an American campus study, but anyway spot-on contemporary television. But the result of these filmic decisions must be a distorted reflection of our society on television, nearly always in the direction of violence.

THIS CONCLUSION brings me back to a personal idea about the future of the mass media which has knocked about in my mind ever since ten years ago I observed those adolescents in the youth clubs whose trouble was their lack of rational links with society. This is that the mass media might have to take on a greater role in unifying and socialising the members of their audience.

We may soon have to think much more urgently what indeed holds our society together, because the structure of authority on which we rely is still largely that of yesterday's bourgeois authority—that of State, Parliament, the upper class, Church, Law, the Services, Universities and Professions. In our mass consumption society with its stress on technological change, this structure of authority is fading fast, losing its legitimacy before the new values projected by the advertisers and creators of fashion. Yet these from their nature can provide only uncertain social cohesion. We see the signs of this already: and there may well be a call for the mass media—television above all—to take the place of departed authority as institutions for socialisation.

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This means that in place of the BBC tag, "to inform, to educate and to entertain," it would be better to say "to inform, to unify and to entertain," that is, television should broadly give the viewer a picture of the society in which he lives which makes sense to him and where he can broadly see where he fits in. Even in theory this is a most complex task of giving the viewers a greater sense of unity by presenting what should be their common concerns and simultaneously catering to the diverse interests of a free society. Even British television, often called "the best in the world" (is it?) is hardly fulfilling this social task, what with all the internal pressures pushing the corps of TV professionals, an ever-changing set of young men and women, in the direction of the sensational and violent and, as politicians complain, the trivial—not to speak of that ominous problem of "rising costs," which today kills newspapers and lessens television variety. For various reasons and in spite of excellent individual programmes, British television is already playing less of such a unifying role than some years back. I take this to be the gist of Robin Day's message.

To such sociological generalities, I can just hear the bored reply of the professionals with schedules to fill: how dull television with this didactic role would be! And, of course, television just to remain alive must continuously entertain and be vitally up-to-the-minute and in fashion. And yet there is the fluke in this country of the BBC reign of John Reith, that Calvinist out of the era of John Locke. What Reith created was a lop-sided institution, the stuffy, establishmentarian pre-war BBC, with its news announcers in black tie, and all the rest; as such, a good joke to the press. Yet when the test of Hitler's war came, the press had no particular part. It was the BBC which for several years was the proper voice of the nation, not only informing but unifying and socialising the audience. That of course was war-time, with mobilised broadcasters talking to a mobilised audience, quite another thing. Today one can hardly be optimistic about finding simple ways of more didactic direction of television in a free society if it is to remain free; but as fragmentation in our culture and society grows, this question may have to be thought about even if it bristles with difficulties. The trouble with the narrow argument about Television-&-Violence is that it stands in the way of the basic discussion whether television can help to hold together an "unstable society"—Daniel Bell's phrase about the U.S.—and how?

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The Death & Resurrection of the Folk Tale

By John Holloway

"FOLK TALE" comes in the title because that is where the real interest lies: in a distinctive kind of literary artefact which can reach the stature of major art. But if the folk tale has died and been resurrected, that is only part of the death and resurrection of the whole folk world. In fact, part of the very definition of folk art is that it is a dying art. The earliest folklorist I can call to mind is Duke Orsino in *Twelfth Night*, who asks Feste to sing "*Come away death*," makes clear that this is a folk song (it's an exceedingly unconvincing one), and says

> ... it is *old* and plain
> ... And dallies with the innocence of love
> *Like the old age.*

Orsino's "free maids" still sing the song, but what he likes it for is its quality of long-ago; and he wants this quality back, to relive for himself. In essence, folklore is not anthropology, but preservation. The folklorist is only half outside his material. In childhood perhaps, or through his ancestors, it was his too. It is going or has gone for him, but he has got it back in a book.

Enid Porter's *Cambridgeshire Customs and Folklore*[1] confirms this even where it seems to refute it. "Members of Chrishall Women's Institute collected in 1958 the following weather lore from members of the village"—eleven items follow. "The forefeet of a mole carried on one's person were, and still are, believed in as a cure by many people in the country." Remarks like these refer to folk beliefs in the present tense, but they do so with a *nuance* which implies that the past tense is more natural. "And still are" comes almost as a pleasant surprise. In the end, these remarks point in the same direction as "the games described below have been recorded from many Cambridgeshire people as having been popular in their childhood *at the end of the last century*.... Several are still played today"; or "This game ... is still played ... but less often than in the past, because it needs a great deal of space." *Still ... still ... still* ... only little by little does the profound sense of the bygone which pervades Miss Porter's book make itself felt by the reader.

If one's interest is not in folklore as such but in the art that sometimes emerges from it, then the fact that the customs-and-folklore complex is suffused with the single quality of pastness has an advantage: one sees it straight away as a single entity, and can seek out its other distinctive qualities as well. These seem to be two—elaborately differentiated detail, and structured articulation in time. Both are becoming steadily less prominent in modern life. That this is so is a large fact, it is not at all obscure, and it need not be laboured. Our—to the layman—innominate medicine is what comes in the doctor's bottles; our houses household goods, and clothes are made of innominate materials minimally differentiated from each other; the round of our year is featureless save—*still*—for Christmas; we dissolve marriage and the 11+; and now we go back to work somewhere else as soon as we retire. This is our de-structured, de-articulated world (or, of couse, emancipated and advanced if you prefer).

What Miss Porter records is a world where nothing is innominate and everything is articulated. I am afraid I think it nearly all nonsense, but that proves to be a much less significant fact than one might suppose. Vipers are attracted by elderberry flowers and also by the smell of menstruation; but Fenland witches knew how to use viper venom in home-made wine which procured abortions, and anyway touching the hemp-crops made young women barren. Owls were witches in disguise. Yarrow flowers in a pillow brought luck in love-making—if gathered on St. Swithin's Day, whenever that is. Rosemary for a chest oil should be gathered in April or

[1] Enid Porter, *Cambridgeshire Customs and Folklore*. Routledge (1969), 5 gns.

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May, pigs killed when the moon is waxing, seeds sown when it is new. Those about to die appears as spirits (as in Keats' poem) on the Eve of St. Mark, cowslips are to be picked on May Day, food put out for witches on Hallowe'en, and Boxing Day was the time, in one village, for dancing to the music of pots and pans. So it goes on, encyclopaedically.

THE FOLK TALE, as a distinctive literary *genre*, does not require this background of articulated encyclopaedic detail: though as this discussion proceeds it will transpire that at its most serious it certainly draws on social articulations of a not unrelated kind. But there is indeed one kind of verbal folk-art that springs directly from such material as Miss Porter has amassed, and it is represented by one of the most remarkable books of recent years; though a book that, disastrously, has had almost no notice. This is G. R. D. McLean's *Poems of the Western Highlanders*.[2] McLean's work is an annotated selection of rather over 500 Gaelic poems recorded orally in the Hebrides (there are a few from the mainland). Once again, the element of pastness is overwhelming. The translations are new, but the book is a "selection" because it is based upon Alexander Carmichael's magnificent *Carmina Gadelica* ("the biggest sum of literature in any Western European language handed down by word of mouth"); and the poems in this work were collected in the later decades of the 19th century and published in five giant volumes from 1900. So it is not far short of 100 years from the singing or reciting of the poems, to their appearing in a generally available form.

Like Miss Porter's book, *Poems of the Western Highlanders* touches on cattle, crops, healing, plants, the round of the day or the year, and so on. But that being said, the contrast between the two works is so great that there is a strong temptation to fit everything together at once by contrasting the rich, plain, homely Cambridgeshire Fens with the grand and numinous landscape and seascape of the Hebrides, and looking no further. In Cambridgeshire, the folk remedy for child hernia was to pass the sufferer through a split ash-sapling, and then bind the sapling so that it grew into one again. McLean does not record the Hebridean treatment, but he records something that triumphantly survives the obsolescence of the treatment—the poem which directed it:

... O Father of life, do thou strengthen mine hand;
O Christ the Son of love, do thou soothe the pain;
O Spirit Holy, reduce the swollen gland,
And in all lovingness make me whole again.

In Cambridgeshire, a cure for breast cancer was the juice exuded from a toad's skin; in Gairloch, the cure for a breast infection was another poetic invocation of the Trinity:

... Unto thy breast let there be peace.
The peace of the King of power.

Poems of the Western Highlanders is an astonishing work. A thousand years hence scholars will find Gaelic no more unfamiliar than Victorian English. They will then, perhaps, also find more in these poems than in all the English verse that poured out while Carmichael collected them just from his dairywoman, tailor's wife, crofters, cottars, constables, weavers, herds, and the like. Once again, pastness dominates. Carmichael himself wrote "Gaelic oral literature has been disappearing during the last three centuries ... [but] although in decay, these poems are in verse of a high order." Surely: even the translations are that sometimes. But more impressive still—what makes one speak an unfamiliar and embarrassing language indeed, and call it humbling and awe-inspiring—is the sense of life which pervades the whole collection. Here was a truly sacral society, where every smallest detail of life seemed transparent with life's deepest realities and "radiant"—that concept comes again and again—with meaning.

To him there shone *the wood and the tree ...*

Instead of "eeny-meeny" or the like, children learned to invest their games of "tig" with meaning through this in fact pre-Christian poem:

Escape from the small thing,
Escape from the big thing
Escape from the Death King,
Escape from the Grave King,
Escape I will from thee,
And if I can, stay free.

As the adult dressed in the morning, he recited another sacral verse:

... Even as I am covering all my body with the wool
With the shadow of Thy wing cover my soul.

"Nearly all tasks were ... performed ceremonially if simply," writes McLean.

Mary Mother to surround
Hold my hand and foot to ground
As forth I go to the well ...

[2] G. R. D. McLean, *Poems of the Western Highlanders*. S.P.C.K. Press (1961), 45s.

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—more to the point in a rocky pre-Cambrian landscape, I suppose, than on smooth clay soil.

I will cast down my hook a fish to bring
And the first to bite be my tributing

was for Christmas fishing. No detail of life was too menial or trivial to be a revelation of more than itself.

I will keep in and smoor the hearth
As Mary would smoor the peat

was sung while banking down the turf before bed. But there were other high skills beside the poetic one:

In my hand the water lies
In the Father's holy name,
In Son's holy name I rise . . .

was for operating on cataract—which was *cut with a wet grass blade*. Such was the civilisation which has been obliterated for sheep-runs, grouse, and today, national parks where people like myself can muse amid mountain grandeurs.

OTTA SWIRE'S BOOKS on the legends of the North-West[3] also quarry, for some of their material, in Carmichael's great collection; and they too depict a sacral society. In South Uist the peewit, crying as it flies "Take Heed! Christ Comes!" to the passer-by, makes its nest on the eastern side of the hill, so as to watch for the Second Coming. On Easter Day the sun literally dances from mountain peak to peak as it rises over the Cuillin Hills 40 miles away across the Minch. But there is something more valuable, though much less likable, in Mrs. Swire's books; something that makes it possible to pull oneself together a little, as it were, and call to mind that the marvellous quotidian sanctity of the *Carmina Gadelica* resides intact in a book, and is perhaps an effect of art rather than of life. There is another side to the Hebridean idyll: the man, flogged by Maclaine of Loch Buie for failing to stop a stag, who killed himself and the chief's infant heir; the monoglot English-speaking Lady Grange crippled by her long imprisonment on Gaelic St. Kilda in the mid-18th century; the whole population of Min-

[3] Otta Swire, *The Inner Hebrides and their Legends*, Collins (1964); *The Outer Hebrides and their Legends*, Oliver & Boyd (1966). "Mrs. Swire has caught it all for us just in time," writes Flora MacLeod of MacLeod in her Foreword to the first of these books.

WILL THE SOVIET UNION SURVIVE UNTIL 1984?

Andrei Amalrik

Andrei Amalrik the thirty-two-year-old writer, who is now in prison, is one of the most articulate Soviet dissenters. This is his famous essay, a devastating critique of of Soviet society. Amalrik shows it to be rigid and bureaucratic, menaced by the more vigorous Chinese, and incapable of the change that would save it. Also included in this volumn are letters from Amalrik which have reached the west.

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gulay found dead of the plague, with every house—save the last—swept and tidy, fireless and deserted.

It seems, in fact, as if there was a woman's world and a man's world in the Outer Isles, with the profound poetic quality of the *Carmina* something that belonged not indeed entirely, but largely, to the women. Carmichael himself records how in 1871 he visited the house of Hector MacIsaac, an illiterate cottar of South Uist, who "knew many heroic tales, poems and ballads, *while his wife could recite secular runes, sacred hymns, and fairy songs.*"[4] The differentiation between a male lore in prose and a woman's in verse is made again ninety years later, quite independently and more emphatically, by another collector in South Uist, John Lorne Campbell. Mr. Campbell has translated into English both an autobiography, and a collection of oral tales, by the crofter Angus Maclellan[5]: and he writes, "I have continued to record stories from Aonghus Beag, *and old songs and ballads from his sister*, till the present time." This collaboration between scholar and tale-teller brings one back full circle to Enid Porter again. Before *Cambridgeshire Customs and Folklore*, her main literary work was to edit an autobiography and a collection of oral tales (in fact, two) by the Cambridgeshire Fenman W. H. Barrett.[6]

SO ONE CAN BEGIN TO SEE quite a handful of books, all published over the last few years, in which folk writing has been resurrected after it has once died or when perhaps it is "still" just alive. Besides Barrett, Maclellan, and McLean's rescension of the *Carmina*, there are one or two others also: all equally heavy with pastness, with "still." Maclellan was born in 1871 and was recalling tales learnt from visitors to his father's house. Barrett's tales come from his youth at the beginning of the present century. In both cases (sadly enough) what made the tales possible seems to have been that their tellers escaped the influence of the Education Acts of the 1870s. One year after Barrett's tales, there appeared the first sumptuous volume of the Dewar Manuscripts.[7] Dewar was a Gaelic-speaking Highland woodman who collected tales, chiefly on the mainland, in the 1860s and 1870s; these were translated into English very shortly after by Hector Maclean of Islay, a schoolmaster, but left unpublished. Then in 1966 came Gertrude M. Horgan's *Tales of the West of Ireland*,[8] by James Berry, a farmer in the far west of Co. Mayo whose stories, recalled from oral narration, were first printed in the *Mayo News* in 1910–1913. Thus from three widely separated corners of Great Britain and Ireland, and in each case after a long lapse of time, the resurrection-process is under way.

James Berry appears to have left the Atlantic seaboard of Mayo for the town of Westport some forty years before he wrote up his *Tales*. Perhaps it was this long period in a small-town urban environment, superimposed upon a remote rural background, which gives a curiously mixed quality to his book. One of his best tales is *The Murder of Boyce Egan*:

> ... When they had almost finshed eating, old Davitt gathered up a handful of crumbs and with all his strength cast them into the eyes of Boyce Egan, blinding him. Then he drove his skean dhu to the hilt into his heart. Boyce ... caught old Davitt, smashed him with his fist and knelt on his breast. Just as Boyce was about to stab old Davitt, young Davitt came from behind and drove his skean dhu into Boyce's back. With the daggers of his murderers driven deep into his body, Boyce Egan died.

The whole thing is good, and the detail of the crumbs is splendid: I must come back to the full point of it. But—"with all his strength," "into his heart," "smashed," "deep into his body"—these details point to something which is not a detail. James Berry did not have a link with his audience such that he knew they were with him. So he keeps adding slight heightening touches in an unconscious effort to galvanise attention which might otherwise be merely casual.[9]

The Dewar Manuscripts is in some ways a curious publication. There are two photographs of the eighth Duke of Argyll, who paid Dewar's wages and took at any rate a certain interest in his work ("... the MS. which, so far as it goes ... is an entertaining and curious story ... of

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[4] Richard M. Dorson, *The British Folklorists: A History*. Routledge (1968), 4 gns. Supplemented by *Peasant Customs and Savage Myth: Selections from the British Folklorist*, ed. by R. M. Dorson. Routledge (1968), 2 vols., 6 gns.

[5] Angus Maclellan, *The Furrow Behind Me*. Routledge (1962), 28s. *Stories from South Uist*. Routledge (1961), 30s.

[6] W. H. Barrett, *A Fenman's Story* (1965), 21s.; *Tales from the Fens* (1963), 30s.; *More Tales from the Fens* (1964), 25s.: all these published by Routledge.

[7] *The Dewar Manuscripts*. Vol. I. Ed. Rev. John MacKechnie. William Maclellan, Glasgow (1964).

[8] *Tales of the West of Ireland*, by James Berry, ed. Gertrude M. Horgan. Dolmen Press (1966), 30s.

[9] A. T. Cluness's Shetland volume, *Told Round the Peat Fire* (Robert Hale, 1955), is full of this: "Sam stood rooted to the spot, paralysed," "Jockie was drenched to the hide but grimly continued his task," and so on. Some of the Shetland legends in this book deserve far better telling than they get.

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course it would be of no use to print the Gaelic"). Then there are two more, of the Duke's kinsman Lord Lorne; he had the Gaelic translated by Maclean for his private use ("he thought that if only he had an English text of the tales ... he could produce a work ... in that elegant style of English that he had made his own"). Also, there is one of the present Duke, in whose family library the translation has lain unpublished for something short of 100 years, and the unpublished Gaelic original lies still. The editor has a rather obtrusively high regard for "this amazing family of Argyll" which has "thrilled" him from his earliest days. His Introduction closes with an elaborate panegyric of them, and a quite scornful dismissal of "the people, just ordinary folk ... people of no ancestors" who include, I suppose, both Dewar himself and his translator. All in all, a curiously anachronistic book, and diffusely as well as snobbishly edited.

But turn to the text:

> ... The people of the country disliked him. He was considered a wild man. He always carried sword and gun which ever way he went. His wife died and the people of the country would not allow him to bury her in the churchyard of Luss. No one would go along with him to bury her. He brought down the breastboard of his bed and tied the body of his wife to it. He put her on his back and carried her more than three miles to an old churchyard called Achadh na h-eaglais ... He dug a hole for the body of his wife. He loosed her off the board and allowed her to fall into the hole. Then he covered her. He brought home the board and nailed it to the front of the bed as it was before and no one was ever buried in the churchyard of Achadh na h-eaglais after that.
>
> ("Macfarlane and the Laird of Luss")

If this is how a man tells a tale when he is a person of no ancestors, one knows where one is. But the facts are a little more intricate: John F. Campbell of Islay, cousin of the eighth Duke and so another and in one sense lesser scion of the amazing family, was himself one of the major folklorists of his time. He took up the collecting of Gaelic folk literature through a connection with George Dasent the Norse specialist, and he therefore stands in an intellectual line of descent from Grimm himself. It was he who directed Dewar's fieldwork and received his pieces in the first place, and in 1867 we find him asking Dewar to be careful to write up his tales in direct speech *"for I know that these stories are always told as if the people mentioned were talking."* Twelve years later he sends Maclean a sample translation of his own to use as a model, and seems to have given him a clear lead towards directness and fidelity. Maclean's

Ten years ago — in September 1960 — C. M. Woodhouse wrote in ENCOUNTER

A theory of rebellion can perhaps be elaborated: "stasiology" would be no more bizarre than some other social sciences which have recently burgeoned; and Mr. Crozier has made a pioneering contribution to it.

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later, independent verse translations[10] are full of things like " 'Tis strange, O king's daughter," and "O Prince, wouldst thou shun conflict?" Credit for what the Dewar Mss. have to offer as literature must ultimately go to the distinguished folklorist, as well as principally, of course, to the now forever unknown original tellers and their forbears.

THE NOTES to *The Dewar Manuscripts* take up approximately 60,000 words, and all else is in proportion. Probably it is a pity that they have been given quite such heavy treatment, for the narratives themselves sometimes rival the directness and dignity of *Burnt Njal* or the *Grettir Saga*. Angus Maclellan's stories are not in this vein. The oldest of them, about Fingal and his warriors, are wonder tales, memorable for constant surprise, the remarkable liveliness and vividness of the narrator, and often a story that "clicks."

One general example is enough: there is a famine, the Fingalians are starving, but their women feed secretly on shellfish. One of the warriors, Garry, spies them out; they discover the spy because he snores when asleep; they tie him down by the hair (as the Lilliputians did Gulliver); he frees himself at the cost of his scalp; traps all the women in one house; and burns it over them. Then he hides in a cave by the shore. Tracked down because it has snowed, he tells why he killed them all; and when Finn hears the full story, he lets Garry choose the manner of his own death. Garry chooses to rest his head on Finn's thigh and to have his own son behead him with Finn's magic sword that could not strike an uncompleted blow. And so on. The narrative is a work of high skill, based at every turn on the age-old fictional principle of creating continuous suspense and excitement by making each detail of a story reveal a hidden potential which reverses its first effect.

But the best narratives in *The Dewar Manuscripts*, on the other hand, are epic; not romance like the tale of Garry and the women. This is because they are written on another principle. They pre-suppose, and as they unfold they display, that the exciting peripeties of romance are vehicles of something the opposite of themselves: the unwavering causality of tragedy. Here, abridged, is *The Great Strait of the Feinn*. The hero and his Fingalian warriors are threatened by a powerful army come from Scandinavia:

> The terms which Fionn offered ... was his own daughter as wife to the king ... Earragan's answer was "Let Fionn bring me all that he possesses here on the strand ... and let him and his wife go on their knees before me." Fionn's daughter was on the back of a horse and she said, "You have not brought as much force over salt water as shall bring Fionn so low as to do homage to you...." Earragan defied seven score of the Feinn to fight with seven score of the Lochlanners [Norsemen] ... Earragan at last observed that although his host was more numerous ... the Feinn were more expert ... on the ninth day he brought out the whole of his force to battle ... it was against the men of Lochlann that the battle went ... [and they] fled to the ships; but the Feinn pursued them and the greatest number were slain on the strand ... Out of all the men that forty ships conveyed ... only as many got to flee ... as were sufficient to sail two. Although the Feinn won the battle they were the worse for it ever afterwards. More than two-thirds of them were slain or disabled ... Fionn never managed thereafter to make up the Feinn of heroes as brave as the former warriors.

Two further illustrations, inevitably abridged, make it clear how the *Dewar Manuscripts* reach a genuinely tragic note because they conform to this basic principle of tragic creation. In "The Descendants of the Piebald Horse" the Macfarlane heir, a simpleton, is cheated out of his inheritance by his Sassenach step-mother. The true Macfarlane line goes from bad to worse until this is how it ends, and the tale also:

> John married, but has no offspring. He dwells now ... in a little bothie he has from the parish ... about a hundred yards from the ruins of the house of his ancestors, when they were lairds of Arrochar and Chiefs of the Macfarlanes during 365 years. He resembles Ossian after the Feinn. He is blind. He has no near relations in the country and he has no means of subsistence but the alms which he receives from the parish. He is very poor.

An old, poor, blind man is not tragic: the tragic note enters because his hovel stands beside the ruins of a former social greatness: the individual suffers as a social being, and there seems (the "365 years") even to be a time-structure which is one with the social structure. So with the widower in "Macfarlane and the Laird of Luss": rejected by society at large, his wife and his house (though both were lifeless) made for him a society which he himself did not reject. Old Davitt's crumbs take on a more charged meaning in much the same way: that murder desecrated the especially real social bond of a shared meal.

Big Malcolm MacIlvain, in the story of that name, is a champion and a public benefactor,

[10] Hector Maclean, *Ultonian Hero-Ballads* (Glasgow, 1892).

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but then he steals another man's wife and keeps her for years imprisoned in a cave. He is found out and has to run. He asks for a night's shelter at a farm, and the farmer's wife, because she is alone, sends a herd-boy to show him where to sleep in the barn. But because he chats kindly, and in Gaelic, the boy recognises him and tells. "If I did not know the people of that little boy ... I would kill him," MacIlvain says when the boy comes back, guiding the pursuers; and then—

> Malcolm struck the candle out of the boy's hand and ... fled ... but he went a difficult road. There was a bog before him and he did not observe it until he was down in it to the knees. He turned to face his pursuers and defended himself with his sword until it broke. Then he went backwards defending himself with the piece of the sword that remained until he sank to the hips. Then he extended the piece that remained to the pursuers' commander and said to him, "Here is my sword to you. I know that I must yield"... and when the commander was within reach ... [he] struck him with the remaining bit of sword on the forehead and killed him. Then all the men surrounded Big Malcolm, shot arrows at him.... He threw from him his sword and said, "There is my bit of weapon for you and do as you like with me."

Once again, it becomes clear that Lawrence profoundly misunderstood when he wrote "tragedy ought to be a great big kick at misery." The tragic is felt in feeling that besides our possibilities of action there are also impossibilities of action. Society owes much to Big Malcolm, and the little boy is owing to him for his kindly talk; yet in the end it is not wrong, but inescapably right, to pursue him into the bog and shoot at him with arrows. It cannot not be done, and cannot not be lamented.

IF TRAGEDY is connected like this with acceptance of a society and involvement in a code, it is easy to see why Barrett's scornful, unaccepting, Jacobinical *Tales from the Fens*, full though it is of disasters and suffering, makes less of a tragic book than a comic one.

Fierce, even brutal, this comedy often is: because the book brings out most clearly what all the works now being discussed bring out more or less: that the relation between the "folk" and the "great" has always been something for which in large part the right name is *war*. The main original source behind Barrett is the now long-dead "Fen Tiger," Chafer Legge; and clearly enough, Chafer Legge saw the whole system of authority—bishops, monks, land-

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owners, lawyers, police—which intrude into the Fens from outside, as simply a monstrous, grotesque abuse towards which the best response was laughter: savage or merely caustic as the case might be.

Thus, with relish, Chafer Legge sees his "old three-pronged rat dag, which Bill Creek the blacksmith made for me forty years ago," end up in Professor Sidgwick's Museum at Newnham, labelled "Fish Trident of the Iron Age"; and a grim yet in a way good-humoured send-up of "Them" runs through the book. "Even the King heard about it and sent some soldiers, with swords and guns, but all they found was a lot of beer in the pubs"; "... now he knew how to sling his pot over the fire. And before long the Fen was dotted with tripods, only these had soldiers hanging on them instead." Or again:

> "Well," said the Fenman, "we certainly don't want to kill a man who seems to be better than ten of us when it comes to thieving. So you'd better come and live here with us, there's plenty of work going in your trade with all the money that's lying about in the Manors on the edge of the Fens"... just nine months after... the girl had a lusty boy, who, when he grew up, was called the Prince [he was a by-blow from King John] and he became the greatest thief the Fens have ever known.

This tone comes not from a tragic *impasse* between values, but something more negative and yet more forceful: their sarcastic repudiation as expression of a sham "society", a "System." Once established, it can be a valid response over a wide range of experience. "That was the last seen of him till he turned up, a fortnight later, floating on his back as he waited to go through Denver Sluice as soon as the lock-gates were opened." Behind those words lies the sense that to mourn over one more drowned drunk would be just one more bit of parson's cant; and it is a sense of that, and all that goes with it, which turns what could well be a tragic scene, the hanging of the Littleport rioters in 1816, into savagely embittered farce instead:

> ... the parson started reading the burial service ... then the chap in charge of things held up his hand and... the five were left hanging in the air.... Even the parson fell down in a faint and the hangman had to lift him out of the way before they could get on with the next job, which was to swing on the legs of those five men until their necks were stretched.... After they'd hung for a couple of hours the men were cut down and put in the coffins with the noose still round their necks.... Robert Norman, who was over ninety, made [some Fenmen] swear over the coffins that they'd tell their children, generation after generation, about what the Bishop and the gentry had done to those Fenmen who'd only done when they were drunk what the college lads had done many a time in Cambridge.... Then old Norman cut a bit of rope off... and if you're round my back door any time, go in and ask my old woman to show you Grandfather's bit of rope stuck behind the glass of that picture over the hearth.

Only once does this book touch on a genuine note of tragedy. This is in the legend where Charles I, the night before his execution, appeals directly to Cromwell and sends with his messenger the split goose feather which he got through helping a Fenman and which, by the decisive code of the Fens, no Fenman can ever brush aside. Cromwell (Fenman as he too is) stays up all night to choose between his loyalties, but in the end he turns his back on the Fenland code and beheads Charles; and his Fenmen sorrowfully leave him. At the one point where these tales find a value that is not "System," but true social order, savage comedy turns into something else.

TALES FROM THE FENS (and to a lesser extent, its sequel) is more than a book with a lot of local interest; it is a quite substantial permanent contribution to that class of English fiction which is neither minor nor great. But in part this is because it goes beyond the usual limits of the folk-tale. It has a sharp and sharply personal verberation, some of which may go back to Chafer Legge and his companions, but —if one can judge by W. H. Barrett's own autobiography—much of which is the product of these Fen tales' having fallen into the hands of a considerable literary artist in the conventional sense. Here once more there breaks out a dry, sarcastic responsiveness to life, and it finds material ready to hand in the War-to-Make-a-World-Fit-for-Heroes and the hungry 1920s which followed it. Barrett as a struggling insurance agent went canvassing with his chief:

> ... it was my turn to talk while the boss stood aside to give expert advice when needed, [and] I knocked on a door which was opened by a girl of about fourteen. When I asked if I could see her mother she said: "No you can't, she's in the lavatory," so I gave her some leaflets and told her to take them to her mother, and I reckon my boss was as near having a stroke as he ever would be.
>
> ... they were both dark-headed and the baby was a red-head, just like the postmaster's younger brother who lived with [them].

After Barrett's bible-punching father died, the System still keeps its grip on the young man:

> ... I was often given pious talks by the Chapel preachers of the day who, after the afternoon

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service, would refuse offers of tea saying they were going to be husband to the widow and father to the fatherless. This meant that they would plant their legs underneath our table, make a hearty meal and then stretch out in front of the fire and give me a lecture. . . .

WAR-TIME HOSPITAL VISITING struck Barrett like this:

> . . . another lady, after handing a man a tract with the bold heading "Are You Drifting to Hell? asked:
>
> "Were you at Mons?"
>
> "Yes, I was," he replied.
>
> "And did you see those lovely angels?"
>
> "That I did lady, I not only saw them but slept with one. It was a pity she had no wings or she could have flown with me as I ran like blazes when I saw thousands of Germans coming. I ran so far and so fast that I contracted what you can read on the chart over my bed: V.D.H.; all the chaps say here that the doctor made a mistake and want to know why the H. is there. It's no good me telling them it's valvular disease of the heart. . . . Well, good afternoon, mum, and thanks for calling"; and the tract merchant ran down the ward with her face as red as Tickler's plum jam.

At its best, Barrett's autobiography is as good as Flann O'Brien without the flannel.

RICHARD M. DORSON'S monumental history of our folklore movement has one distinctive merit, in that it reproduces a splendid photograph of Hector Maclean and Campbell of Islay listening to the "ethnic" story-teller Lachlin MacNeill, which I think worth all the photographs in *The Dewar Manuscripts, Vol. I* put together. But the most deeply interesting point that emerges from the work is that it sets the pastness of folklore in a new dimension, and indeed, relates it also to the 1914–18 War. Simply, the great generation of folklorists grew up as a product of Empire; they appeared about 1870, when it was realised that the fascination of "native" cultures under Britain overseas could be equalled, or indeed excelled, by the extraordinary wealth of Celtic folk tradition. But Irish independence, which was the aftermath of that War and the beginning of the end of the Empire, "lopped off from the British trunk the most flourishing branch of folklore fieldwork." Two other factors contributed. One was "enthusiasm growing for the performance rather than the study of traditional music and dance." The other was, for a second time, the blight that education seems to sow with its left hand.

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As scholarship became more and more an academic profession, the university increasingly usurped the role played in the nineteenth century by the learned society of gifted amateurs. But folklore never gained academic acceptance.

By now (at Edinburgh, Dublin, Leeds and elsewhere) there are exceptions to this: but Enid Porter, for example, has been Curator of the Cambridge and County Folk Museum for twenty-two years, and during that time has had no recognition whatever from the local university.

Education first (in the 1870s) pushed aside the tale-tellers; and then, as universities came to monopolise learning, found little place for the tale-scholars. Will they too be invested soon with that quality of pastness? I hope not, because what they have resurrected throws light on both our society and our art.

Beautiful Contradictions

Europeans on Shakespeare — By D. J. Enright

THE COUP against the discussion of Shakespeare's plays in terms of characters could well have been spearheaded by teachers who were fed up with hearing students expatiating vulgarly, priggishly, facetiously or solemnly, on the dilatoriness of Hamlet, the lunes of Leontes, the senility of Lear or the imbecility of Desdemona (why didn't she sit down quietly with her husband and thrash things out?).... Then occurred the strategic retreat into the ivory citadels of symbolism, the promotion of the-play-as-a-whole, an excellent idea which soon came to mean *Hamlet* without the Prince and *Lear* without the King.

Now teachers must surely be fed up with hearing, vulgarly, priggishly, facetiously, solemnly, about the inversion of the natural order, about remorse, reconciliation, rebirth, restoration (as if these existed in a world without people and without human motivation), about images (as if these were simultaneously objects of barter and means of barter).... The revolution opened the way to a new cunningness, for as Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson remarked in 1865, "clever criticism is the easiest of all forms of criticism," and the new formulae were even more amenable than the old speculations. Students ended up with something nice and clean, a metaphor drawn from metaphors, perhaps the "enhancement" of the human into the mythological—itself an example, one might have thought, of the inversion of the natural order. No doubt the revolution reduced one pervasive sort of sentimentality, but at the cost of encouraging a rather trivial objectivity, even a coolness towards the subject matter which in places evinces itself today as a systematic "downgrading" of Shakespeare. His simpleness—a purveyor of commonplace ethics, a voice of the establishment, a primitive political scientist, a re-teller of myths and fairy tales—makes us, who expose him, subtle.

Vulgarity etc. one can only deplore and seek to alleviate in the classroom as elsewhere, for the millennium is still far away. It may be that one means of alleviation is to look less patronisingly at older native views of Shakespeare—Johnson and Coleridge, for instance, should be read for what they say about him, not only for what they tell us about themselves—and also at views removed in space. Oswald LeWinter's well edited compilation helps us in the latter respect.[1] And to pick a subject unportentous in itself but interesting in implication, we might look at Lessing, c. 1767, on ghosts. Since antiquity believed in ghosts, it was proper for antique poets to avail themselves of that belief. But can a modern poet, in an enlightened age, claim the licence for himself? Certainly not, not even if he sets his story in ancient times, for he will render himself incredible. Yet this abstention may result in severe artistic deprivation, so let us backtrack a little. "We no longer believe in ghosts? Who says so? Or, rather, what does that mean?" Deeper consideration suggests that the seeds of possible belief lie in us all—at least in those of us for whom writers write—and so the ball is back in the writer's court. In the end, Shakespeare can introduce ghosts—"his ghost in *Hamlet* makes our hairs stand on end, whether they cover a believing or an unbelieving brain" —but Voltaire had better not.

Goethe wrote that while the eye, "the most facile of our organs of receptivity," may be thought of as the clearest of the senses, yet "the inner sense is still clearer, and to it by means of words belongs the most sensitive and clear

[1] *Shakespeare in Europe*. Edited by Oswald LeWinter. Penguin Books, 12s.

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receptivity." There is no true substitute for that inner sense or for the words which activate it: this is why the poems of Wilfred Owen and Isaac Rosenberg still convey the experience of trench war more cogently, more enduringly, than the most powerful documentary film. If Goethe is arguing against stage representation, so what? I think the contention that after all Shakespeare did write for the theatre counts for little alongside the fact that one can read him with such profit in the study: the latter is a sign of his distinction rather than our short-sightedness. Goethe himself preferred to "sit with closed eyes and hear a naturally expressive voice recite, not declaim, a play of Shakespeare's," but in these days such a *modus operandi* would be quite as difficult to procure as a reasonably undestructive stage performance.

Both Tieck and Chateaubriand, German and French, find themselves unable to admire the celebrated *"To be, or not to be,"* because it contradicts what is known of Hamlet's situation or experience or character. Indeed Tieck feels obliged to reclaim the passage by means of a lengthy and unconvincing re-interpretation of its purport, a labour which he could have saved himself by attending more closely to what he himself says later about the "mixture of heterogeneous ingredients" in Hamlet, something

> which we generally find in real life only in a much smaller measure . . . these beautiful contradictions from which nearly every gifted individual suffers to a greater or lesser degree.

This brings us to what is of paramount interest in Mr. LeWinter's anthology. Shakespeare is so often reproached in the name of realism with being insufficiently logical or consistent in his characterisation, and I don't think it will help to jettison the canon of realism for the sake of some putatively "higher" reality, since to do so merely reduces Shakespeare's significance. The truth is that in this very trait, this weakness in logic or failure of consistency, he is being exquisitely realistic. I am not proposing that man is naturally irrational, only that "irrationality" normally has its reasons, and if Shakespeare is worth reading, as distinct from gawking at, then he is worth reading thoughtfully. Despite grim memories of that fairly recent orgy of character interpretation, we cannot now be content (in Madariaga's words) with a Shakespeare "who *depicted* characters without bothering as to their motivations," nor need we be. Associated with the complaint about defective realism is the critical propensity for a too easy sitting in judgment on such mixed characters as Antony and Cleopatra. Having examined this phenomenon elsewhere, I shall only remark that the desire for formulatable simplicities, though comprehensible, reminds me of a tick-the-right-answer question I stumbled on in Thailand: "Moll Flanders is (*a*) a good woman, (*b*) a bad woman."

Mr. LeWinter's Europeans are frequently perceptive in these matters. Talking of prophecy, madness, dreams, ghosts and fairies, Goethe asserts firmly that Shakespeare is "naturalistic" rather than "romantic" and that "the interests which vitalise Shakespeare's great genius are interests which centre in this world," the natural world and not the supernatural or preternatural. Croce comments that Shakespeare "knows neither perfect saints, nor perfect sinners, for he feels the struggle at the heart of reality as necessity, not as accident, artifice, or caprice." He adds that in this matter of justice the poet's "indulgence" is a lofty indulgence, since "his discernment of good and evil was acute," and not the false indulgence which cancels or blurs the boundaries between virtue and vice. In like spirit Romain Rolland, writing during the First World War, notes that even "the vile Edmund" is allowed some nobility at the last, and in this he sees the "human tenderness" and the "blotting out of rancour" which, as he rightly says, distinguish

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Shakespeare most from the other dramatic works of his time.

Drawing a contrast between Molière's miser and hypocrite and Shakespeare's Shylock and Angelo, Pushkin speaks of Shakespeare's "variegated and multiple characters," so far removed from the "humours" caricatures with whom, such is our insufficient faith in poetry's penetrative and flexible movements, they are still apt to be confused. And Grillparzer points out that "Shakespeare's truth is a truth of impression and not of analysis.... It is reality that confronts us": not a new thought but one which needs to be thought about anew from time to time. Such is the force of that "impression" that the critic can and should hardly forbear from analysing, in which case he must seek to render the analysis in some sense worthy of the impression, and this he will only do by taking into lively account that variegation and multiplicity. Finally, Jean-Louis Barrault stands the simplification theory on its head, remarking that Shakespeare "gives his art the apparent confusion and complexity of Nature." Surely this is what we really prize him, pre-eminently, for: the real, legitimate and required, complexity of his work, involving as it must do an apparent confusion, and not for the confirmation of some banal moral/metaphysical/mythological/anthropological theorem. At the best the commentator is bound to simplify, to systematise, but he can at least show respect for his *raison d'être* by maintaining a guard against gross over-simplification and a too schematic systematisation.

Most of the passages in Mr. LeWinter's admirable addition to the Penguin Shakespeare Library possess interest of some sort, if not always direct illumination. Victor Hugo and Heine, French and German, may set us thinking how restrained and even laconic, after all, are the most excitable of our English romantic critics and the most effusive of our heroine-worshippers. Manzoni on Shakespeare *versus* the Unities sounds much like Samuel Johnson, and Stendhal, in an amusing dialogue between the Academician and the Romantic, even more:

> You concede, then, that the spectator can *imagine* a more considerable period of time is passing than that during which he is sitting in the theatre. But, tell me, will he be able to imagine that the passing time is a period double the real time, treble, quadruple, or one hundred times more considerable? Where shall we stop?

Hofmannsthal mounts an exhibition of rarefied intellect which must appal us lowfalutin Englishmen, while Taine worries over Shakespeare's most immoderate violation of language (like Donne's heart, it thrives on battery and rape!), deplores the amount of crime and passion in evidence, but allows that somehow or other Shakespeare is "the most marvellous of all creators of souls." Protesting against a particular rendering of Shylock in 1910 as "dislocated, trivial, and nightmarish," Ortega y Gasset launches into a feeling sermon against anti-Semitism.

Grillparzer is quite unable to stomach the "absurd assumption" underlying *Measure for Measure*:

> a law imparting punishment by death to everyone who has had physical contact with a woman is plausible only under some fairy-tale caliph in the *Thousand and One Nights*. Hence the entire work seems somewhat arbitrary.

Stranger laws or stranger over-ridings of the law were to be observed in his vicinity less than a hundred years after he wrote—it is never wholly safe, it would seem, to attack Shakespeare on the grounds of implausibility! But for Tolstoy English drama was made up of murders, executions, battles and puns; and Shakespeare was the prime villain for writing Shakespeare, with Goethe not far behind for selling Shakespeare to Europe. *Pace* Mr. LeWinter, Tolstoy on Shakespeare is merely sad and boring, unless perhaps the desperate extremity of his ill-will (as when he objects to Edgar's naming of devils because this character couldn't possibly have read Samuel Harsnett's *Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures*) can be made to yield entertainment. Where many of these European writers, as the editor points out, were making apt use of Shakespeare as a sturdy weapon in the battle for artistic freedom, Tolstoy was misguidedly attempting to use him for the promotion of the contrary cause. The space so vainly taken up could usefully have been given to three or four of those critics whom Mr. LeWinter has had to omit.

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EAST & WEST

German Diary

By John Mander

Düsseldorf

THERE IS an election battle on here—I have just left one behind me in England—and the pollsters are at it again, predicting a Socialist lead of 10 to 17 per cent. Until now North Rhine-Westphalia, of which *Land* Düsseldorf is the capital, has been run by a Lib./Lab. coalition: the Free Democrats under the party's strong man, Willy Weyer; the S.P.D. under the not-too-charismatic, but widely known and respected Heinz Kühn. Last time, in the *land* elections four years ago, the Socialists did sensationally well, getting 49·5 per cent of the vote. But that was in the fumbling twilight of the Erhard government, when economic recession was in the air; and, especially in the Ruhr, with Krupp's failing and mines closing down, there was something of a panic atmosphere. In last year's General Election, the S.P.D. share of the vote fell to 46·8 per cent—a respectable result, at least three points ahead of the Christian Democrats. The Ruhr, in other words, looks safe for the S.P.D. Still, are not the polls a trifle optimistic? It is the first test for the Bonn S.P.D./F.D.P. coalition, here in Düsseldorf and in the Saar and in Lower Saxony. Wisely or unwisely, Willy Brandt, at this moment very much cock of the polls, has declared these polls a referendum on his new *Ostpolitik*. He has taken a risk.

WE SHALL SOON know the result. Meanwhile, a brief note on the local equivalent of *franglais* ("ginglish"). I am no longer startled by *efficiency, managerkrankheit* (coronary thrombosis, the nearest equivalent to *Heldentod* in this overworked, but now very unmilitary society), *gentlemanlike, topfit, trend* (*Genosse Trend*, the S.P.D.'s best friend, so they say), *computer, systems analysis*, and so on. Certainly, there has been no chauvinistic counter-campaign to rid the language of these intruders. (For years before Hitler German schoolboys were used to having their compositions brutally *verdeutscht*; indeed this still goes on, but without apparent effect on the newspapers or the new race of technologically-minded young Germans.) But now it has gone a stage further. The Germans are making up "ginglish" words on their own. I have now got over *twen*, a cognate of "teen," which has become the title of a glossy magazine, and seems firmly embedded in the language. I have the impression most Germans would be surprised to hear that no such word exists in English. But I have uncovered a fresh, somewhat indelicate recruit to "ginglish." You see it in the ads, and it appears to be quite unisexual. So-called Personality Tests use it, asking somewhat peremptorily (to the English ear) *"Haben Sie Sex?"* One expects the follow-up: "When, where, and how often?" But that is not the point: *"Haben Sie Sex?"* means "Would you say you had sex-appeal?" A rather different thing. The contemporary Innocent Abroad would be well advised to steer clear of "ginglish."

Berlin

FOREIGNERS have always noted this aptitude of Germans for absorbing foreign words and fashions. The Nazis themselves were not immune, borrowing their ideology from Gobineau, Chamberlain (Houston Stewart), the Russian anti-Semites, and Mussolini—not to speak of the *blitzkrieg* strategy they gathered from General Fuller and the late Captain Liddell Hart. And it was the Nazis who made English compulsory in the schools. Since the War there has been a huge inflow of new words and concepts—almost, one feels, too much. Surely all this *überfremdung* will lead to a reaction, a resistance to wholesale importations from *"das Ausland"*? Has it, in fact? From stray conversations with students and professors, and other *intellektuellen*, one gets the impression of a two-way reaction. It has often been said in recent years that young Germany has "lost its European idealism"; and all kinds of dire consequences have been predicted. It is true, I would say, if one thinks in terms of the "Carolingian" age of the 1950s. "Little Europe" is taken for granted: it is something for the Eurocrats in Brussels, not something one demonstrates about. But no generation since the 1920s can have been so internationally-minded —though the internationalism tends to revolve around the new Guevara-Fanon-Ho-ho-ho Chi Minh axis. Yet there has been no chauvinist reaction from the Right against all this: not from the young, and not from the middle-aged. (The once-feared "Neo-Nazi" N.P.D. is clearly on the skids, though one might well have expected leftist provocations—their word—to have boosted the party's prospects. In fact, the unholy alliance of Herr Strauss and Herr Springer has benefited.) Round the corner from my hotel, the shattered windows of the *Amerika Haus* are witness to this new, and scarcely original, internationalism. Does Germany, does Berlin, really have *no* problems?

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WELL YES, they will tell you, we too have our problems. But they are different, specific to a late-capitalist society, not capable of "turning on" the working class, and indeed—so it would seem—only rightly to be understood by a close reading of Marx, Mao, Marcuse (no longer so much in favour here), and the barbed-wire prose of the "Frankfurter Schule"—the late T. W. Adorno, Max Horkheimer, and younger men like Jürgen Habermas. The "movement," then, has something like a built-in *numerus clausus*: you can only really partake if you speak the lingo. Here, the contrast with America is very striking: the lingo is not that easy-riding, hippy-go-lucky jargon that (frankly) any fool can pick up and many have, but the old hard Hegelian slog in rejuvenated form. If the facts don't fit—too bad for the facts. The German Ideology all over again. In this respect, the young German leftists are not really so internationalist as they pretend—where do Che, Malcolm X, and Uncle Ho come in? This new breed resembles all too closely—this is rude, but Marx would have been the first to say it—the dry-as-dust, yet *schwärmerisch* German Professors who set their hand to forging a united Germany in Frankfurt's *Paulskirche* in 1848. They were seen off, you may recall, by old Prince Blood-and-Iron, the anniversary of whose greatest triumph falls this month. (And will *not* be celebrated, I think, in either part of Germany.) But Frankfurt: well, perhaps Frankfurt has not changed so much after all.

BERLIN HAS CHANGED, sadly, for the worse. Isherwood noted on a re-visit in the 1950s that the Berliners still loved to call their divided and diminished city a *Weltstadt*—the only really cosmopolitan city in Germany. They were not entirely wrong: even while Berlin was dragging economically two or three years behind the Federal Republic in the '50s (while being lavishly subsidised), the atmosphere in West Berlin was freer, less provincial, more responsive to the outside world than in most cities in Germany. Architecturally, for example, the result was impressive. There still stands the only slightly greying Building Exhibition of 1957—Gropius, Aalto, Le Corbusier—as a relic of that time. And since then Scharoun's splendid *Philharmonie*, the new *Deutsche Oper* and much else has been added. The political cabarets are still lively and numerous. Chelsea-style boutiques have sprung up everywhere. Restaurants, bookshops, hotels multiply.

Yet something of the old spirit has departed. One senses, uneasily, that in this city that boasted ten years ago of being the showpiece, the shop-window, of the Western World there is all too much show, too much stage-management, too many tricksy lighting effects. A personal spot-check on the Berlin scene confirms this impression. I had rung a number of friends, in journalism, in publishing and allied trades, to check if they'd be free for lunch or a drink. *X*, a political commentator, has just flown to Cologne to do his television stint. *Y*, a rising publisher, is no longer in Berlin, I am told—the main office has been removed to Frankfurt. *Z*, editor of a politico-literary magazine, would have loved to drop by, but has got to be in Hamburg this evening to put his magazine to bed—a magazine, *Der Monat*, that was a beacon to Berlin in the darker days of the 1950s, and always printed and published in that city.

YES, ONE FEELS, the birds have indeed flown—but what is there to hold them here? Yet the loyalty persists: men like Günter Grass, Uwe Johnson, Hans Magnus Enzensberger, and many younger writers and artists keep a toe-hold in Berlin (though few, I think, are Berliners born and bred). Why? The atmosphere still has less *mief*, less small-town stuffiness, than Munich, Hamburg, or Cologne. True, the political decisions are not made here; the local press—largely Springer-owned—is a good deal below *weltniveau* in quality; big industry, like Siemens, is transferring its centre of gravity to West Germany. And though the large influx of students from the West has almost brought the university to its knees, it has at least done something to give the city a more youthful complexion (those boutiques, discotheques, experimental theatres). Still, in the end, even the most determined *ewige student* must start thinking of a career—and what is there to offer? The top jobs in industry, everyone knows, are in the West; in politics, there is only Bonn, with its own very special *mief*, or the provincial capitals. In university life it is probably the small (and less "radicalised") towns like Göttingen or Tübingen that offer the best start. The Communists have always relied on West Berlin withering on the vine. If things go on this way—and only a European or inter-German settlement can stop them—they may have their wish in the end.

PERHAPS A CODA is in order here. The Communists may see things going their way—and certainly East Berlin is no longer the drab desert of austerity it was even five years ago. And what with a "radicalised," neo-Marxist youth movement in West Berlin, the Communists might appear to have played the Berlin game with some skill and success since the Wall went up in 1961. But I doubt if the East Germans see it in quite that light. What has been happening, I think, is something far more unexpected and not without a cruel twist of irony. It seems to me precisely the Wall that is at the root of the student troubles. For three or

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four years students were busy digging tunnels, and the hero of the hour (and the Springer press) was the student Scarlet Pimpernel who contrived to spirit away an East German through a disused sewer or in the boot of his car.

Then, one by one, the East Germans began to get up to these tricks; and the West Berlin Senate, for the best of reasons, applied the brake to these daredevil activities. It was at about this point that the mood among the young began to change. Before the Wall, students at the Free University had sat with East Berliners —who were free to come and go—in the same seminars and coffee-bars. Communism was something you were on day-to-day terms with (and largely against)—not, as now, an abstract and remote entity. After the first demonstrations and occupations in 1965 a new enemy was sighted: the Americans in Viet Nam and the "repressive tolerance" of the West Berlin authorities. Rapidly, Berlin became—along with Frankfurt—a bastion of the *SDS*. True, Rudi Dutschke and his friends were no friends of Ulbricht (Dutschke himself was a refugee from the East). But an aggressive, neo-Marxist shock-troop had sprung up overnight, to whose cadres the anti-Communism of the pre-1965 period was no longer "relevant."

NOR, IN A SENSE, was it. The Wall was a fact: what could Germans, individually or collectively, do about it? Communism, oddly, no longer seemed relevant either, at least in a German context: out of sight, out of mind. Hence the paradox: the "Wall of Shame," which so shocked foreign visitors, had the unforeseen effect among young Germans of "bracketing out" Communism as a problem that concerned *them*—except in Viet Nam.

Should one conclude that, had the Wall not gone up, the young in West Germany would not have succumbed to the blandishments of the New Left? One cannot be sure: German students, after all, are only doing what their contemporaries all over the world are doing. But of one thing I am fairly certain: during the '50s, before the Wall, such a movement could never have flourished. Ironically, then, the Wall was the necessary condition, not only for the violence of Easter 1968 in Berlin, but for the events of May in Paris that quickly followed. (Dany Cohn-Bendit had been conferring—and picking up tactical hints—with Dutschke and the comrades in Berlin two months before.) Were Ulbricht and Stoph sitting there rubbing their hands? I very much doubt it. I would guess that they looked to West Berlin with an anxiety hardly less than that with which they were watching developments in Prague. After all, revolutionary ideas were abroad again: and who can tell where they may lead?

Bamberg

ROMANTIC GERMANY, does it still exist? I was once mocked, I recall, by a German friend for taking a copy of Goethe's *Italian Journey* with me on a trip to Italy. At that time an assistant Professor, Hermann remarked, "Not many *Germans* would do that today"! Yet I found it (as readers of Auden's translation will have found it) vastly rewarding and entertaining to see Verona, Vicenza, and Venice and so on through the eyes of the Master. "The *Drang nach dem Süden* persists all right—but it's Majorca, the Costa del Sol, and those Italian beaches strewn with dark-heads yearning for their Siegfried they have in mind. And they don't tap out hexameters on their girl-friends' backs, I'm afraid, as Goethe confessed to doing in his *Roman Elegies*. The Germans have changed, and you foreigners won't see it: diplomas in salesmanship and engineering, and a good job with pension prospects, that's what they're after...."

And it's true, the foreigner won't see it, because if Germany attracts him at all—and, let's admit, it's an acquired taste—it is bound to be the literature of the age of Goethe, the art of Grünewald and Riemenschneider, and the relics of the Middle Ages that draw his interest. True, too, that the youngest Germans are often cut off from their past in a way that a Frenchman, a Spaniard, or an Englishman would hardly credit. A whole generation has grown up to reach for its revolver when it hears the word *kultur*. It's like America, and growing more so: "they don't know anything, but they know it all...." They read only what is "relevant." I suppose, by this criterion, the once-lauded Nordic features of the *Bamberger Reiter*, and the charms of high-gabled, half-timbered Rothenburg ob der Tauber, spared by Tilly in the Thirty Years War, with its intricate gaily-painted wrought-iron shop-signs, and the stupendous Tiepolo ceilings and Balthazar Neumann chapel in the Episcopal Residence at Würzburg are not, well, relevant.

I HAVE BEEN asked to take a class of seventeen-year-old girls in "English Conversation." I think of the safest possible query to fire off with: "What do you want to do when you leave school?" The an-

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swer is as staggering as it is unanimous: "We want to be civil servants (*Beamte*)." Oh, really, but why? "Ah well," sing one and all, "because it's so *secure*." That these nubile creatures should have their minds already set on their pension rights is a bit flattening. Perhaps Hermann is right after all: the safest question elicits the safest answer.

SOME WOULD ARGUE, of course, that the Germans have had their heads in the clouds for too long, that the insistence on relevance—neo-Marxist or otherwise—is a fine and healthy thing. Many of us, in the 'fifties, had been inclined to think so. *Sachlichkeit* was the thing; *Deutsche Romantik*, thank God, was out. It is an argument that has often partially, but never wholly, convinced me. Is it dangerous to argue from national character? No doubt it is: and in Germany such argumentation is especially taboo, for reasons that need no elaboration. *Der deutsche Mensch, Das deutsche Wesen,* even *Die deutsche Frau* (*"Die deutsche Frau raucht nicht...."*) these were universal phrases not only in the *Nazizeit* but long before it. I do not think you would hear them now. Yet both the conceptualisation and the motive for it—the need of a new state and its citizens for national self-definition—were deeply German and historically, surely, inevitable.

Dick Crossman, I remember, used to tease the Germans that they were not patriotic *enough* ("Always avoid your anglicised German," he declared). But it's quite true. If the past is dead, so is much of the present. Foreigners ask: how do the Germans *tolerate* the division of their country? Very easily. They have forgotten about it. Frenchmen wouldn't; Englishmen wouldn't; the Germans, somehow, manage it. The opinion polls (if one dare quote them) have been showing for some time that the average German has become more and more reconciled to the division of his country—indeed, to its geographical diminution to less than a third of what it was in 1914 (not to speak of 1940). Yes, they show too that Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik* is popular, very popular. Yet *Ostpolitik*, every German knows, is not a modern synonym for any *Drang nach dem Osten*. It means giving up the hope of re-unification through free elections, and it means consolidating the frontiers of 1945, which is what the Russians and the Poles want, and is no doubt the reason why the talks with them seem to be going pretty well (unlike the latest Brandt-Stoph talks in Kassel). My guess is that the Germans are indeed poor patriots (in our sense of the word); that they support Brandt's *Ostpolitik* because it is the most comfortable, the *safest* solution. (Ah! Those nubile maidens.) Excellent! wise heads nod over the Foreign Office port—how *convenient* that the Germans should behave differently from other nations! Really? Personally, it is just these tendencies that would arouse my suspicions.

"Sie sind ein grosses Volk!" cried *Mon Général*, to vast applause, on his famous visit to Germany in 1962. Did he really *mean* it, one of his subordinates is said to have asked him? Well, no, replied the General after some reflection—perhaps he had been mistaken. Didn't the response show that? A great people would never have taken a foreigner's word for it.

Munich

THERE IS a mania for building Undergrounds abroad (16 towns are doing it) that has struck and almost paralysed Berlin, Cologne, Stuttgart, and, most calamitously, Munich. Four years ago, half the Ludwigstrasse, Munich's great axial boulevard, was closed to traffic. Today, it's no better. True, this spectacle of organised chaos has shifted downtown towards Schwabing, making complex circumnavigations of the Leopoldstrasse, mapless and relentlessly out-hooted, into nightmare driving. It's tempting to see an analogy in this. When I first came to Munich—in 1954—a large part of the city lay in rubble. It would have been easy enough to build an *U-Bahn* then, but I suppose that had little priority in those

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days. Still, it makes one wonder about "German efficiency," probably the one national quality the Germans unashamedly take pride in, and one that easily persuades the foreigner. Again, having seen the Germans build up Munich in twenty years, only to pull it down again for the prestigious *U-Bahn*, the foreigner wonders uneasily to what end they will direct their energy ten years hence. At all costs, he feels, they must be kept busy, or something, somewhere, will explode. But organisation? *Deutschtum ist Organization!* ran the old Wilhelminian slogan. And the slogan will not lie down.

IT SEEMS IMPORTANT to know what's behind it, not least if we're going into the Common Market. Are we about to be invaded by a highly-trained regiment of German salesmen, working with ant-like, co-ordinated precision—like those sinister German governesses of Edwardian days—to undermine our national prestige and self-confidence? It would be as well to know.

SUCH THINGS DON'T lend themselves readily to quantification. But I must say I've always been sceptical—despite my friend Hermann's admonitions—about the Germans still being a nation of *Dichter und Denker*. Three small examples, not perhaps typical, but sufficient to give pause. We order one cup of coffee and one cup of chocolate for breakfast at our Schwabing hotel, "No, Madame, that is not possible." "I see, but why not?" "Well, we always serve coffee in a *kanne*, for two people, so it is not possible for one." *Problematisch*, of course; but better not make an issue of it. "Very well, can I have one chocolate, and my wife a *kanne* of coffee with just one cup?" The relief is visible: the matter is no longer *problematisch*, a logical solution has been found. Trivial? Surely. Or is this a battle fought out each morning, over every bachelor or *alleinstehende Dame*, who begs for his or her single cup of coffee?

Michael, an old friend, the child of refugee parents, and one of the few who has chosen to come back, backs this up later in the day. He is a young doctor, who has walked the wards in London, and by now knows the German system inside out. How do the two differ? "Well," says Michael, "it's like this: at nine we start the day with a conference; at eleven we break off for coffee and a second conference; we have an afternoon conference at two-thirty; and at six-thirty we round off the day with a resumé of the day's work." "The hours seem long, but so they are in London: do you get more done that way?" Michael's amused. "Do we, hell. I reckon we got twice the work done over at Bart's. Those conferences really get you down: everything has to be *problematisch*, because it makes people happier to feel they're up against it the whole time, that they're solving problems, breaking new ground. Every appendicitis a new facet of the *Weltgeist*, that's about it...."

FINALLY, A CASE I've just been reading about in *Der Spiegel*, relevant perhaps to the Common Market and the kind of competition we may expect. At the moment, Rotterdam must be reckoned Germany's largest port (180m. tons as against Hamburg's 40m.). The arrangement works smoothly enough; the Germans have got by peaceful methods what they once tried to gain by war. But the Common Market has not quite extinguished national ambitions. What Germany's *wasserkante* lacks is a deep-water port, able to take tankers of up to 300,000 tons and more. In the early '60s, Hamburg's planners had worked out an ingenious scheme to exchange a fragment of Hamburg territory for a reedy slice of off-shore island from Lower Saxony that could be developed to take such ships and the industrial development that must surely follow. There would also be room for the tourist developers, along the beaches that would stretch out either side of the new causeway.

An imaginative plan. But what happened to it? According to *Der Spiegel*, nothing much to write home about. To get the money, it would have been necessary to persuade the other Hanseatic towns, and the *länder* of Schleswig-Holstein and Lower Saxony to participate. A commission was set up. Conference followed conference. But it was like the present *U-Bahn* mania: now everybody wanted a deep-water port. Bremen had plans for developing Wilhelmshaven. Lower Saxony wanted an industrial development zone adjoining. Meanwhile, Rotterdam waxed richer. "We need a common front against Rotterdam" went the cry. Bremen started building a container terminal at Bremerhaven (*Hansa-port*)—impudently offering Hamburg a 50 per cent share. No go, replied the Hamburgers, and started on their own container terminal. And *German* interests? Herr Kern, the originator of the scheme ten years back, puts a bold face on it: "By building a series of terminals, instead of one big one, we're really offering the Dutch much stiffer competition." Brave words! Alas, Herr Kern, a loyal Hamburg Senator, had soon to eat them. The original plan, he has just announced, is to be carried through after all, with the assistance of the banks and private industry, if necessary with foreign participation....

MEANWHILE, Rotterdam, and the new Europort remain the biggest outlet for the industrial Ruhr, and this is unlikely to change. And why not,

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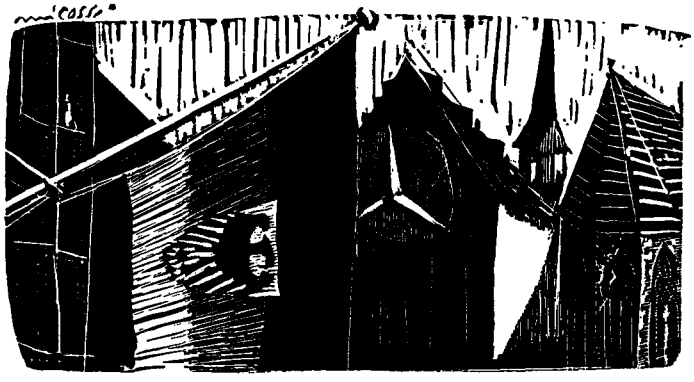
you may say, in the United Europe of the future? But "German efficiency," organisation, patriotism? We might be back in the *Kleinstaaterei* of the 18th century. Daddy, why did the Germans lose the war? Well, as the late Professor E. M. Butler, most awkward and lively of *Germanisten*, noted in her youth in pre-1914 Germany: "The Germans have many talents; but these are not the kind of people who win wars. . . ."

Stuttgart

STUTTGART, I always think, is an underrated city. I see from Christopher Hibbert's book on the Grand Tour that it and its surroundings—Tübingen and the delightful Neckar valley—were not on the professional bear-leader's route. Yet Swabia has produced so many of Germany's *Dichter und Denker*—Schiller, Hölderlin, Mörike, Hegel—and it manages to be deeply German, without stirring up any of those anti-German *ressentiments* which seem to throw the foreigner, and particularly the Englishman, so easily. For the Grand Tourist, Germany consisted of the Rhineland and Bavaria, and perhaps a sojourn in Vienna to gain a little social polish, when wars with France happened to be in progress. True, the little Courts of the various princelings could be fun—as Boswell found—and a quick trip to Berlin might be included to catch a glimpse of the Great Frederick. (Boswell attempted to wangle an introduction, but failed: Frederick seems to have been one of the few able to withstand his advances.) But Swabia was not even on the map.



A pity, it seems in retrospect, for it stayed that way, and the foreign tourist looking for Germany misses something if he doesn't see Tübingen and Stuttgart or the great baroque abbeys and pilgrimage churches of the South. Stuttgart is now an industrial metropolis, though—with its vineyards growing on the hillslopes that lead down to the old Royal Residence and park—one of the cleanest and most attractive I know. One thing strikes the eye at once and is, I think, genuinely Swabian. Stuttgart is now very rich, capital of a *land*, and home of Bosch and Mercedes-Benz. But the newly-built city—it was yet another victim of Allied saturation bombing—is neat and modest and habitable in a way that many German cities, arisen from their ruins, are not. There is something Swiss about it all; yet their Swabian cousins are a good deal more easy-going and *gemütlich* than the Swiss.

FRIENDS WE VISITED, who could well have afforded a *protzig* Villa in the country cum-housekeeper-and-chauffeur, live comfortably in the family house built by their father. There is no keeping up with the Joneses, perhaps because there is not much social life as we understand it. Social life means the family and relations, and the big events are name-days, births, christenings, funerals, and the great event of Christmas Eve, when the children, hushed and expectant, are brought in to pluck their presents from the Tree (the Christmas Eve bit seems to have got left out when the Tree came in with Prince Albert; yet it is *the* moment in the life of a German child).

Curiously, the Germans are depicted in English folk-memory as a drunken race: perhaps this is a survival from earlier ages, for it is not true now. There is none of the pre-prandial swilling of Bourbon or gin-and-tonic, or the slow, remorseless tippling of the French. A *schnapps* may be offered, brewed from cherries in Black Forest stills, and a bottle of excellent local (alas, never exported) *landwein* taken with the evening's *Aufschnitt* of spiced sausages and *spätzle*. One does not see public drunkenness in Germany, as one does in London or New York—or behind the Iron Curtain. And here, in Swabia, all things are taken in moderation in any case. There is no nimiety, no excess. Some may find this dull stuff; yet the Swabians are among the most individualistic and intellectually gifted of all Germans. I have compared it with Switzerland; but it is also a little like the Scottish lowlands—minus the haggis and whisky. If it is the remains of an older Germany you are looking for, Swabia is the place to find it. The Roman *limes* runs—you can make it out in the grass—a few miles to the east of Stuttgart. There is something in Swabia of Roman *gravitas*, and

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a sure grip on the Golden Mean. As Mörike, retiring pastor and most Swabian of poets, admonished:

Doch in der Mitte
Liegt holdes Bescheiden...

NOT SURPRISINGLY, PERHAPS, Swabia is one of the last bastions of the Free Democrats. The region has strong parliamentary traditions, and a new star on the horizon in the person of Ralf Dahrendorf, Germany's most illustrious sociologist. Dahrendorf might be described as a reincarnation of Max Weber with a touch of Servan-Schreiber. He is a man of the Centre-Left, strongly influenced by Anglo-Saxon thinking (in this case, British: he was at L.S.E. and has an English wife), and making a strong appeal to educated middle-class voters. His decision to stand for Stuttgart's *landtag* as a Free Democrat (he won, astonishingly, over a quarter of the vote in his city constituency), and then for the *Bundestag* in Bonn, is in some ways perplexing. It is no secret that he is ambitious, has been talked of as a future Chancellor and so on. Why, then, the F.D.P.? He spent the last months of the war in a concentration camp after his father, an old Social Democrat, had been arrested. Family loyalties and political ambition would seem in his case to point in the same direction. True, Swabia's F.D.P. is the section of the party that most resembles the British Liberals, while the F.D.P. in the North is more like our old National Liberals (who ended up as an appendix of the Tory party), or indeed those *Nationalliberalen* with whom Bismarck discovered he could do business. Still, as the results come in from the elections in the Saar, North Rhine-Westphalia, and Lower Saxony, it is more a question of whether the F.D.P. can survive at all, than of looking forward to a future F.D.P. *Bundeskanzler*.

Altogether, Dahrendorf has become somewhat *problematisch* to the Germans since he took the plunge into politics. The professors regard him as being too soft on the students: the left-wing students see him as a bourgeois stooge, and would not allow *his* sociology the supposedly "scientific" status granted to the apostles of the Frankfurt School. His rise to prominence has been meteoric, and I find him one of the most appealing and stimulating intellectual figures Germany has produced since the war. Yet he was not too happy in his first job as State Secretary at the Foreign Office in charge of *Kultur*—some say because of differences with Herr Scheel, his Foreign Minister and party leader, some say because he disliked the limitations that office imposes (he angered the State Department by speaking out openly on Viet Nam while visiting the States). The worst that has been said of him is that he is a "Parsifal"—which suggests that there is a hankering after more rugged qualities in a politician in the minds of many political (and perhaps still more unpolitical) Germans. Germans admire Professors: they rank with Doctors and Pastors at the top of the polls. But I have always doubted whether the Germans care for their politicians to be intellectuals. The last Professor to be Chancellor, Ludwig Erhard, was quickly devoured by better-armoured fish in the Bonn mill-pond—as Adenauer always said he would be. One hopes the same fate is not in store for the admirable Professor Dahrendorf. Meanwhile, he has been shunted off to Brussels to be one of the German commissioners dealing with British entry. At least we should find a good friend there.

Heidelberg

HEIDELBERG is a "must" I have never quite got around to; but an old friend, now Professor of English here, offers to show us round. Somehow, I suspect, thoughts of the Student Prince and a fear of *schmalz* had kept me away in the past. Yet the town in its wooded valley is indeed charming, and the Castle properly romantic. We dutifully climb up to the top of the *Grosse Fass*, a giant wine-barrel the size of a Rhine barge, and taste the local (excellent) wine. In the inner courtyard there is a milling crowd of German and foreign, mostly American, sightseers. There is a delightful Renaissance arch celebrating the doomed nuptials of Frederick of the Palatinate and his Winter Queen, James I's daughter Elizabeth. The Castle, of course, *is* a ruin, as is only proper—though 19th-century restorers have put back the fine Renaissance inner wall of the courtyard, with its elaborate arcades and statues of Electors and Emperors. In the museum there are innumerable German paintings of the castle by forgotten 19th-century romantics, all dressing up the Castle in its colourful red sandstone against the darkly wooded hills in a pedantically Pre-Raphaelite manner. Only one picture, to my mind, does Heidelberg Romantic justice: Turner's view of the castle, painted perversely from the Western aspect (unlike all the German paintings). With Turner, the red sandstone is gone entirely, the ruin lies white and luminous on a barely-sketched hillside. This is pure vision, as well as masterly workmanship—how strange that it took an Englishman to put the Romantic Heidelberg of Brentano and his friends on canvas!

Before we descend, I overhear a Thurber female telling her brood about how wicked it was of the Americans to have bombed a little castle like that. That makes it a bit easy for

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Louis XIV: but it does tell one something about present-day America.

For some people, of course, America is still a place of refuge. It was for my friend Werner, who has just enjoyed a peaceful sabbatical there, after battling for months against student militants in the University. For dinner at his home we are joined by Hermann, now a Professor at Mannheim and in the thick of the fight, as Dean, to save the newly founded University from vanishing into *Nacht und Nebel*. Both Werner and Hermann—whose views on the New Germans I have quoted above—are pretty gloomy about the situation. Violence has not yet reached American proportions, they admit: confrontations remain verbal rather than faecal. Still, a colleague in Berlin whom we all know has just been told, they've heard, that he's not to leave Berlin in future without written permission of his students. His wife has been threatened too by anonymous callers. C, whom we also all know, has re-insured his thesis on Tennyson and Swinburne by adding to its title the magic words "a Study in Alienation." This raises, knowing his earlier views, something of a horse-laugh among us all.

But this stampede to the "Left"—I use inverted commas advisedly—is not really so very funny, when seen at close quarters. Hermann says—and he is not the first I have heard say it—"The trouble is, it's all happened before, only then it was called by a different name...." Hermann is old enough to have lived through the years of the *Nazizeit*; his colleague in Berlin, slightly older, was a student in 1931–34, when the *Hitlerjugend* broke up the seminars of Jewish professors. The Red Guard spirit was abroad then too: but it was more selective—against Jews, Socialists, known anti-Nazis. Now, though the violence is muted, the spirit of denial (*Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint*) is directed more indiscriminately—against all order, all authority in the university and in society. There is something nihilistic, Mephistophelean, in this new cult, as there was in the old. True, the aims are different and would ten years ago (before anyone could see how they might be twisted) have been welcomed as "progressive" by precisely those men who are now being forced, unwillingly, into the "reactionary" camp.

The new slogan is *"drittelparität"*—which means that all decisions affecting the faculty must be made by a committee consisting of one-third students, one-third *assistenten*, and one-third professors. Since many of the former rather downtrodden *assistenten* are likely to side with the students, the senior members' grasp on their own faculty is very unsure. Books are not actually being burnt; but certain subjects are prescribed, and others proscribed, in a fashion that manages to be both anarchic and authoritarian at one and the same time. The literary-critical, aesthetic approach is out (unless you are fly enough to disguise your seminar on Tennyson as a "Study in Alienation"). At Göttingen, the once famous "philosophical faculty" has closed down: I read in *Die Zeit* an eloquent, almost desperate elegy on its past glories by Professor Walther Killy. Killy argues that this break with the past is in effect a break with the tradition of civilisation itself: the young are to be deprived in future of living contact, not only with the German past, but with the civilisation of antiquity, and the Judaeo-Christian tradition. My friends are of a like mind. They are distressed, chiefly because the methods they were brought up on —historical-critical, but always primarily aesthetic—have gone by the board. As the university becomes a political bear-house, no longer a place of study, their skills have become redundant.

But their concern, in reality, reaches far deeper. "I never thought," Hermann says, "that I would come to really *hate* the Germans." I am amazed at this confession. In the old days, Hermann was never one for "fouling the nest," being always Catholic, Bavarian and "unpolitical" in his attitudes. He took the Germans as they came; he always deplored the national self-depreciation that was so common among the post-war intelligentsia. It must have taken a lot of punishment, it strikes me, to have brought *him* to this position. But he means it. And it is not mere personal frustration in his work that has changed his mind. It is the sheer cussedness of the Germans, their self-righteousness, their *rechthaberei*, their rational irrationality, their inability to let things be, that have come to jar. Of course, Hölderlin and Nietzsche have said it before: the Germans cannot live with one another. What is hopeful about the new mood, I try to argue, is surely the internationalism and the anti-authoritarianism that goes with it. Ah! But that was true of the *Jugendbewegung* too, wasn't it? And then the pendulum swung.... But can one call it fascism, despite the distasteful resemblances? Certainly, anti-authoritarian fascism sounds a contradiction in terms. Left-wing? Well, the contempt for both home-grown Social Democracy and for the Soviet-style Communism of East Germany seems as universal—and as ill-founded in knowledge of the terrain—as the new-style kowtowing to the gods of the East. The truth is, it is something as yet without name or form. But it is there, and it is German: and it is the kind of thing that is once again making Germans wish they had been born in more fortunate lands.

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Worms

I FIND last night's talk weighing heavily on me. Nobody can hate a German like a German: that we already knew, and from the best German authorities. But it disturbs the well-meaning foreigner, as it does in today's America, to see a people so desperately unable to come to terms with itself. True, as Hermann points out, the Americans talk of a "generation gap," where the Germans talk of *der Generationskonflikt*. One might argue that the latter, though apparently more vicious than the former, is really the more hopeful variation: "gap" suggests an unbridgeable abyss, *konflikt* at least suggests a grappling, even a germ of dialogue. One sees this in practice: a leftist *groupuscule* at Mannheim had been planning to bring in a resolution against the university taking any part in military research. On being challenged as to whether they would support military research if it helped the *Viet Cong*, they retired into a huddle, and came back with the reply that they *would* indeed support such research. I doubt very much whether many American colleges would take so rational—however deplorable—a view.

A TRIP DOWN the Rhine should cool these festering thoughts, and from Heidelberg we swing northwards on the last lap to Bonn. But first Worms—known to every schoolboy as the immortal seat of the ever-risible Diet of Worms. "Here I stand..." and all that. Worms cathedral is indeed impressive: *Ein' feste Burg*, strong and stalwart in the Romanesque manner, lording it over the long, low plain of the Upper Rhine. Here, one reflects, is the origin of another quarrel that set German against German for generations. Does it still? Do those flaunted white-and-yellow Papal streamers in the gabled streets reflect some resentment among the good burghers of Worms that their town should be remembered for the holy impudence of Luther's "I can do no other, so help me God"? If the Luther memorial in the park is resented, one can see why. This is real Wilhelminian stuff, truculent and overbearing, very Prussian: more like a memorial to a great conqueror, than to a Christian pastor—and all within a stone's throw of a great Catholic cathedral. Yet here no stones are thrown. If this were Ulster, a police guard would have to be mounted day and night over the huge bronze monster, or it would long since have been dynamited.

YET THE PARK in which it stands is as calm as could be: children are queueing for ice cream, couples march sedately in their Sunday best past the memorial, keeping well off the grass. There is one oddity about the memorial which I have never seen commented on. Luther triumphant stands at the centre, at his feet four figures: the faithful Melanchthon, who played Engels to his Marx; our own John Wycliffe; Jan Hus, burnt at Constance a century before the Wittenberg theses; and—wait for it—*Savonarola*. Philip of Hesse and the Margrave of Brandenburg are there too, but *Savonarola*? How, one wonders, did the 19th-century patrons of this memorial come to include him? He does not figure elsewhere, as far as I know, in the Protestant pantheon. Yet perhaps his presence here is all too appropriate: it is Luther the sower of discord and strife who is celebrated here, not the humble monk or compassionate pastor. The memorial dates back, when one thinks of it, to the days of Bismarck's *Kulturkampf*: given that, Savonarola is not so out of place. The wonder is that Germany has shed the memories of centuries of conflict so completely, that an Ulster would be impossible here in the land where the great conflict began. It is a debt that Germany owes to Konrad Adenauer, who in this at least was a healer and not a divider to his people.

The Rhineland

THE DRIVE OR VOYAGE down the Rhine from Bingen to Bonn, drinking the local wines and eating the obligatory salmon, is a traditional delight. And for many the Rhineland, I suppose, *is* Germany. Yet, though in the plain round Worms one is in Nibelungen country, the Rhineland has not played the role in post-medieval German history that foreigners often imagine. Famous Rhinelanders? Beethoven, of course, from Bonn. One poet, Stefan George, born at Bingen, where the Rhine plunges northward through the massif. One playwright, Carl Zuckmayer, whose fascinating memoirs (*A Piece of Myself*) I am just reading—the best account, I think, by a German of what it was like to be a German in the first half of the 20th century: honest, humorous, free from rancour or self-hate—equally free from self-deception about the evil years and what led up to them. There is a portrait of his childhood in Mainz in the book which has something (as has all his work) of the Romantic idyll, not always to the English taste, but never slopping over into sentimentality. Politicians? Baron von Stein, who rejuvenated Prussia after the disaster of Jena. Metternich, of course, whose family *Schloss* stands over the valley. And that man of similar mettle, a pillar of strength in troubled times, Catholic and conservative in the true sense of the word (so rare in Germany), Konrad Adenauer.

THE COINCIDENCE is not, I think, idle. Both men were of that type, commoner in the Catholic

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South and West—the lands within the *limes*—than in the Protestant North and East, who fear the Germans' tendency to veer (as we are seeing now) from one extreme to the other, from anarchy to despotism, from particularist *Kleinstaaterei* to a rigid, dogmatic centralism. In the eyes of men like this, Prussia was never a truly conservative state, because it was lacking in inner harmony; and the Prussianisation of Germany could only spell disaster to the values they cherished. Often they are called Jesuitical; but to them the straight Prussian blade was all too clumsy and too brittle a thing. Certainly, they regarded what happened at Wittenberg and Worms as a disaster for Germany, for much the same reasons. It is easy to argue that both failed in the long run. Yet each kept the peace for a generation. And where, today, is the vain glory of Prussia? And, with the age of Bonhoeffer now as remote to young Germans as the age of Luther, what could be inwardly more dead than German Protestantism?

IT IS EASY TO FORGET that until seven years ago every election in Germany was an Adenauer election. ER KOMMT! stated the posters, and no explanation was required. Now, in the present elections in his homeland, North Rhine-Westphalia, the signs on the hoardings proclaim, perhaps somewhat timorously, KÖPPLER KOMMT! Who, then, is Köppler? Herr Köppler is the new, youngish leader of Adenauer's old party in this *land*, which suffered a nasty shock in the 1966 regional elections, when the S.P.D. got 49·5 per cent of the vote and the C.D.U. only 42·8—a result that was to lead to Erhard's fall and the forming of the Grand Coalition. I quoted, at the start of this Diary, the pollsters' figures predicting a 10 to 17 per cent lead for the Socialists. Now the results are becoming known, and the pollsters (as in England) are going to have to eat dirt. Herr Köppler is the newcomer, and has spent long, little-known years as a professional Church organiser. "THE FUTURE NEED NOT BE BLACK," the S.P.D.'s posters are saying—and by black they mean clericalist. Will this bring out the Catholic vote, or appeal to non-Catholics, each about equally divided? Brandt has declared that he will regard the result as an interim referendum on his *Ostpolitik*. And Brandt's popularity rating has been up in the 80s in recent months.

Alas for the pollsters and the S.P.D., the results show that Köppler is indeed the "coming" man. This time the C.D.U. has won 46·3 per cent of the vote; the S.P.D. 46·1; the F.D.P. 5·5. The news from the Saar is still worse: there the C.D.U. has taken its vote from 42·7 per cent in 1966 to 47·9 this time. The S.P.D. remains stagnant at 40·1 per cent (a whisker more than in 1966), and the F.D.P. has failed to take the 5 per cent hurdle, and is thus unrepresented in the *landtag*. The results from Lower Saxony are more heartening, with the S.P.D., at 46·2 per cent, half a per cent (and one seat) ahead of the C.D.U., while the F.D.P. has once again been knocked out of the ring. Both the large parties show an increase; but the F.D.P. and (more fortunately) the N.P.D. have been obliterated.

WHAT SHOULD ONE MAKE of these results? Do they register the voters' disapproval of the new *Ostpolitik*? Will the demise of the F.D.P. in two *länder* lead to the slow disintegration of the party? Certainly, it is a good result for the C.D.U., and a bitter blow for the Free Democrats—not to speak of the pollsters (always excepting the excellent Frau Dr. Noelle-Neumann, fairy godmother of opinion polling in Germany, who got it almost dead on) who can go jump in the Rhine as far as political Bonn

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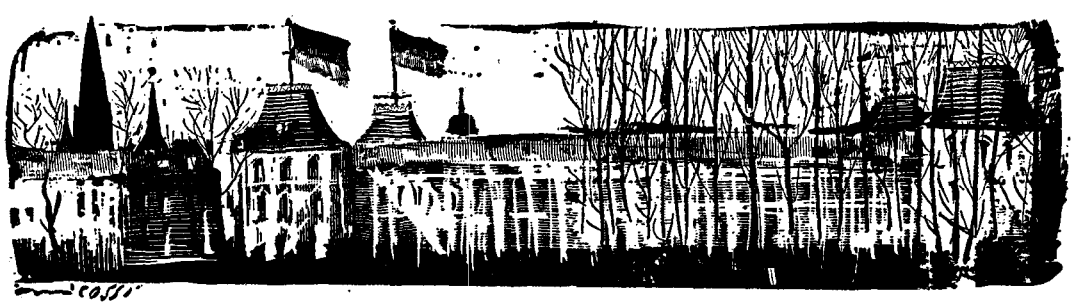
is concerned. The facts are there: Adenauer's party is not only holding its vote, but increasing it—as it has over twenty years—by acting as a right-wing magnet for disillusioned "Neo-Nazis" and Free Democrats. The S.P.D. is putting a brave face on it, but there is no disguising that Brandt's personal popularity has not brought the bacon home for the party. Although, arithmetically, the S.P.D. can claim a very slight percentage increase, there would seem to be no question of a triumphant vindication for Brandt's *Ostpolitik*.[1]

Why the setback? Political Bonn seems agreed that the reasons are relatively straightforward. The voters did not regard the *länder* elections as any kind of referendum, but were protesting about inflation and rising prices (shades of Ted Heath!). The S.P.D. has made a great flutter with its *Ostpolitik*, and that is what most foreigners will have read about. But Brandt's original intention—in his own words—was to be "a Chancellor of *Innenpolitik*." And there is no doubt that a year of Lib./Lab. government has not produced anything particularly startling in the fields of education, tax reforms, anti-inflation measures and so on. The hoo-ha about Brandt's meetings with Stoph, and the encouraging negotiations with Poland and the Soviet Union, have somehow obscured from the experts—though not from the voters—that very little has got done in the sphere of *Innenpolitik*. The elections, then, must be read as a warning to the government that the earlier promises made by Willy Brandt have precedence over foreign adventures like the *Ostpolitik*. It seems pretty clear, again, that the only course open to the battered Free Democrats is to remain loyal to the government and make boldness their friend. A do-nothing administration for the next three years would probably bring back a large C.D.U. majority, and almost certainly wipe the F.D.P. off the map.

WHAT SEEMS TO EMERGE—or so the talk runs here—is that the voters are neither going to reward a successful *Ostpolitik* very liberally, nor let themselves be frightened—and this is important—by Cassandras like Franz Josef Strauss and Axel Springer. In a word, there *may* be no votes in it either way. That this may be so is supported by the result in Lower Saxony. Lower Saxony, a *land* bordering on East Germany, and with more refugees and expellees than any other in Germany, has also a substantial reservoir of right-wing farming voters. Yet the S.P.D. gained 5 per cent and the extremist N.P.D. fell back to 3 per cent; more, the S.P.D. did particularly well in areas where there are many refugees. It emerges, too, that the extremism that one hears so much about from students and professors has very little to do with politics as played on the parliamentary level. Of course, the left-wing students would reply that they are not *concerned* with politics on a parliamentary level, that the things they want can only be brought about by Revolution. One has the impression, very strongly, that in this respect there are two political worlds in Germany, as there are in America. And if there are two nations in Germany at the moment, I admit to finding the one represented in Bonn altogether saner and nicer (one would not have said that ten years ago!) than the underworld of irrationality the rise of the new "revolutionary" cult has opened up. Which will prove more enduring it is much too early to judge. Personally, I am struck by the commonsense of the German voter. For this reason alone, I cannot agree with those who see around the corner another January 1933.

[1] This may be premature. Since I wrote these words, Herr Brandt has made a triumphal return to Bonn with his newly sealed Moscow Treaty. Eighty per cent of West Germans are said to favour it. This could well turn the forthcoming autumn elections in Hesse and Bavaria into the referendum Herr Brandt has been seeking.



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POINTS OF THE COMPASS

The Decline & Fall of London Town

By Simon Jenkins

> *"How Do You Like London? . . . London, Londres, London?" Mr. Podsnap asked the Frenchman, putting—we notice—capital letters into his accent. "And Do You Find, Sir," he went on, "Many Evidences that Strike You . . . ?"*
>
> *Nothing else but Evidence Strikes us. The place is all Evidence, like the sight of a heavy sea from a rowing boat in the middle of the Atlantic where you are surrounded by Everything and see nothing. But Evidence of what? There is no possible answer. Except for the ant heap in Tokyo London is the largest capital city in the world, and—one is told, though I do not know, or much care, how they measure these things—the largest seaport, and is, as Trollope said, unintelligible. One lives in it, afloat but half submerged in a heavy flood of brick, stone, asphalt, slate, steel, glass, concrete, and tarmac, seeing nothing fixable behind a few score white spires that splash up like spits of foam above the next glum wave of dirty buildings. . . .*
>
> *V. S. Pritchett,* LONDON PERCEIVED *(1962)*

THE LAST YEAR of the old decade indeed sorely ravaged the face of London. Hardly a week passed without news of some new decision to destroy old buildings or erect new ones that spoiled the character of existing neighbourhoods. At one point last summer, four separate battles were under way to prevent major acts of destruction in the capital (chiefly, it so happens, against government departments or public institutions). At a time when many people thought we had in this country evolved an impressive set of safeguards to protect architectural and environmental quality, it sometimes seemed as if no one was taking a blind bit of notice.

Yet it is worth remembering that at least there were battles. One result of all the blood that was spilt over Carlton Mews in St James's and Woburn Square in Bloomsbury was the knowledge that such destruction was unlikely to occur again. Indeed, in both these sad cases, it was only the inexorable process of planning approvals that prevented the authorities from stopping the developers. And in both cases, hardly a word would have been raised in public protest just five years ago, though it should be recorded that the Historic Buildings Board of the London County Council had been fighting and winning similar battles, unsung, for many years past.

I recently found myself face to face at a public function with one of those public servants with whom one has often longed to do battle over a particular planning decision. In this case it was a man who had been chairman of a planning committee that had, ten years ago, approved the construction of a new block that completely wrecked the scale of a reasonably charming London street. His defence was that at the time the "balance of argument" had seemed different. The existing buildings on the site were uneconomic and of no intrinsic architectural merit. The new designs seemed "modern and original." And most important, planners in those days just did not think in terms of the relationship between a building and a whole street—or at least did not think it to be an important consideration. It would, he agreed, have been different if the application had come forward today.

Even the most cursory glance at early post-war planning legislation would show that these excuses were at best half-truths. Even back in the dim days of 1951, the Ministry of Town and Country Planning was stating in remarkably clear terms the definitions of "amenity" that should be considered in all planning applications. But what is certainly true is that it is only in the last three or four years that a real head of steam has built up behind the urban conservation movement, and widespread concern been expressed at the way in which the character, and particularly the scale, of cities such as London are being altered by redevelopment.

IT IS DIFFICULT TO TRACE the development of this new concern. Undoubtedly individuals such as Duncan Sandys, with his Civic Amenities Act of 1967 and Richard Crossman during his time at the Ministry of Housing (when he seized historic buildings protection away from the dreadful Ministry of Works) have played a major part in drawing up a new framework. And organisations such as the Civic Trust have done immense good work by issuing, and publicising, design awards as well as initiating rehabilitation schemes intended to raise standards of urban conservation. The pressure groups themselves—such as the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, the Georgian Group and the Victorian Society—have experienced dramatic increases in numbers, reflecting not only

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increased public interest but also the expanded consultative role given them under conservation legislation.

The heightened enthusiasm for participation generally has also given a new bite to public planning enquiries, and has led to a considerable overspill from self-interested pressure groups into the conservation and historic buildings field. Many people, for instance, who were opposed to the location of a third London airport at Stansted discovered—some of them doubtless for the first time—that there was some especially fine architecture in the neighbourhood. Where previously they had simply disliked the idea of increased noise and traffic invading their community, they now found it in their interests to campaign on grounds of "loss of amenity to the surrounding countryside" and potential damage to "buildings of historic interest." The same has broadly been true of opposition to the Greater London Council's proposed Motorway Box. When people feel that technological development is getting the better of them, it is to the conservation lobby that they have been turning for help—however far off the main line of argument such help may be.

This, however, is all very fine. It may well be that as a result of this new-found interest, we may within the next decade produce some really effective controls on the development of our cities which both preserve their continuity of character and of human scale and enable them to renew themselves in a balanced way. But has not the horse already bolted? Is it not too late to bar the door?

THE REDEVELOPMENT of virtually all the central areas of London that has taken place since World War II has been drastic, leaving hardly a street or vista untouched. It has been argued, both by architects and engineers, that the city has entered irrevocably into "a new age" in its history, in which (as in previous periods of expansion) what went before must be largely destroyed. Cities, they say, "must change to meet altered circumstances." And today's altered circumstances, involving the devolution of industry, the growth of mass commuting and the pervasive use of motor cars, is such as has hardly been seen since the introduction of the chariot. Is it not inevitable that London's appearance should "evolve" to meet these new conditions?

I personally do not think so for a variety of reasons, some aesthetic and some practical. But it is useful to put the "evolving city" argument in its historical perspective to see that it does have some force.

THE GROWTH AND RENEWAL of London has taken place ever since the Middle Ages in a series of cycles of remarkable regularity. This has been partially related to historical and economic developments, but also has had something to do, more recently, with an independent cycle in the London house-building industry.

The first great expansion out of the medieval confines of the City took place in the second half of the 16th century with the sudden movement of large numbers of people from agriculture to the cities. The result was a gross overcrowding of Tudor London such that the authorities were forced to take action to prevent further growth within the city area. Indeed, Elizabethan legislation on London was some of the most advanced on town planning ever produced in this country—banning multi-occupation and the erection of larger houses in place of existing ones, and forbidding any building in a belt round the walls. Unfortunately, it was also quite unenforceable.

The next leap forward occurred in the late 17th century following the ravages of the Great Fire of 1666. Despite the initial enthusiasm for rebuilding the City on a formal Italianate pattern—and plans such as those by Christopher Wren and John Evelyn give a fascinating glimpse of the town London almost became—the rebuilding was piecemeal. The need for speed of reconstruction meant that cumbersome acquisition procedures were out of the question. Landowners went ahead and built as fast as they could and speculators, such as the phenomenal Nicholas Barbon, made fortunes out of swiftly and often shoddily constructed town houses to meet the sudden demand. The result of this dramatic exercise in urban renewal was that London remained, in contrast to even more ancient cities such as Paris and Rome, laid out on an essentially medieval pattern, as indeed it is today. Never was there a megalomaniac despot to pull it all down and start again, or at least there was never one strong enough to stand up to the Corporation of the City of London. The independence of this body from the Crown and Parliament up the river in Westminster has been a continuing feature of London's development. Seventeenth-century London was certainly rebuilt—but as a result of an Act of God and by private, not royal, enterprise.

The next cycle of activity came in the middle decades of the 18th century. The Golden Age of British architecture initiated by the Palladians gradually filtered down to the estate developers and the small builders. The fields round London and Westminster began to fill with sedate Georgian streets and squares, planned now on a geometric basis but swallowing up smaller vil-

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lages on the way. The building acts of the 1770s ushered in the spirit of "improvement," producing ordinary houses from carefully drawn plans —houses so well built that large numbers still stand today. Every building was a work of architecture, with simple builders borrowing freely from the leading designers of the day. The results can be seen from the splendours of Bedford Square (built by a little known architect) to the calm proportions of a typical London mews.

The Napoleonic Wars caused a lull in this development, but the great estates recovered their former vigour in the 1830s as men such as John Nash and William Cubitt pushed north and west out of Westminster. The simplicity and grace of the 18th century gave way to the heady grandeur of Belgrave Square and the Regent's Park terraces. The style and magnificence of a city that was then physically only a century-and-a-half old made it pre-eminent in Europe.

All these periods of expansion, however, were ones of outward growth rather than redevelopment—though Nash did admittedly knock down a large area of the West End for his Regent Street. It was not until the second half of the 19th century that commercial incentive combined with architectural arrogance to persuade Londoners that the old City Centre was not for them. It was in these years that the main thoroughfares of London and Westminster lost their Georgian charm and acquired a newer and grander façade—more suited perhaps to an age of commercial as well as imperial expansion. It was an age of great architectural eclecticism and revivalism; streets such as Fleet Street, the Strand, and Bishopsgate sprouted with Italianate and Gothic revival. Only the oldest and most established institutions survived this aesthetic onslaught on the main streets of the capital—the learned societies, the guilds, and (mercifully) the church. Meanwhile, in the suburbs, the late Victorian building boom really took hold. A quite fantastic number of houses were erected in the 1870s, putting even modern publicly financed housing programmes to shame.

But the final and most dramatic change in the face of London is that which has been taking place over the past two decades. It was initiated by the wartime *Blitz*, which was not unlike the Great Fire in its lack of discrimination and in the opportunities it opened up for radical development. Large areas of London and Westminster were destroyed—neither Church nor monarchy being spared. And although massive and impressive assistance was granted for reconstruction of such monuments as the Wren churches, many fine buildings such as liveried company halls were lost for ever. Today only a tiny handful of the town houses built after the Great Fire still stand within the old City of London. In three hundred years it has all gone.

IT IS EASY to wax hysterical over the history of London's rebuilding since the War. But it is fascinating to examine the comparison between this process and that which took place after the Great Fire. For the parallels are instructive—as are the differences.

As in the 1670s, considerable precedence had to be given to getting roofs over heads as quickly as possible. This meant that relatively little structural alteration took place in street plans—although even after the Great Fire stringent controls existed over the spacing, scale, and methods of construction of the actual buildings. After the War, buildings went up as and when the owners could obtain finance and the necessary planning consents. In 1945, as in 1666, a chronic shortage of labour and materials meant a make-do-and-mend approach, which might well be deplored but to which there was no alternative. And just as Wren and Evelyn dreamed of new baroque layouts for the City, so in 1944 Sir Patrick Abercrombie and his successors dreamed of dramatic new urban motorways and segregated precincts as part of their "London of the future."

The differences, however, were equally important. In the late 17th century, architectural fashions were going through an exciting period. New Renaissance styles, introduced into the country earlier by Inigo Jones, were now becoming widely accepted. Men such as Wren and Gibbs created public buildings whose brilliance and originality have seldom been equalled. And even speculators such as Barbon found in the classical, terraced town house a style whose basis was so graceful and human in scale that from the Manhattan brownstone to the modern neo-Georgian estate it has remained in favour ever since.

It was crucial to the nature of post-Fire development that there should have been ample land for expansion. Despite long-standing restraints on building in the "suburbs" a combination of economic pressures and graft ensured that few areas remained sacrosanct from the developers. Land values, as a result, stayed comparatively low and densities never reached the levels they did—and still do—in more compact cities such as Paris.

After the War, however, it was different. Despite low densities, commercial land values soared, aided by the explosion of metropolitan office development. A four-storey, 19th-century office block destroyed by bombing was naturally replaced, if possible, by one double or treble

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that capacity—although the height of new building remained initially under control.

BUT THE MOST DISASTROUS feature of post-War development was the simple lack of any creditable architectural vernacular. The years between the wars had been ones of almost total barrenness in British architecture. The promise of some of the more advanced Edwardians, such as C. F. A. Voysey and Charles Rennie Mackintosh, never materialised. What building had taken place tended to revert to the neo-classicism of men such as Sir Aston Webb, defacer of Buckingham Palace and Sir Reginald Blomfield, desecrator of Regent Street. As one foreign authority, Jurgen Joedicke, wrote,

> The seeds of modern architecture were sown in Britain—but it was elsewhere on the Continent, in Germany and Italy, that they flowered.

And so when the bombs had done their work, it was the Establishment that took over. No building better typifies its work than the Bank of England annex, built by one Victor Heal across the east side of St. Paul's in the City. It is a long building in a messy neo-Georgian red brick, which winds its way round the Cathedral vista, dominating and enervating a huge area. It is lifeless, unself-confident, and horribly permanent. Where attempts at modernity were made—as at English Electric House in the Strand, or in Oxford Street and Holborn—aesthetics seem to have been forgotten in a welter of plot ratios and reinforced concrete.

Meanwhile, the heart and soul were being ripped out of whole areas such as the alleys north of Fleet Street or the streets and squares of Bloomsbury, simply because no one had the determination to protect them or the imagination to produce stylish or sensitive infilling of the bombed sites. To wander through the back streets of Holborn today is one of the saddest experiences in London. This area was once one of the most vital and attractive in the city and even just before the war it still had immense character. It is now the apotheosis of urban desolation.

IT IS ONLY in the last decade that London's architecture has really begun to get back on to its feet. What might be called the renaissance of British architecture began curiously—but with good historical precedent—with the public authorities. It was the London County Council with their new housing estates and schools, and above all with the Royal Festival Hall who really paved the way. And it has been public institutions of different types that have produced most of the good modern architecture now standing in London: the Royal College of Physicians in Regent's Park, the Hayward Gallery on the South Bank, and the Royal College of Art in Kensington Gore. An American observer, G. E. Kidder Smith, has noted the contrast between public and private patronage in London with some surprise:

> Where the Government or at any rate a select agency like the LCC has been in charge, the building level has been very high; where big business, private wealth and commerce—and above all, speculative builders—are concerned, the picture degenerates into the second-rate or worse.

One has only to look at the modern blocks by the Thames opposite the Tate Gallery to see his point. And were the Shell Centre not so grimly akin to some modern buildings in Moscow, one might regard it as a good argument for an anti-capitalist revolution.

However, it is with the new-found architectural confidence that a wholly novel threat has arisen, quite literally on the horizon. It is the threat to the character of London's existing streets and buildings presented by the visual intrusion of high tower blocks. It is worth emphasising this point, because it is in the use of new materials and techniques of construction—far more radical in their impact than such innovations have ever been before—that the major qualitative distinction lies between the present recreation of London and all previous ones.

In his excellent recent book on *Towns and Townscape*, Thomas Sharp lays great stress on the factors that go to make up a street "view": the balance between variety and consistency in the appearance of a group of buildings and the importance of foci such as public buildings and church spires. And although few people when they look at a street or experience its changing appearance as they move along it are at all conscious of why they like or dislike it, there is no doubt that they can have very strong feelings one way or the other. Just as most visitors to Whitehall or Belgrave Square will say they find them pleasing sights, so few could be found to say anything complimentary about Oxford Street or High Holborn—despite the fact that the architects of buildings in both the latter streets presumably felt their work to be aesthetically satisfactory. People would certainly accept that there is something in the combination of overall perspective and detailed form in a street that "comes off," and which can be ruined by the intrusion of an obstacle to that perspective, or by the use of strange materials, or a clashing style in its building.

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LONDON, as we have seen, developed in such a way that instances can be found of successful townscape from almost every age. And equally important, it contains brilliant if fortuitous examples of the successful amalgamation of styles from different ages in one street. Scraps of Bloomsbury still manage to convey an undiluted atmosphere of Georgian London. Some streets in the City still reek of pure Victorian self-confidence. And Whitehall still presents one of the most outstanding combinations in Europe of different styles blending in a remarkable harmony.

Redevelopment has always possessed the capacity to destroy such consistency, and frequently—particularly in the Victorian period—it has done just that. But the developers used always to operate under severe limitations in this respect. The central area sites on which they worked were usually too small to have too wide an impact; they lacked the techniques that might have enabled them to build high. Indeed, for a long while it was thought that London clay could never support skyscrapers. And the traditional materials of brick, stone and stucco used on façades seldom clashed with one another and could often produce a pleasing textural variety. The only cases of severe visual intrusion tended to be church spires—which by the nature of their design, tended to rise naturally and gracefully over rooftops, emphasising by their tapering shape the solidity of the surrounding buildings.

In the last ten to fifteen years, all this has changed. Commercial pressure has combined with the rapid development of steel construction to secure a relaxation of high building controls. And there has been a total confusion among planning authorities in regulating the siting of the resulting tower blocks. Countless memoranda were produced on the potential threat these developments posed to architectural amenity, and numerous controls exist—including enough "teeth" (in theory) to have put a stop to virtually every tower block now standing. The consequence, however, has been almost worse than if no one had ever suggested "visual intrusion" was any problem. At least London might then have had some exciting skyscraper clusters which might have made it easier to limit high buildings elsewhere.

As it is, there are now few architecturally important streets, squares—or parks—in inner London which are not spoiled by a high building at some point or other. The heart of the Victorian City has inevitably—and excitingly—given way visually to the skyscraper. It is only sad that the authorities did not give way themselves much sooner and with more conviction, forestalling some of the smaller post-war blocks that went up earlier. The area round Holborn is now dominated by the *Mirror* building, Bloomsbury by Centre Point. Regent's Park has lost its wonderful *rus in urbe* atmosphere to the Post Office Tower and the Euston Road development—where the planning authorities ludicrously allowed some tower blocks, but not too many. St James's has New Zealand House. The Vickers Building and the Horseferry Road government complex dominate Whitehall and Westminster. The whole river area is visually desecrated by the monstrous Shell Centre—surely one of the worst pieces of post-war redevelopment in Europe. Georgian Mayfair has been enervated by the Hilton Hotel, devastatingly placed on the axis of Curzon and North and South Audley Streets. Three separate towers dominate the north, north-east, and east views out of Hyde Park. And south across Kensington Gardens now rises the towering block of the government's own Knightsbridge Barracks—designed by Sir Basil Spence, a member of the Royal Fine Arts Commission which explicitly laid down that no tall buildings should be allowed to surround the central parks.

London's planning authorities, whose attitude to high buildings has changed with alarming frequency, perhaps did most damage by believing for a time that, in contrast to American practice, a high building was best seen on its own as "a sort of modern cathedral." This policy was flatly contradictory to any concept of architectural conservation. It has done more to spoil the essential character of large areas, particularly of West London, than centuries of piecemeal redevelopment.

ALL THIS, however, is already part of London's history. What of the future? In the central area of London the rot has set in so determinedly that the quality most demanded of the conservationist is one of realism. The City of London, Holborn, and Westminster east of Trafalgar Square is an urban area of little definite character, save for pockets of superb resistance such as the Inns of Court. The main thoroughfares, still medieval in layout, are a hotch-potch of predominantly late-19th and 20th-century styles almost never cohering to form a street or area of any architectural significance. And even in places where a real London quality does just survive, as in Guildhall Yard or in front of the Royal Exchange, impending demolitions and the intrusion of tower blocks make the likelihood of hopes being dashed all too real. Central London, in short, could never rival Paris or Rome.

What the area does still offer, however, is an

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invaluable museum of national architecture. The Guildhall, St. Stephen's Walbrook, Somerset House, the Temple, the Inns of Court, the City churches and, of course, St. Paul's are all unique monuments of world-wide importance. And London is one of the few cities in northern Europe to have substantial evidence of its Roman fortifications still on the ground and open to view. Although the environmental character of these monuments is largely lost, they remain in themselves heavily protected. The chief battle here will be to save those buildings in the central area which should be part of the museum but at present are not so protected. One current example of this is the City of London Club and other works in Bishopsgate. These buildings tend to be listed by the Ministry of Housing as "Grade 3." They are usually works of architecture which are considered by the experts to be of historic interest but which are insufficiently rare—which usually means insufficiently old—to merit the protection of "Grade 2." A large number of the better Victorian buildings fall into this category —and as a result are fast disappearing from the scene before their true quality has been fully appreciated.

ONE TREMENDOUS BOOST to the preservation of London's architectural heritage in this respect would be for all "Grade 3" listed buildings to be upgraded to "Grade 2"—which means that listed buildings consent would be required before they could be altered or destroyed. This could be done, quite simply, by the stroke of a Ministerial pen. It would not protect absolutely buildings such as those in Bishopsgate—many of which are not listed at all—or all the works of more recent architects like Norman Shaw, but it would at least ensure that public opinion could be mobilised before the demolition men move in. The publication of the Ministry's lists would also help—they are at present only available to be seen on demand.

But if central London must be largely written off from a broader conservationist point of view as a result of the pattern of its post-war development, the same does not go for the rest of the inner area. And it is here that the great battles of the 1970s will be fought.

North and west of Trafalgar Square—in St. James's, Bloomsbury, Mayfair, St. Marylebone, Belgravia, Kensington, Bayswater—there is still some of the finest town architecture in Europe, as indeed there is in corners of all London's traditional inner "suburbs." These areas were developed from the early years of the 18th century and as such were predominantly classical, as opposed to medieval, in conception. Their layout was planned as a unity. Its basis was the urban square, which although derived by Inigo Jones from Italy, was London's most positive and lasting contribution to the history of town planning. Indeed, it was more than just a square. As Sir John Summerson has written of the Earl of Southampton's development of Bloomsbury Square:

> He realised that a square was not enough by itself; it had to be the centre of a residential unit comprising a market or shopping-centre and a number of smaller, less expensive streets. In fact, the whole thing had to have a life of its own.

Equally important was that the individual terraces and ranges of buildings within the pattern were designed to achieve a stylistic consistency. This type of development was by its very nature a fragile one. It depended to a tremendous extent on overall scale and individual proportion. Since the unified terraces were often massive—such as Nash's terraces round Regent's Park—they required correct perspectives for their scale to be appreciated. And even the mildest infilling could be ruinous, as could inadequate maintenance or the intrusion of different materials. (The effect of the Victorian terra cotta surrounds added to the Georgian windows in Russell Square is an ample illustration of this point.)

This basic type of development once covered the whole of the inner London area, excluding only its medieval core and some of the outlying villages such as St. Marylebone or Kensington. It was clearly too much to hope that it should survive intact; the commercial development of the main thoroughfares out of the city was inevitable since the old densities on these streets made them quite uneconomic. And indeed, it is perhaps remarkable that between these main thoroughfares so much has survived. One of the most surprising and delightful experiences of any modern city must be to walk through the almost rural village streets between Montpelier Square and Brompton Oratory—not a hundred yards from Harrods and not fifty, on either side, from the two main roads west out of London.

NEIGHBOURHOODS such as these are the quintessential London. By their grace and style, the Georgian and early Victorian areas possess precisely the qualities not only most needed as an escape from the glass and concrete heart of the capital, but also most sought after by tourists eager for cities that have not succumbed totally to the inhuman scale of so much modern development. They are qualities cities must possess if, over the next decades, they are not to see a perpetual flight of population to the seclusion of the suburbs and the country. What can be done to preserve them?

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Existing "historic buildings" legislation provides protection—as in the central area—for most of the finest buildings, and for the set pieces such as Bedford Square. The surviving Georgian houses in neighbourhoods such as Mayfair and St. James's are mostly protected. And schemes such as Nash's Regent's Park and Carlton House Terraces are assured by the good work done on them by the Crown Estates Commissioners—too late, but better late than never. But the problem is, of course, not just to *preserve* individual buildings, but to *conserve* neighbourhoods, where they are still within reach of conservation.

Here a crucial first step was taken in 1967 with the Civic Amenities Act. It set out in legislative form the concept of a "conservation area," to be delineated by the local planning authority. These should be areas of "special architectural or historic interest, the character or appearance of which it is desirable to preserve or enhance." When an application is made for planning permission in *or near* (my italics) a conservation area, the proposal must be advertised and any consequent representations taken into account before the application is determined. Local authorities are also able to give grants and spend money on the rehabilitation and maintenance of listed buildings in a conservation area.

ALTHOUGH SOME IMPACT of this new awareness can be seen—for instance, in the brilliant restoration of Westbourne Terrace in Bayswater—the Act cannot yet be regarded as a success. Although the requirements on publicity are a useful advance they give the conservationist cause no real teeth, and in the formal sense they make no difference to controls already in existence. Conservation areas so far designated in central London are still being knocked about. And when, as so often happens, the local authority is basically sympathetic towards the intentions of the developer, there is little incentive for anyone to worry too much about observing the spirit as well as the letter of the Act.

Nor can much assistance be expected from the Central Government when that body is as susceptible to bureaucratic pressure as it showed itself to be over the destruction of Carlton Mews—and when its own Ministry of Works so regularly offends against the Government's own conservation legislation. The leering dominance of the Knightsbridge Barracks over the Park and over the Montpelier Square district, and the proposed destruction of the west end of Whitehall, are absolute classics of the type of development the Civic Amenities Act was intended to prevent. They might almost form its frontispiece. Yet the Ministry of Works is subject to no outside sanction in these matters, acting as it does as the privileged agent of the Crown.

So often in the case of the destruction of environment by public authorities and institutions, the only recourse can be to a better-informed public opinion—opinion that is prepared both to bring political pressure to bear on those concerned and to foot what may often be considerable sums in compensation. It is remarkable how far the public is already prepared to go to retain, for instance, works of great art such as the Leonardo cartoon for the nation, and yet appears totally apathetic about the disappearance of the uniquely English art that is enshrined in so many London buildings.

BUT SINCE CONSERVATION is a constructive as well as a preservationist process, a substantial share of the responsibility must fall on the architectural profession. British architects, as I have suggested, cannot be proud of the city they have created out of the ruins of the War, whatever the financial and resource constraints within which they were operating. Part of the problem has been the almost ideological zest for "comprehensive redevelopment"—arch-enemy of conservation. Not only is it the laziest form of rebuilding, but it has been bolstered by the eternal desire of architects and their clients to erect monuments to themselves, aided by the sudden development of new construction techniques. The desolation created by Sir William Holford round St. Paul's, or at Stag Place, Victoria, or at the Elephant & Castle, should be an object lesson to the next generation of architects and planners. That no one now wants to shop in such soulless and unvariegated surroundings is one of the most encouraging signs of the vitality of modern Londoners.

THE GREATEST FAILING of modern architecture has been, quite simply, its inability to cope imaginatively and sensitively with small sites. "Piecemeal redevelopment," which was the traditional way in which a central London street renewed itself without necessarily losing its scale or character, has almost become a dirty word. Although excellent examples abound in the provinces, it is almost impossible to walk the streets of London and find good examples of sensitive infilling. Indeed examples of human-scale modern buildings in general are few and far between. Even buildings such as New Zealand House, excellent on their own terms, fail dismally when they reach the ground floor. Where the Georgian and even the Victorian architect concentrated his attention to scale and to visual detail at the street level,

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New Zealand House produces a windswept rush round the corner from the Haymarket into Pall Mall. One can only remark with praise on Hammersmith Council's ability to produce intimate flats in almost Tudor proportions at Reperton Road in Fulham, and on such quiet exercises in imaginative infilling as the Hille Showrooms in Albemarle Street or Tom Kay's ingeniously designed house tacked on to the end of Kensington Place. But the general picture makes one long, at times, for architects to take up Batey Langley's 18th-century pattern books and to start again from the beginning.

For London is threatened by an assault on her physical character which is of a wholly different order from those that have happened before. It might be argued that the recent buildings of Richard Seifert, which are coming to dominate the London scene even more than did those of John Nash, are no less outrageous to traditional styles than were the Italian imports of Inigo Jones in the 17th century. Jones' buildings, however, were still based on the Renaissance respect for the proportions of the human form. They introduced a variety that blended both in scale and in materials with their surroundings; and they did not tower over whole areas. Seifert's Centre Point, on Tottenham Court Road, is a piece of 20th-century sculpture —of considerable merit—which nonetheless comes like a slap in the eye down the length of Brook Street a mile away. Such buildings may have their place, but it is not here.

The Danish planner, Steen Rasmussen, in his brilliant book *London: the Unique City*, remarked that London's special quality lay in its scale. It is this scale we are now in danger of losing, and which we must preserve at all costs. For it is that which makes London such a supremely agreeable place to live.

Scotsborough

In the mornings, the mist would rise like ivy from the
Smoking clay; would grow in size, and in coldness
And in silence
Was heavier than air, and moved downward to the sea
There it hung in mournful purity, diluted by a cold sun
There it shifted in silent apathy among the shadows of the streets
Or searched for hand holds on the dripping walls

It lingered in bruised silence like thought-forms
It held things, and they glowed like white ember
Dissolved car radiators

It was not in any sense like the mist in Kent apple orchards
Winding among hop-poles
Like self love—
Those mists were like the souls of trees

This was leaf and tissue. It held among other things
Spider webs like long flowing beards; the sonorous
Chant of dripping water. This came into our valleys
Fleecy like Welsh, breeding houses as fear (we are told)
Breeds associations. It transformed the village to a pale negative
Drained of colour but not of form
If it touched walls, they turned to ash, to white dust
And were gone

Warwick Collins

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AUTHORS & CRITICS

Dr. Darlington's provocative work

The Genetic Approach to World History

By Max Beloff

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD after much heart-searching and debate has committed itself to a new honour school in the "Human Sciences." It is an interesting commentary on the superficiality of the protagonists of this scheme that history does not appear among the "human sciences." For either Professor Darlington is right in his belief that the evolution of man and the evolution of society are a single story, and that history which takes no account of man's biological nature is deprived of some of its essential clues to understanding, or he is wrong in which case no bridge between the natural and the social sciences is possible at all. For if we cannot understand the past how can we explain the present or predict the future, and how can we above all claim to understand enough of man and his environment to plan for either?

An historian with no claims to a scientific training is, of course, bound to accept the basic genetic contentions of Dr. Darlington just as Dr. Darlington in his long and endlessly fascinating work[1] has been bound to accept the conclusions of historians and archaeologists as well as those of other relevant scientific disciplines. All he can do is to ask whether there is in the historical record anything which Dr. Darlington wrongly omits or clearly misinterprets; and one should add that few historians themselves can profess a similar range of reference. For myself I can only say that where Dr. Darlington treads on ground with which I am more or less familiar I find it difficult to deny the relevance of the insights that he derives from the genetical approach.

It is after all difficult to refute his main contention, that history deals with human groups and human beings and that the one certain thing about human beings is that each of them has two parents. Whatever may ultimately be added to our knowledge of the origins of species or of the main groupings into which humanity divides, it is obvious that physical descent from one generation to another is the inescapable pre-condition of there being human societies at all. Human breeding is, therefore, central to society and differences in breeding patterns a matter of primary concern to the student of human societies past and present. It is therefore quite natural that all the great religions should have paid so much attention to the subject in "incest tabus" and so forth.

HUMAN HISTORY is, consequently, largely determinded by the interaction of peoples, genetically defined, with their environment and with other human groups through the migrations and conquests, the displacement of one people by another or their superimposition, leading to hybridisation with its frequent stimulus to cultural innovation or to some version of what we now call *apartheid*, in which case the Empire thus created is unlikely to be durable. For as Mr. Gladstone once remarked (on the basis of a narrower range of historical and scientific knowledge than that available to Dr. Darlington): "No conquest has ever been permanent unless followed by an amalgamation. . . ."

Nevertheless, this view of history and the nature of the social theory that results from it are neither of them likely to receive a warm welcome in the present intellectual climate. They challenge not so much the facts as seen by historians of this or that epoch but the framework of assumptions of most of the liberal intelligentsia of the West. Dr. Darlington's view of history stresses what they would rather forget and is pessimistic for reasons quite different from theirs.

IN THE FIRST PLACE, Dr. Darlington's work reminds one of the importance of groups, particularly breeding-groups (which is to say races), while the current fashion is to emphasise the individual. The critics will fasten on the negative aspects of this belief in the conclusions that Dr. Darlington draws from his view that "throughout history all cities have been based on the assortment of races and classes and we cannot doubt that they always will be." One is that "racial discrimination has a genetic basis with a large instinctive and irrational component" and that therefore though it may be modified by education or economic processes "it cannot be suppressed by law."

A perhaps even more disturbing conclusion is that the institutions and beliefs of one culture can only affect another through genetical admixture and that conquest leading to such admixture has been the main source of cultural and institutional progress. Where this is prevented, for instance by the success of the modern anti-colonial movement, regression is likely and

[1] *The Evolution of Man and Society*. By C. D. DARLINGTON. Allen & Unwin, 70s.

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will continue until biological evolution working through its normal instruments of "war, famine, and disease" takes over and produces some new and productive form of stratification; as it is now

> the colonised and genetically stratified societies are, as always, advancing faster than the uncolonised or decolonised and unstratified societies. The developed countries are developing faster than the undeveloped countries. Africa is moving no longer towards but once more away from Europe.

One could however point equally well to the positive side of Dr. Darlington's thesis, namely the fact that the pool of human genes is complete, and that any further developments must come from the interactions between existing groups or the hybrids they may yet produce. Since we cannot predict what strain may prove most valuable the important thing is to preserve as many as possible. Any group that disappears either through massacre or through exposure to diseases or other adverse factors with which it cannot learn to cope in time is a net loss to humanity.

The strength of the human race lies in the multiplicity of its components and current thinking which regards its members as interchangeable takes no account of fundamentals. On the other hand, Dr. Darlington sees it as natural that groups should live side by side in the same societies and specialise in their economic and social roles. So far from it being an anomaly that the Asians in East Africa should specialise in trade and the African peoples themselves be divided between pastoralists and agriculturalists, he suggests that this is normal in civilised life, and that the hereditary association of human groups with particular crafts and skills goes back to the earliest times and is a constant feature of all civilisations. As he shows, the destruction of such a group or its expulsion does not simply mean that the other people can take over its role; the role may just not be performed and society may slide backwards as a result of measures taken in the name of racial or religious or national absolutism.

Dr. Darlington's second offence from the point of view of modern conventional wisdom is the relatively low importance that such a genetical view of history ascribes to the economic factor and to the notion of class divisions based upon it. The important thing becomes not the "means of production" themselves with social and political organisation as a mere "superstructure" but the groups that acquire or inherit particular techniques, and the ability of other groups to use their superiority as warriors, priests, or bureaucrats to establish a social order in which they can acquire and retain the rights to participate in the product of the economic order. Thus the lament of men like Milovan Djilas that the ruling bureaucracies of the modern Communist states are seeking to form a ruling caste or a "new class" is to make assumptions about the possibility of a wholly fluid social order which has no possible roots in man's genetic or psychic make-up.

Much of modern sociology which seeks to explain the inegalitarian nature of human societies as an artificial deviation from a norm is thus seen to be utopian rather than scientific in its foundations. In every individual case we have to return to the genetical composition of the population in question and to its relations with the environment and in particular to the two most formidable aspects of the environment—food (or the lack of it) and disease. Here the human geneticists link up with the students of the plant and animal kingdoms. The human map of the world is only understandable in relation to the limitations set by climate and the carriers of disease. The fact once again that dietary and hygienic prescriptions figure so largely in the laws of most religions is not without significance. On the other hand, while these laws may help to preserve peoples within their original environment they may also limit their expansion. Christianity which was laxer in these matters than Judaism or Islam was also more adaptable since the condemnation of polygamy, which was distinctive of it, could be modified by its large-scale toleration of concubinage particularly in the Christian Middle Ages.

Islam and the Arabs could only advance through conquest which acted as a stimulant to cultural development only when the conquerors could "hybridise" with something valuable in the peoples conquered. Islam itself set bounds to the process:

> . . . the austere prohibitions so suitable for a poor pastoral people could not attract or convert the sophisticated and civilised and settled peoples already possessing unimagined luxuries. The prohibition of wine limited expansion into Europe with the richest vineyards in the world. The prohibition of the pig barred the way into China where pork is a necessity of life. The prohibition of dancing could never find favour with the Negro peoples of Africa to whom, by racial character, dancing is the natural bond of society.

As if it were not enough to have affronted the Marxists and the egalitarians, Dr. Darlington also challenges the view that history itself is a story of progress in terms of man's control over his environment. On the contrary, the current reaction against the destruction of natural resources and the pollution of air, water and soil is put into a context in which man's concern for immediate returns and his unawareness of

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or indifference to the long-term consequences is long-standing. Deforestation with all its climatic consequences and the growth of deserts are commonplaces of history.

> Every new source from which man has increased his power on the earth has been used to damage the prospects of his successors. All his progress has been made at the expense of damage to his environment which he cannot repair and could not foresee.

The lessons of the past do not encourage optimism about the future. To give the scientists and technologists a free hand in the name of economic growth may bring terrible retribution.

It is, therefore, clear that much of the criticism that Dr. Darlington's ideas are bound to generate is not the product of scholarly dissent from his ideas but of an unwillingness to face their implications for social and political theory. If the past is as he describes it we cannot talk about the present or future in the language we do. In this respect, Dr. Darlington has plenty of precursors in the history of science from Galileo to Darwin and Freud. But one should not proceed from one's impatience with the critics to accept without question every aspect of Dr. Darlington's analysis or even its theoretical basis at the level to which he has brought it in this work.

THE TROUBLE WITH the genetical approach like that with so many other alleged "keys to history" is that it explains too much, so that one comes to ask whether it can in fact be used to explain anything in particular. Sometimes one wonders whether we do not need some clarification as to the rapidity with which genetical intermixture can change the inheritance of societies and groups and of the extent to which it is possible to talk of skills or proclivities or temperaments as being inherited in the same way as physical characteristics such as cranial formation or pigmentation. No doubt men can only build upon what they inherit. But when we talk of the inheritance of a skill do we mean that a man possesses it irrespective of nurture or merely that he learns it from his parents and thus appears to have inherited it? Doesn't the genetical approach conceal an element of metaphor?

Dr. Darlington suggests that the reforms of Solon and Cleisthenes by the protection they gave to the artisan

> increased still further the attraction of Athens for craftsmen and traders from all over the Greek world and outside it. They even allowed a stream of selected talent to flow into Athenian society by liberation from the large number of slaves in the population.

The decisive switch given to Athenian development "resulted after the two or three generations which the possibilities of breeding lead one to expect in the golden age of Athenian achievement." By contrast, the ineradicable inbreeding of the Spartan governing class made it inflexible and incapable of recruitment so its numbers fell disastrously.

On the other hand, as Dr. Darlington points out, there have been many successful societies and classes which have practised inbreeding; so we come to the explanation that "decline in all societies is connected not with inbreeding or outbreeding as such but with a switch from one to the other." If a society practices inbreeding then it must not eliminate internal competition through the selected admission of outsiders within the pale. This is what the Venetian ruling group did in 1297 and the decline of Venice followed.... Certainly; but *when* did it follow? It was over two centuries later that the new conditions arose which Venice found it hard to exploit in her favour, and even then the Republic's history had some dramatic and heroic pages in store before its disappearance. The time-scale has been altered.

Even so, provided one keeps the argument about creativity and enterprise in very general terms one must be impressed with the importance of keeping the genetic factor in mind. It is when the argument becomes particular that one's suspicions are more aroused. Dr. Darlington is attracted by the case of the Mamelukes and of their success as a ruling caste so long as they were recruited afresh from "its equalitarian foundations in the slave-market." But he goes on: "if profiting from their success they married and bred, having no women of their own war-like race, they begot worthless progeny...." What is a war-like race? Does Dr. Darlington imply that if they had been found "Circassian" brides from the slave-market to breed from, their progeny would have had the qualities of their parents? The issue is not an academic one, or was not; for much Imperial policy, notably British policy in India, was based upon the assumption that there are war-like and non-war-like peoples.... Is this distinction genetical?

Dr. Darlington makes much use of Jewish history in his argument, which is understandable since for all the lacunae in Jewish history it is the longest and most detailed that we have for any human group. The State of Israel is, as Dr. Darlington points out, genetically differentiated and may for some time largely continue so. But what its component strands have in common is the ability of their ancestors to survive through the "ability to fit into societies from which they were racially excluded." In so doing, they filled different but usually specialised roles. Nowhere was this role a military one. Yet within a generation or two, one has a

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people whose most obvious characteristic is a formidable power of making war—so that professional Israeli instructors in the military art are now to be found as far away as Singapore. Which is the war-like race, the Jews or the Chinese?

Next only to Jewish history, Dr. Darlington regards the Huguenots and their descendants as a great repository of evidence about the importance of the genetical factor. For their fortunes can be traced both at home in France where they remained a "useful but not very remarkable section of society" and also in migration.... And for Dr. Darlington the "brain-drain" is another constant, from ancient Sumer onwards, of human societies whether produced by expulsion or by the search for greater opportunities.

In migration some Huguenots continued to interbreed, others outbred with the host peoples:

> So far as they remained inbred, they introduced and developed their manufactures of glass and metalwork, technical achievements contributing to a new growth of industry. Yet outbred, they yielded over a period of six generations outstanding new individuals in every field of activity and culture.

Yet this outbreeding was clearly with Protestant elements of perhaps a not very different stock. One should outbreed then, but not too much. How does one know what is the right degree? Only by the results. It is rather reminiscent of Arnold Toynbee's "challenge and response" whose limitations were so conclusively demonstrated by the late Pieter Geyl.

THERE IS ALSO the temptation of suggesting that where a society is divided, the lines of division must correspond to some genetical difference. For instance, Dr. Darlington rightly points out how stratified English society was before, and even more after, the Norman Conquest. The Norman Baronage (by his own account) having secured their privileges used them to inbreed, with the result that after the marriage of lords to heiresses (and heiresses, then as later, are suspect as being the outcome of sterility in the male line) lands were concentrated into fewer and fewer hands, so that the Wars of the Roses almost destroyed the entire caste. But if that is the case then the England of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries must have seen a good deal of intermixture between the different strata in the population. And if that is so, and Dr. Darlington assures us that it is, then it is hard to see why he should assume that a *genetic* factor entered into the ultimate choice between King and Parliament in the Civil War. Certainly he gives no evidence to show that this was so, and one could assemble a good deal of evidence to the contrary.

One's doubts are still harder to remove when one comes from what might be called macro-theory to micro-theory. Over and above his general interest in human societies and groups, Dr. Darlington is particularly interested in the history of dynasties which have provided humanity's rulers for most of our recorded history. How to keep power without sharing it or raising up supplanters? This has been crucial to all dynasties. The two usual expedients have been close inter-breeding such as the brother and sister marriages of Ptolemaic Egypt and the employment of eunuchs. The former has physical consequences even in its less extreme forms; the latter is unsafe because eunuchs can also hope to perpetuate power through collaterals. The only healthy monarchical system was that of the early and high Middle Ages when Kings could take brides from royal families from a wide range of countries from Scotland to Kievan Russia. The Tartar and Turkish conquests and the Reformation cut down the range of choice, and the fate of the Habsburgs shows what inbreeding can do.

Dynastic practices, in turn, may affect the wider society. Byzantium practised the cult of eunuchism and thus deprived society of the genetic inheritance of able men in every generation. The clerical "celibacy" of the West which did not prevent churchmen from having progeny but only from having legitimate progeny was more effective; a non-hereditary ruling group with a career open to the talents was created, and was still to contribute to society's genetical make up. It is only when vows of chastity are taken seriously that society suffers.

IT IS CLEAR THAT considerations of this kind are too often overlooked especially in the standard treatises on (for instance) European medieval history, written as they are even in modern Universities by men with monkish lenses, who concentrate on doctrine and institutions at the expense of living and disconcerting reality. To read Dr. Darlington makes one want to do one's history over again and to ask one's colleagues whether they can controvert from fact such generalisations as that "equal fusion of unequal races, genetically and ecologically contrasted races, never occurs"; to ask what happens to much of modern sociology and economics (*e.g.*, development economics) when the genetical factors are abstracted.

If "human sciences" meant more of this kind of thing, one's scepticism might be less profound. This is an important book but perhaps a dangerous one. If there were an "*X*" certificate for books, I am not sure I should not want to apply it here. In the hands of some popularisers it might tend to corrupt. For the adult reader it is not to be overlooked.

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LETTERS

Writers & Publishers

If Mr. Matthew Corrigan thinks that the hubristic publisher's editor is a new phenomenon, he may reflect that long after Byron was established as the most eminent (and profitable) of English authors, John Murray took advantage of his residence abroad to cut from his plays, without even seeking his permission, crucial lines which might be thought to offend the orthodox.

However, I do see what Mr. Corrigan means ["Malcolm Lowry, New York Publishing and the New Illiteracy," Encounter, July]. I only doubt if the American author is entirely the blameless victim he believes. Within my limited observation, there seems today a fatal tendency to confide, to seek reassurance from the editor, and often the agent too, about work in progress. I do not think Lowry was exceptional in this; writers do it who live quite gregarious lives. If an editor gets from one of his authors a long synopsis of his new book, a statement of its aims, and several draft chapters, he can hardly be blamed for assuming that his advice is sought, not only on the book's aesthetic in which the author must have lost his way, but on its commercial prospects. He will answer accordingly, and he is not infallible.

Perhaps unintentionally, Mr. Corrigan leaves an impression that publishers are forcing authors to submit unfinished work for scrutiny. I can only say that from the outset of my writing life, I have never given any information whatsoever about any book of mine, even its general subject, till I was ready to start the fair copy; and the fair copy is the only thing I have ever shown. If this has caused inconvenience, no publisher has ever put pressure on me to change my methods. I must take it therefore that if writers find their confidence sapped by editorial comment at a sensitive stage of the work, they have brought it upon themselves.

Mr. Corrigan seems himself to regard a writer's being alone with his creation as a traumatic experience, like being marooned in outer space. He says of Lowry "He was indeed isolated" (yet he had a loyal and perceptive confidante), "he was not a member of an intellectual coterie" (good for him; coterie life is usually a substitution of talk for work). Why must the writer keep grabbing for support, like a learner on a bicycle who dares not trust himself to his own centre of gravity? No one else in the world can know at what fellow human, *semblable et frère*, the work he has conceived is aimed, and he should have more sense than to ask for the information. One novelist I know has certain knowledge that his most successful book, both critically and commercially, would never have been written had he first consulted his English publisher, who on reading the *ms.* begged him earnestly not to do this kind of thing again.

Perhaps more in America than elsewhere, but probably everywhere, writers have compromised their own freedom by failing to accept that the companionship they seek must be bought at the price of solitude. The fellowship of minds, earned by the finished work, is their essential need; and only disaster can result from their sitting down on the way to reach for substitutes.

Mary Renault

Cape Town

Tiger's Reply

Miss Kathleen Nott's reply [Encounter, January] to my article "The Dangers of Finding Something Out" is not very helpful. It was not my claim that social scientists should ignore questions of morality and artfulness; and it is simply incorrect for Miss Nott to suggest that "... social scientists don't know or largely ignore... questions of morals and art." In fact, my argument was just the reverse of this: that social scientists have paid such attention to these very questions of morality and aesthetics or style between communities that they have overlooked some broad similarities which may reflect biological infrastructure of human life. One of these regularities is that humans create moral structures, which are also amenable to classification and analysis. A special characteristic of the human is precisely this propensity to create moralities, to define style, to pursue art. It is splendidly illogical to claim, as Miss Nott does, that the differences between humans and animals is that humans are moral—that in other words morality is a characteristic of the species—and then say this same morality proves we are not animals. Miss Nott suggests we are arguing about the definition of what is human. Not only is that now a supremely boring and anciently repetitive question, it is also a non-question. There is only one human species, and that is that. The real question is: what kinds of behaviour does this species show, what regularities, what divergences are there, and how is this behaviour generated, expressed, and modified.

It is unclear why Miss Nott objects to my effort to suggest that sexual differences in *Homo sapiens* may extend beyond the simple mechanical facts of reproduction. If anything reduces humans to "animals" it is this assertion of the limited and miserable view that we live by bed alone as males and females, and that there are no other real differences of consequence between the sexes. Aside from the empirical fact that in all cultures males and females engage in extensively different careers as people, surely one is entitled to consider the possibility that sexual equality need not rest on the premise that males and females are the same. If we are indeed the moral creatures Miss Nott thinks, then presumably we are capable of treating men and women equally even though we recognise that in certain respects they differ, just as in others they are similar. There is no reason whatever for females to have to compete as men in a male-oriented and dominated world when in fact everything we see around us suggests that most women have children, and yet have some interests in the labour force, in

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politics, etc., which they are routinely prevented from pursuing in any formal and systematic way in part because the community makes no special provisions for women. A simple example is the nature of the work week. There is no reason whatever why a full work week should be confined to the male-oriented pattern and why women with young should not be able to be full-time employees with pension, seniority (and *moral* rights in a job) even though they may at certain stages of their lives wish to or be able to work only one or two days.

This need have nothing to do with biology. But nonetheless as a practical and scientific approach to social phenomena biology may help encourage a broader secular competence coupled with a clearer notion of what is sacred about the encounter of human beings with their community. That is why I considered the possibility of a new form of medieval moral structure of interdependence—of which our current fuss about Pollution may be a real and metaphorical indication—which can be abetted by a searching appraisal of what kind of animals we are.

One understands the fears this may inspire. I was not myself prepared for the extent of confusion which can be generated by discussing Sociology and Biology—many people thought that my writings (and some others which try to come to terms with similar issues) are essentially or potentially "racist" documents. Aside from the ease with which this can become a handy smear tactic, it also assumes (*a*) that biology is in the state it was during the fulminations of the Social Darwinists (who were not particularly social, and were certainly not Darwinists), and (*b*) that races are analytically the same as sexes, which is just ignorant. Invoking the Nazis, as Miss Nott does, is appropriate in one sense, but inaccurate in another. The Nazis didn't *know* biology; they used some neo-biological fancies to justify what they were going to do anyway—as other societies have done who never heard of biology. The whole effort of contemporary biology is to assert the stupidity of using the term "race" in any other serious sense than the cosmetic, and to affirm the systematic interplay of the components of the living system—and this includes all of us. It is also another measure of the reality and promise of our moral imagination.

LIONEL TIGER

New York City

Mindless in California, Half Baked . . .

By Michael Livingston

YOU CERTAINLY OWE your readers some kind of an explanation for that mystifying document which you published from that young Harvard man, Richard Hyland, under the title of "In Defence of Terrorism" (ENCOUNTER, April, p. 30).

I am quite aware, as a regular reader, that you have over the years tried to do your share of reportage and analyses of this phenomenon. But in the end even the most alert and attentive student of the problem must, on occasion—as I am, at this moment—be overcome with astonishment and bewilderment. Whence this tidal wave of political puerility, cultural nihilism, infantile amorality? The University which sustained this young man and presumably influenced him (if not, why not?) must be something of a degenerated educational institution, a School for Barbarians, if one judges by the ideas which jerk helplessly in this adolescent mind.

> "I have learned only two things in my four years at Harvard. The first is that an equally intelligent, rational, and valid argument can be made on all sides of any question from any and all premises. The second is that those arguments have no relationship to anything but themselves. . . ."

For all his implied criticisms of Harvard in his ENCOUNTER article on "The Vulnerability of the U.S. University" (July), Professor Oscar Handlin never went far enough to account for all the little monsters that have been crawling out of the campus bushes. Who indeed has gone far enough, deep enough, subtly enough?

I appreciate the force of the psychiatric analysis which Professor Bruno Bettelheim has offered ("Obsolete Youth," September 1969). And the case of Richard Hyland documents it: "What has happened to our generation is that we never got what we wanted. . . . We don't want any part of the whole civilisation. It might be necessary to go back two hundred years and start again." But is Bettelheim enough? I go most of the way with Sidney Hook in his critique of the nihilism which is the centre of "The Ideology of Violence" (ENCOUNTER, April 1970). Or, as Hyland puts it, "blowing up buildings can show that you're serious. . . . Terrorism could help restore the understanding of transcendence. . . . The very virtue of terrorism, in fact, is that it allows a spontaneous release of frustrations. . . ." But is Hook enough? I found much relevant illumination in the parallel which Norman Cohn drew between the pitiful primitives of ecstatic simplism in several centuries ("The Ranters," April 1970). And Hyland and his classmates want nothing more than to join hands in a circle in Harvard Square, to sing and dance among fancied sacred ruins: "Only then will we be able to plant trees and flowers all over our woes, and begin again. . . ." Yet surely Professor Cohn digni-

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fies this when he thinks of it in the perspective of *The Pursuit of the Millennium*. It is more like crawling on all fours towards the nearest Maypole, But perhaps our intellectual critics are needlessly pointing their big philosophical, psychological, and anthropological guns at little creepy-crawlies which are never quite big enough to be in their line of fire. I have just been reading the interview with Mr. Hyland which *The New York Times Sunday Magazine* recently published (7 June) on the occasion of that world-shattering academic event, namely, his graduation from Harvard with the class of '70. He remains preoccupied with the problem of violence and terrorism, but he is still not sure (after all, he might have to make a *rational* decision about this!) whether it is such an absolute necessity that he personally must commit himself. His qualms are truly touching:

Nonnegotiable

Isms

The liberal is your true undying friend,
But disagree with him and that's the end.

The radical, however, claims no friend
Except his catechism, which can bend.

In the revolution there are always cracks:
The Communists killed Trotsky with an ax.

The guns of the Idealists are red-hot:
Whoso commits nonviolence is shot.

There are no Ghettos

There are no ghettos in America;
There are plenty of slums and heartbroken cities
But no ghettos. Ghettos had law and honour
And cleanliness. Ghettos lived by the Book
And when the soldiers came, died by the Book.
Let's get the language straight;
Let's be done with this defilement of language;
Let's be done with criminal "humanists"
And poets who hire out for hate.

Sestina: of the Militant Vocabulary

The first word you must know is relevant,
The qualifier of experience.
Relevant experience of the revolution,
For instance, trains you to confront the pigs,
The first defence line of the power structure,
Which guards insidiously the Establishment.

What we are after is the Establishment,
Which acts as if we are not relevant
And forces us to wreck the power structure.
This confrontation is an experience
Not only for the people but for the pigs
Whom we'll win over in the revolution.

When we make love we make the revolution,
As war is made by the Establishment,
For in our confrontation with the pigs
We prove to them that they're irrelevant
And immaterial to the experience,
Which in itself can wreck the power structure.

The military-industrial power structure,
A major target of the revolution,
Must also be a sexual experience.
To expose the symbols of the Establishment
Expose yourself—it's highly relevant
And absolutely petrifies the pigs.

In our utopia there will be no pigs
And no remains of any power structure
Except what we decide is relevant;
And what is relevant but revolution?
We spell the death of the Establishment,
Which will probably welcome the experience.

Meanwhile, experience the experience;
Demand, demand, and overwhelm the pigs
Till we in fact are the Establishment
And constitute a groovy power structure.
Remember the slogan of the revolution:
Now is forever; Now is relevant.

While pigs perpetuate the power structure,
Baby, be relevant to the revolution
Till we experience the Establishment.

Karl Schapiro
in ESQUIRE MAGAZINE (*New York*)

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"... I've never been involved in anything like that, in killing people, or creating situations in which people might be killed.... I don't know if I'm ready for that. But we had to learn from Cleaver that the only thing the Panthers could do was use guns.... So I don't want to say it's *necessary*, because if you really believe in something you do it."

But for projects short of murder he can still be had. He was one of the leaders of the so-called "trashing" of Harvard Square in April. He still, after all his years in Cambridge, Mass., can't get over the fact that there are banking institutions in the town ("Think of that—*five banks* in Harvard Square..."); and he still recommends that all the windows be broken and the places be all set on fire.

As I say, I remain baffled, even after the ideological explanations of Richard Lowenthal (pointing to misbegotten Marxian heresies), and the sociological explanations of Robert K. Nisbet (pinning it all on the pampered brats of the white middle classes), and the academic explanations of Oscar Handlin (pubertarian know-nothingism run wild), and the historical explanations of Melvin J. Lasky (analysing the recurrence of the Prometheans, the Doomsday Metaphysicians, the Sweet Dreamers, and the prisoners of the Revolutionary Metaphor).

Perhaps the explanation, in the case of Hyland, is simpler. I should have suspected it, but there it was in the *New York Times*. The boy comes from—*California*. As he movingly recalls, "There is so much sun and people were really very happy." A mindless child of California, half baked in the sun.

"I didn't have any exposure to all the usual humanist ideas. I had read six books before I came to Harvard. I still don't read much. I've never gotten the reading habit..."

Six books! Why search further—in the psyche, or the class conditioning, or in repressed religious longings? The answer, to paraphrase Samuel Johnson, may well be very simple indeed—sheer ignorance.

Know-nothingness is a bottomless pit.

MICHAEL LIVINGSTON

Oxford

In Defence of Psychiatry

By J. P. M. Tizard

PROFESSOR HENRY MILLER has something in common with Mr. Richard Gordon: each is a doctor who is also a prolific, elegant and entertaining writer. I can curl up (as much as my low back pain will allow) in an armchair with Henry Miller's latest essay with as great and as justified anticipation of enjoyment as I would with Mr. Gordon's newest novel.

In respect of his recent *jeu d'esprit*, "The Abuse of Psychiatry," [ENCOUNTER, May] his opinions are certainly shared by many doctors, but it would be a mistake to suppose that they are generally accepted by the medical profession.

His attitude is perhaps most clearly revealed in the penultimate paragraph with his reference to the unimportance of low back pain; it gives the impression that he is one of those doctors who have little time for those suffering from conditions they cannot understand. In the same paragraph Professor Miller suggests that individuals with less serious psychiatric symptoms, as those with low back pains, should be told to pull themselves together and get on with their jobs. From a practical point of view, this sturdy British common sense advice may well be correct: it is not so much that these patients have nothing requiring psychiatric (or medical) treatment, but rather that the majority of doctors do not know how to treat them. Nevertheless, there is "something wrong" with these patients; their complaints deserve serious study; and the victims, in the absence of more effective therapy, at least merit sympathy.

Similarly, Professor Miller may well be correct in advocating a "convenient, common sense disposal" by society of thieves and swindlers, but to do so on the grounds that most of them are not irresponsible victims of mental disease begs the question of Professor Miller's definition of that term. Let me put it the other way round and ask Professor Miller if he would regard the majority of thieves and swindlers as mentally healthy.

Professor Miller's analysis of the abuse of psychiatry seems to boil down to four complaints against psychiatrists:

1. that they do not always diagnose organic disease presenting with mental symptoms;
2. that they interfere with the administration of justice—as that term is usually understood;
3. that they are scientifically unsound; and
4. that they pontificate about normal human behaviour, interpersonal relations, and ultimately world affairs.

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There is certainly some substance to all these complaints. To the first two Professor Miller, apparently unwittingly, suggests in his article a neat solution; the third raises the problem of the extent to which psychiatry in its very nature can be a science like, for instance, physics; as to the fourth, some psychiatrists, like some neurologists, are guilty of pontificating, but it is hardly fair to single them out for this charge.

In the first paragraph of his article Professor Miller defines psychiatry as neurology without physical signs; in his second and third, he bemoans the fact that the practice of psychiatry in Britain has been isolated from that of general medicine—especially neurology. The answer is simple enough: this kind of psychiatrist—the practitioner of neurology without physical signs—should be the same individual as the neurologist who likes his patients to have physical signs. Neurology with physical signs is not so exacting a branch of Medicine as to debar its more distinguished practitioners (including Professor Miller of course) from taking up the practice of neurology without physical signs. (Incidentally, many of my best friends are neurologists.)

Had Professor Miller himself been such a neuro-psychiatrist, he would have diagnosed his own cases of cerebral tumour instead of leaving this to be done by his hard-headed, eclectic psychiatric colleagues, thus saving his patients time and himself from being infuriated. Also he would have diagnosed the rather obvious case of porphyria in his young woman patient while at her bedside instead of when halfway home in his car.

Then if a "society" decides that criminals should from the standpoint of "disposal" be divided into those who have and have not organic mental disease, or some easily definable sort of insanity such as schizophrenia, this decision could surely be left to the neuro-psychiatrist, who could be called as expert witness, and who need not be "on the side of" the person examined.

Thus freed from the responsibilities of re-diagnosing the neurologists' cases and of telling our judges who should and should not be punished, the real psychiatrist (the type whom Professor Miller's Society aims to abolish) can turn, no doubt with a sigh of relief, to the more challenging task of studying the vast problems of emotional disturbance that are not yet classifiable in physical and chemical terms and which slide imperceptibly into the vagaries of mental health.

It is impossible for any human being to be entirely dispassionate in the dissection of another's emotional life, and the psychiatrist's belief that he must always be on the side of a person examined, a belief which seems hilarious to Professor Miller, to me seems infinitely reassuring. Then since there is no dividing line between mental health and mental illness, it it not surprising that the psycho-analyst should have opinions to express on normal human behaviour.

ANY ORDINARY PERSON reading Professor Miller's article would think that the majority of mental and emotional disturbances could be proved to be due to recognisable organic disease, if only this were sought with sufficient assiduity. This is not the case. Nevertheless the occasional failure to recognise organic disease as a cause of mental symptoms may sometimes be of serious consequence to the patient. Thus I agree with Professor Miller that psychiatrists should also be well trained physicians. But by the same token one could argue that physicians should also be psychiatrists, because extensive, expensive, and sometimes hazardous investigations for organic disease in the mentally disturbed are also serious for the patient and might, when unnecessary, be avoided on the advice of an experienced psychiatrist.

It is probable, as Freud predicted, that the psychoneuroses will one day be definable in precise scientific terms, just as one can foresee the time when the thoughts underlying Professor Miller's contribution and my reply will be expressible as a series of biochemical and biophysical equations. But that day is a long way off, and for the time being, the doctor who practises psychiatry had better be a philosopher (but not a logical positivist) rather than delude himself into believing that human emotions can be studied on strict Baconian scientific principles. "Dynamic psychiatry," of which Professor Miller appears to disapprove, provides such a philosophy and, more important, a method of study. Both are certain to be modified in the course of time; but until Professor Miller and his like can provide something better, they deserve respectful attention.

J. P. M. TIZARD

Ickenham, Middlesex

I AM DELIGHTED to have drawn the fire of so distinguished a clinical scientist as Professor Tizard, and to find that unlike some of our colleagues he regards medicine as a suitable subject for controversy in the columns of a literary and intellectual magazine. I cannot deal with all the points he raises, but surely some of the apparent discrepancies between our viewpoints are little more than semantic. I would certainly regard some of the criminals I have encountered as perfectly "healthy" from every point of view—but perhaps Professor Tizard is using "healthy" in a different sense? Secondly, my tardy recognition of porphyria is made even more inexcusable by the fact that I do in fact hold a higher qualification in psychiatry; however, diagnosis is perhaps a little easier from a loaded paragraph in ENCOUNTER than at the bedside of a difficult patient.

The only thing that really disturbs me about Professor Tizard is his vague obeisance to "dynamic" psychiatry or psycho-analysis. I would have hoped that Sir Peter Medawar's recent articles in ENCOUNTER might have severed what I know to be a rather wistful attachment. It is certainly not surprising that psycho-analysts should have opinions to express on normal human behaviour. Indeed they have opinions to express on practically everything. The reason I cannot share Professor Tizard's hinted veneration is that the whole of the psycho-analytic doctrine seems to me a monstrous imaginative fabrication, based on no more than a few grains of anecdotal data.

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I hope Professor Tizard's low back pain recovers spontaneously. It is not that "the majority of doctors don't know how to treat it"—as though disease were a complicated lock to which only the most subtle doctors have the key. The sad truth is that since the pathological basis of low back pain is so often entirely obscure there is often no foundation for any rational form of treatment: it is a strange but incontrovertible fact that minor illness is so often more resistant to treatment than major disease. But even if he has to grin and bear it there is always the soluble aspirin—a form of treatment cheaper, more convenient, less tedious and less hazardous than psychotherapy, and one with a considerably higher success-rate in inducing symptomatic relief.

HENRY MILLER

The University,
Newcastle upon Tyne

Impartial Amnesty?

TIBOR SZAMUELY's flippant criticism of Amnesty International [ENCOUNTER, June], and his exaggerated eye-rolling pose of incredulity at what he claims is Amnesty's abstract dealing with the numbers of international political prisoners is, itself, a cynical and illogical—and abstract—manipulation of facts.

On the one hand, Mr. Szamuely makes the correct assumption that in the "real" world there is an important difference between jailing one political prisoner and jailing a thousand of them. However, his conclusion from this is not that it is, therefore, wrong to have any political prisoners, especially a thousand, but rather that the difference (abstract) of 999 men means that not all countries (abstract) are equally guilty (abstract). In other words, the difference between being on the ethical hook or off it, if one judges the guilt of a country which jails men for their beliefs, is 999. The difference is a quantitative one, according to Mr. Szamuely.

He accuses Amnesty International of blurring "the vital difference between totalitarian and non-totalitarian states." But if one relies on the logic and attitude expressed in Mr. Szamuely's article for guidance in determining such a difference, one soon learns that the main difference is that totalitarian states jail *more* people than do non-totalitarian states. Period. Yet, one wonders if such an abstract numerical proportion makes such a big difference to the individuals who are themselves behind bars.

Mr. Szamuely spends his energy trying to discredit Amnesty International's figures, while at the same time accusing the organisation of being too unrealistic when it finds all countries who jail individuals for political beliefs "equally guilty." What he fails to do, however, is precisely what Amnesty tries to do, and often succeeds at doing: bringing to the specific attention of free men the fact that there are *real live individual* political prisoners being held in jails throughout the world because they believe things that power establishments do not like.

To say that a country is, in some way, more "innocent" because it only jails 100 political prisoners, instead of the one million its Cold-War enemy jails, is to miss both the point, and the existence, of the prisoners themselves.

RICHARD G. GALLIGAN

New Haven, Conn.

AN AUTHOR OR EDITOR does not usually reply to reviews but I hope you will allow me to comment on Mr. Tibor Szamuely's article about Amnesty International in your June issue and his response to Mr. Martin Ennals in the August issue. One of the main pegs on which he hung his first attack was a Penguin entitled *Rights and Wrongs* which I edited for Amnesty; but I am concerned not so much to argue with Mr. Szamuely about the book as to defend the organisation which was responsible for its publication.

It is difficult to comment in detail on what Mr. Szamuely says because it is not always clear how serious he is. He makes one good joke in his first article and some readers may have taken the rest of it to be a series of bad ones. Nor is it clear how much of *Rights and Wrongs* he read and how much of it he understood. For example, he states that the "benign attitude to communism and the U.S.S.R." which he detects in some of the articles colours the rest of the contributions. However, he only comments on four of the six contributions. Secondly, though he is quite rightly enthusiastic about Mr. Peter Reddaway's exposure of some of the brutalities practised in the Soviet Union, he entirely fails to take one of Mr. Reddaway's main points which is that, despite everything, some kind of civil rights movement is coming to life in the U.S.S.R.

I do not want to suggest that Mr. Szamuely is an active opponent of the restoration of civil rights to people who have been deprived of them in other countries than the U.S.S.R., but some of what he says seems to me at least irresponsible. It surely does no good to anyone to attack the United Nations and the various Covenants on Human Rights, which have been laboriously hammered out, on the ground that the United Nations is often powerless and the Covenants seldom observed. What matters is that the organisation and the Covenants exist, giving us a framework within which to work and goals to work towards; if they did not exist we should be even worse off than we are.

If Mr. Szamuely accepts, as I am sure he does, that prisoners of conscience should at least be given a chance to defend themselves, it seems heartless of him to attack Amnesty for trying to achieve just that. Both his pieces give an impression of destructive intent. I imagine Amnesty is as ready as any other sensible organisation to welcome constructive criticism of the way it does its job, but the general burden of Mr. Szamuely's remarks is very far from helpful. It is a puzzle why he should conduct what could be a useful controversy in such terms, and it would be interesting to know how *he* would run Amnesty. Or would he just wind it up?

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Finally, it is of course merely silly to suggest that Amnesty is unable to distinguish between various kinds of repression; most people, if given the chance, would prefer to go to prison than be shot or tortured and even the staff of Amnesty International (whom Mr. Szamuely seems to regard as a collection of other-worldly do-gooders) have enough sense to understand the difference.

CHRISTOPHER R. HILL

University of York

THE AMNESTEERS expose their pseudo-impartiality far better than I could ever have done. Just a few points in connection with their latest protestations.

Mr. Galligan assiduously falsifies everything I had written. When speaking of "the vital difference between totalitarian and non-totalitarian states" I most certainly did not reduce the issue to that of the number of political prisoners: I wrote in detail about the perversion of trade-unionism, the absence of a free press, etc. There is also such a thing as the "Rule of Law": the Galligans of this world ostentatiously pretend to disregard this, while careful to operate only from within its protection. A splendid vantage-point from which to deny the existence of totalitarianism.

For Mr. Galligan any sophistry is good enough when it comes to justifying totalitarian police-states. He falsely attributes to me the idea that the difference between jailing one political prisoner and a thousand is a purely quantitative one. This, as his letter plainly shows, is the basic premise of his own argument in favour of the Amnesty approach. However, even this callous logic would require that Amnesty adopt a line very different from its present policy, namely make a correspondingly greater effort on behalf of the thousand, instead of using an inverted ratio of indignation, as has been its invariable practice. Moreover, despite Mr. Galligan's twists and turns, numerical proportions are in fact something more than simple quantitative differences. For instance, would he not agree that, although racial discrimination exists both in Britain and in South Africa, there is a qualitative difference between the two countries and the two systems?

Messrs. Galligan and Hill both affect great shock at my "flippancy." I suppose I did write flippantly —as flippantly, perhaps, as Swift in his *Modest Proposal*, and for the same reasons: hatred of hypocrisy and compassion for suffering (for suffering in which I have shared, and of which the worthies of Amnesty know little and understand nothing). I lay no claim to even a particle of Swift's genius, but at least my "flippancy" has succeeded in piercing Amnesty's hitherto impregnable complacency.

I fail to understand what Mr. Hill is complaining about. He makes no attempt to refute my charge of a "benign attitude to communism and the U.S.S.R." on the part of himself and his contributors (Peter Reddaway excepted). Instead he resorts to various evasions. What, for instance, has the emergence of a civil rights movement in the U.S.S.R. got to do with my case—unless Amnesty is arrogating to itself the credit for this movement?

According to Mr. Hill it is "merely silly" to suggest that Amnesty is unable to distinguish between various types of repression—yet it is precisely this moral blindness that permeates Mr. Galligan's letter, as well as Mr. Hill's own introductory essays in his volume, where he takes a markedly kindlier view of Soviet tortures and killings (the decrease in which he finds "encouraging") than of South African banning (which he excoriates "with passion"). On the evidence of his letter I presume that he has had second thoughts since then.

Mr. Hill believes that if the various Covenants on Human Rights did not exist we should be worse off than we are. I beg to differ. The Soviet Constitution, as he knows, provides abundantly for the exercise of every conceivable human right. Yet we would be far better off without it, since its only purpose is to deceive well-meaning people into believing that these provisions *actually exist* and are actually honoured by the government that adopted them. Exactly the same applies to the international Covenants in which Mr. Hill and his colleagues have such unbounded faith. Pretty masks which conceal hideous reality are more dangerous than no masks at all. Moral "frameworks" and moral concepts have existed and been accepted by mankind long before the appearance of UNO or of Amnesty International. Spurious constitutional documents and statements of non-operative principles do not add anything to already existing human values or to our moral concern about right and wrong.

TIBOR SZAMUELY

London

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AUTHORS

Bruce Mazlish is a professor of History at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His book, *The Riddle of History*, was published by Harper & Row in 1966, and his essay "Clio on the Couch: Prolegomena to Psycho-History" appeared in the September 1968 ENCOUNTER. His article in the present number is based on a paper which he gave to the Reed College Inter-disciplinary Seminar on Autobiography in 1969; publication of all the papers prepared for that seminar is planned for the near future....

Millicent G. Dillon writes: "I was born in New York City and now live in Palo Alto with my two daughters. I have been a physicist, a technical assistant in an oil field, a staff assistant for the Association of Scientists for Atomic Education, a social worker and a modern dance teacher. I'm now a college teacher (English)." Her earlier story, "Induce" (ENCOUNTER, June 1969), will be included with "Second Bedroom" in her collection *Baby Perpetua and Other Stories*, to be published in 1971 by Viking Press, N.Y....

Simon Jenkins is a young (27) architectural columnist, whose first book, *A City at Risk: A Contemporary Look at London's Streets*, will be published next month. He writes regularly for the London *Evening Standard*....

James Morris' most recent article in ENCOUNTER was his study of Governor Eyre, "Between Duty & Murder" (July 1970). The first volume of his planned trilogy of Empire was *Pax Britannica* (Faber, 1968)....

The poem "A Word With History," which appears in this number of ENCOUNTER, is to be published in a second edition of *Five Centuries of Polish Poetry* by Jerzy Peterkiewicz and Burns Singer (O.U.P.)...

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Life & Letters Today

Brighton

MR. F. NEWMAN, *the Sussex University publicity officer, yesterday allowed 10 students to search his office for personal papers.*

For more than an hour they inspected press cuttings, books and other documents. Mr. Newman, who assured them that he had no political information in his files, allowed photographic copies to be made of several documents.

Afterwards one of the students said they had found left-wing leaflets, and there would probably be a demand that such leaflets should not be kept. THE TIMES

Rome

THE *Italian Appeals Court which last November reduced the sentence for witchcraft on Professor Aldo Braibanti from nine years to four, has published a 184-page document explaining its verdict.*

The court decided that the 48-year-old defendant, who was specifically charged with having "plagiarised" (that is stolen) the personalities of two young men, turning them into robots, had actually not succeeded with one of his subjects, thus justifying the reduced sentence.

Reading like a nineteenth-century penny novel, as these lengthy juridical verdicts often do, the three magistrates said that Braibanti was "a man full of charm and intelligence, who sought to compensate for his physical shortcomings (he is only about 5ft. 5in. tall) by exalting his intellectual gifts. He sought to be a leader. He professed anarchy, was opposed to the family institution, to the State, to the school system, and to the conformity of the masses."

The youth whom he successfully subjugated to his will ("he opened new horizons to me, I was Alcibiades to his Socrates," the victim told the court) was kidnapped from Braibanti's influence, put in a mental home by his parents, and ordered not to read any books written in the last 100 years. THE GUARDIAN

Oxford

AN OXFORD *University student was fined £5 and bound over to keep the peace for 12 months by Oxford magistrates yesterday after being found guilty of writing threatening words on the pillars of the Clarendon Building during last month's demonstrations.*

Simon Sedgewick-Jell, a 19-year-old Balliol College student, pleaded not guilty. He was found guilty of displaying threatening words whereby a breach of the peace was likely to have been caused. The slogans included "BURN IT, DESTROY IT AND BUILD A FREE UNIVERSITY" *and* "TERRORISM."

Mr. Richard Cole, defending, said the writings were childish and were unlikely to be taken seriously. DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

NOT SO BANG ON: *Oscar Wilde's crack that we and the Americans have everything in common except language is borne out by a useful little book just produced called "Important Information for Americans Only."*

Some of the book's hints seem likely, however, to increase misunderstanding. No doubt many Londoners over 35 still exclaim "Bang on!" or "Jolly Good Show," though any American who tries out such expressions of goodwill in the King's Road is likely to be disappointed with the response. But how long is it since anyone said "Hard cheese," praised something as "spiffing" or condemned someone as a "rotter"?

Tony Quin, managing director of the publishers, Guest Publications Ltd., whose American wife is the editor, defends even this Wodehousian terminology. "We got a lot of help from the American Embassy, which told us many phrases Americans ask about." THE TIMES

London

THE MINISTRY OF DEFENCE *has decided that commanders of royal ships no longer need to be issued an 1892 manual on how to deal with slave traders.*

The manual (actually three little booklets) contained orders in Swahili that captains could use when boarding slave ships or landing on "uncivilised coasts." The phrases came in handy during Britain's war against slave traders between 1807 and 1867 but have been little used since then. INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

Washington

THE *Federal Communications Commission has handed down a precedent-shattering decision by fining a non-commercial Philadelphia radio station $100 for broadcasting "indecent" language.*

The fine grew out of an interview with Jerry Gracia, leader of a top musical group called the Grateful Dead. In a recorded interview, he used a four-letter word for excrement ten times and a short term for sexual intercourse eight times.

In addition, a visitor to the station, known only as "Crazy Max," volunteered to fill out the hour with comments and he, too used a four-letter word for intercourse.

If such language became widespread the FCC argued, it would undermine "the usefulness of radio to millions of others."

The $100 fine drew a blistering dissent from Comissioner Nicholas Johnson: "What the commisison decides, after all," he wrote, "is that the swear words of the lily-white middle class may be broadcast, but those of the young, the poor, or the blacks may not."

WASHINGTON POST

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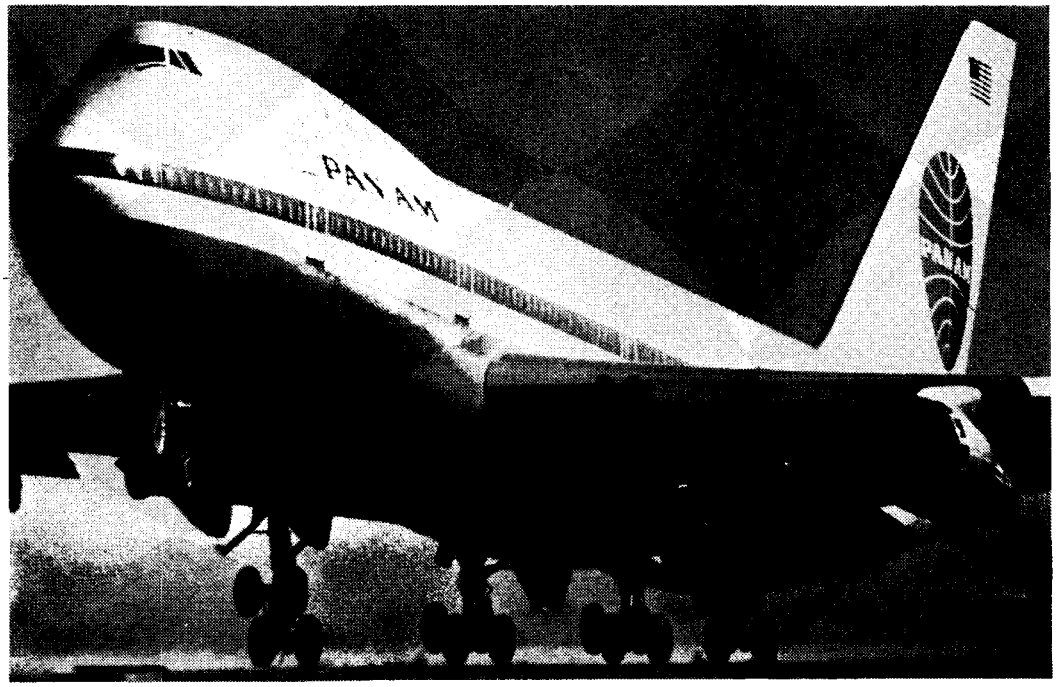
What've we got that they haven't got?



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